The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 264. Vol. XLIV. SEPTEMBER, 1913. Price Sixpence.
Subscription rate 1is. per annum post free. Published Monthly.

CONTENTS.

NEWS NOTES 227–235

THE BOOKSELLERS' DIARY 235–238

THE READER—
Bernard Shaw. By Dixon Scott 239
What was the Romantic Movement? By Dr. W. Barry 256

PRIZE COMPETITIONS .. 253

NEW BOOKS—
More of Strindberg. By Richard Curle 258
Peacock Pie. By Edward Thomas 260
Religio Poetæ. By W. A. F. 261
A Painter's Pages. By D. S. Meldrum 262
Of Letters and the Church. By R. Brimley Johnson .. 262
Mark Rutherford 263
The Modern Novel. By Wilkinson Sherren 263
The Soul of the World .. 264
Crowds 265
A Feminist Compromise. .. 265
Shakespeare and the Theatre. By Darrell Figgis .. 262
The Tragedy of Education. By M. H. H. Macartney .. 266
The Land of Promises. By Stanley Portal Hyatt .. 267
The Human Factor in Drama. By Robb Lawson 268
The Seine 269
A Critic on Impressionism. By Holbrook Jackson .. 269
Sir Gilbert Parker's New Novel 270
The Leaders of Germany .. 270
An Ulsterman on Ireland. By H. A. Hinkson 271
Recent History. By Thomas Seccombe 271

NOVEL NOTES—
The Eighth Year — Sandy's Love Affair—The Sin of Eve—Discovery—Rosalind-in-Arden — The Strictly-Trained Mother—Pollyanna —Hunt the Slipper—The Harrovians — The Secret Cargo—The Golden Woman —The Wooings of Jezebel Pettyfer 273–278

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE—
The New Foresters—Chapters at the English Lakes—Odd Corners in English Lakeland —In Praise of Winchester— An Irish Gentleman 278–280

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS .. 280

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

The October Bookman, our Autumn Double Number, will be also a Borrow Number, and in addition to many other articles and reviews will contain a special and fully illustrated article on Borrow by Thomas Seccombe, and the conclusion of our article on George Bernard Shaw, by Dixon Scott.

Mr. Bernard Shaw's new play, "Androcles and the Lion," is produced by Mr. Granville Barker at the St. James's Theatre to-day—September 1st. The scene is laid in ancient Rome, and the scenery and costumes have been designed by Mr. Albert Rothenstein. The costumes are by no means those of the traditional Roman of the stage; no togas are worn, and we hear rumours of ancient Romans in trousers, which is no mere attempt at originality, but is, as Mr. Rotherstein says, "realistic and archæologically correct." He has made a careful study of the period of the play, and finds that togas had then already gone out, and "my frequent use of trouserings instead of bare legs is answerable by the statement that already at that period trousers had come into fashion."

Photo by Daily Mirror. **G. Bernard Shaw.**

In connection with our Bernard Shaw illustrations, we are greatly indebted to the kindness of Lieut.-Colonel Charles a'Court Repington, Mrs. F. M. Cornford, Mr. Max Beerbohm, Mr. Will Rothenstein, Mr. Will Dyson, and Mr. Joseph Simpson for the loan of drawings

XUM

and permission to reproduce them. For similar permissions our thanks are due to the proprietors of *The Tatler*, *T. P.'s Weekly*, *M.A.B.*, and *The Daily Herald*. Mr. D. J. Rider, the well-known bookseller of 36, St. Martin's Court, Charing Cross Road, has also been kind enough to lend us several prints, and one of our caricatures is reproduced, with his and the artist's permission, from "Three Living Lions," by Joseph Simpson—the other two lions in the book being G. K. Chesterton and H. G. Wells. Only a limited edition of this book was issued, at 7s. 6d. per volume. Mr. Rider has also a few remainder copies (at the reduced price of 12s. 6d.) of Professor Archibald Henderson's "Life of George Bernard Shaw," which was published by Messrs. Hurst & Blackett.

"The Eighth Year," the new problem-novel by Mr. Philip Gibbs that Messrs. Williams & Norgate have published, was originally written as a three-act play, and will probably be produced this autumn at one of the repertory theatres. Some of the facts Mr. Gibbs uses in the argument to the book were provided by Mr. de Montmorency, who acted as Secretary to the Royal Commission on Divorce, whose conclusions went to confirm the dictum of Sir Francis Jeune that it is usually the eighth year of married life which produces the acutest nervous stress and strain.

Another book by Mr. Philip Gibbs is to be published next month by Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons—a book which, under the title of "The New Man," analyses some of the problems of modern life, and shows that in the last twenty-five years, during which essayists, novelists and dramatists have been dissecting the "new woman," man also has been subject to extraordinary evolution, and a new type has been produced in this country, with ideals, philosophy and mental make-up quite different from those of his father and forefathers. In analysing him, Mr. Gibbs reveals many of the hidden forces and tendencies in modern social life, and shows that, naturally, the "new woman" has had a good deal to do with the fashioning of the "new man."

Photo by C. Vandyk. **Mr. Philip Gibbs,**
whose new book, "The Eighth Year" (Williams & Norgate), is reviewed on page 273.

Photo by Walter Benington, 14, Conduit Street, W. **Mr. Haldane Macfall,**
A new edition of whose novel, "The Woolngs of 'Jezebel Pettyfer," has been published by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall.

Yet a third book by Mr. Philip Gibbs to be published this year is a long novel, "A Master of Life," which Messrs. Cassell will issue in the autumn. A somewhat condensed version of the story is at present running serially in the *British Review*.

"The Spanish Marriage," by Miss Helen Mary Keynes, which Messrs. Chatto & Windus have just published, is a remarkable first novel. It is a seventeenth-century romance woven round Buckingham and Charles's dash to Spain after the Spanish Infanta; a number of famous historical personages figure in it, and it keeps as near to fact as any imaginative work ought to. The author is only

nineteen years of age, and if she fulfils the promise of this story, should go far.

Miss Leslie Moore, author of "Aunt Olive in Bohemia," etc., has nearly completed a new novel, which Messrs. Alston Rivers will publish in the autumn.

Photo by W. H. Puddicombe.
Miss Leslie Moore.

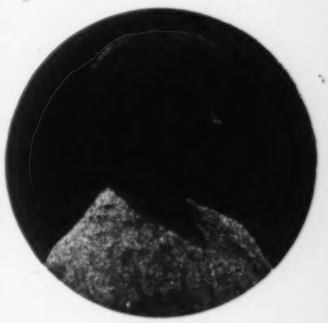
In the spring of this year Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton found themselves in a difficulty. Their 1912 Novel Competition had left them with two highly satisfactory prize-winners, and with four other manuscripts upon which the general opinion seemed to be that all were good, while the order of merit in which they were placed differed with the taste of each individual reader. After some deliberation they decided to publish all four, and to ask the public for its opinion. Accordingly they invited reviews on:

Miss Helen Mary Keynes.

1. A GARDEN OF SPICES, by A. Keith Fraser.
2. MY FATHER'S SON, by John Harvey.
3. THE SIN OF EVE, by May Edginton, and
4. THE WILDERNESS LOVERS, by E. R. Punshon.

The competition proved very popular. The question of what the public likes, however, remains largely unsolved. The reviewers seem to have preferred "A Garden of Spices" to the other books, but its favouritism was secured by a very small number of votes. Taking that book as typifying Sentiment, it was very hard pressed by Romance (in the form of "The Sin of Eve"), with Adventure ("The Wilderness Lovers") a good third, and Realism ("My Father's Son") a surprisingly close fourth. A dozen or so more of votes for the last-named book and it would have been first.

The First Prize of £5 5s. is awarded to the Rev. A. Capes Tarbolton, of Lavington, Crowborough, whose order of preference is 1, 3, 2, 4. The Second Prize of £3 3s. is awarded to Mr. R. Brimley Johnson, of 17 St. John's Road, Uxbridge, Middlesex, whose order of preference is 3, 4, 2, 1. The Third Prize of £2 2s. is awarded to Miss L. Wilson, of 22 Clifton Terrace, Brighton, whose order of preference is 2, 1, 4, 3. Prizes of £1 1s. each are awarded to: E. Heck, Dr. Phil., Winkelgasse, 20, Strassburg-Ruprechtsau, Germany (3, 4, 1, 2); Mr. C. G. L. Du Cann, The Hampden Club, Phoenix Street, London, N.W. (2, 1, 3, 4); Miss Lucy G. Chamberlain, Plas Brith, Llandudno, North Wales (2, 3, 4, 1); Mr. G. E. Wakerley, 19, Chaworth Road, West Bridgford, Notts (2, 3, 1, 4); and Mr. Ernest A. Carr, Lyndall, Park Crescent, Tonbridge, Kent (4, 3, 2, 1).



Mrs. H. H. Penrose,
whose new novel, "The Brat," Messrs. Mills & Boon are publishing.

Photo by Tester Bros., Seaford.
Mr. Andrew Soutar,
whose new novel, "Magpie House," Messrs. Cassell are publishing.

Other reviews which were well in the running came from Mrs. Carey Morris (Newlyn, Penzance), Miss Gertrude Pitt (Hampstead, N.W.), Mrs. M. A. Pulbrook (Cricklewood, N.W.), V. Maturin (Winchfield, Hants), Herbert Dale (Oxhey, Watford), and Alan C. Fraser (Dodington, Bridgwater).

Among a large number of others the work of the following writers merits commendation:

Photo by Moffett, Chicago.

Miss Constance Lindsay Skinner,

Photo by Davis & Eickemeyer. **Miss A. J. Burr,**

whose Lyrics, "Song of Cradle-Making" and "His Song for her Waking," won the First Lyric Prize in our Twenty-one Guinea Prize Poem Competition.

Miss Hiron (Bath), Miss Irene Harrison (Bristol), Miss Gertrude M. Elwood (Grimsby), A. L. Beal (Hammersmith), Mrs. Charles Wright (Sutton), Mrs. A. Tobias (Hove), Miss Maud Collis (Crowborough), C. Whitwell (South Wanstead), Miss M. Noel (Maida Hill, W.), Mrs. Florence Zerheene Segrave (Maidenhead), Mrs. Eleanor Brown (Bournemouth), Mrs. Ellen F. Calvert (Buxton), Mrs. L. G. Hawkins (Downham Market), D. Meats (Nottingham), Miss Mary E. Dixon (Downham), A. Salkeld (Cardiff), W. W. Northcott (Hyde Park, W.), E. M. Howe (Downham), Francis O. Dagnall (Hampton Wick), Mrs. F. E. Whitwell (Wanstead Park, E.), Miss Drummond-Hay (Fort Augustus), Miss Irene Pollock Lalonde (Bath), Miss L. Bellard (Crowborough), Mrs. E. W. Edminson (Gravesend), Miss M. Scott (Clifton), Miss G. M. Ransom (Torquay), G. Bennett (Salcombe), Miss B. N. Melladew (London, W.), Miss May Herschel-Clarke (Woolwich), and Miss Mabel Robinson (Clapton).

Miss A. J. Burr, of New Jersey, and Miss Constance Lindsay Skinner, who divided the first prize for original Lyrics in our Twenty-One Guineas Prize Poem Competition, have both contributed a good deal of verse to the American magazines. Miss Skinner, who was born at Stanley, a little mining town in the Cariboo goldfields of British Columbia, wrote at the age of 14 the book and music of a child's operetta, which was performed for a charity and published by an English firm. At 16 she was dramatic critic and special writer for the Vancouver *World*, and political correspondent to two weeklies. Later, she was dramatic critic on the *Examiner*, at Los Angeles. She has had a play produced ("David") in California; and has written her "Personal Reminiscences of Helena Modjeska," which are to appear shortly in the *Century*. Before moving to Vancouver, Miss Skinner's father was a Hudson Bay Company's officer on the north Fraser river. She is not only of British birth, but her father was a cousin of Charles Reade's, and her mother's great-aunt was Lady Ann Lindsay, the author of "Auld Robin Gray."

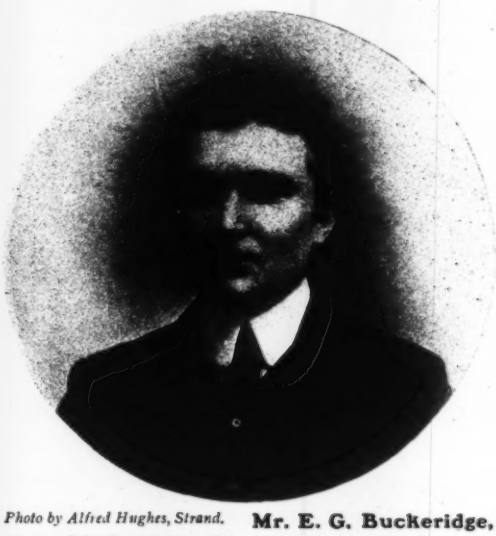


Photo by Alfred Hughes, Strand. **Mr. E. G. Buckeridge,**

winner of the Second Lyric Prize in our Twenty-one Guineas Prize Poem Competition.

Mr. John Masefield has written a new long poem entitled "The River," and it is to appear in the November number of *The English Review*.

The *Montreal Gazette* publishes an interview with Mr. G. B. Burgin, who has been in Canada holidaying, and looking for stories, and is now on his way back home. "Although English by birth,"

Mr. E. J. Martin,
winner of the First Prize for a Sonnet on some famous Englishman

Mr. George M. Capper,
winner of the Second Sonnet Prize

in our Twenty-one Guineas Prize Poem Competition.

says the interviewer, "Mr. Burgin claims to be three-quarters Canadian. He has spent much of his time and most of his enjoyable moments in this country." Whence it follows that Mr. Burgin has lived an exceptionally happy life, since we know that his enjoyable moments in this country have not been few. He gave the interviewer some of his personal recollections of Dr. Drummond, whose poems of Habitant life and character are among the fine and distinctive things in Canadian literature, and remarked on the wide and growing appreciation in this country of the novel of Canadian interest—and on this subject Mr. Burgin should be a sound authority, seeing that eighteen of his own fifty novels have had the cities and outlands of Canada for their background.

Mr. W. Heinemann is publishing this autumn a biography of W. T. Stead, written by his daughter, Miss Estelle W. Stead. The book, a large part of which consists of intimate records that Mr. Stead had himself prepared, will be called "My Father: Personal and Spiritual Reminiscences."

An important book by the Rev. Norman Maclean, "Africa in Transformation," will be issued by Messrs. Nisbet about the end of October.

Photo by Whitlook & Sons. **Mr. A. S Barnard,**
winner of First Prize for a Humorous Poem

Photo by W. H. Midwinter & Co., Bristol. **Mr. P. A. Fowler,**
winner of Second Prize for a Humorous Poem

in our Twenty-one Guinea Prize Poem Competition.

"In the Footsteps of Borrow and FitzGerald," by Mr. Morley Adams, a book which promises some new reminiscences, will be published very shortly by Messrs. Jarrold & Sons.

A new book by Mr. F. St. Mars, "The Prowlers," will be published this month by Messrs. Nisbet. It will be illustrated by Mr. Warwick Reynolds.

Theo Douglas, whose new novel, "The Grey Countess," Messrs. Cassell are publishing, is in private life Mrs. Everett. She is the daughter of Lieut.-Colonel John Huskisson, R.M.L.I., and a grand-niece of the Rt. Hon. William Huskisson, M.P., who met his death at the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway. The plot of her new book is largely concerned with Russian political intrigue, and is dominated by the sinister figure of a beautiful woman whose evil schemings bring about the disaster that makes the story's climax. Mrs. Everett has a full record of successful novels to her credit. Her first story, "A Bride Elect," was sent under the assumed name of Theo Douglas to Messrs. Macmillan, who immediately accepted and published it, after they had used it serially in *Macmillan's Magazine*. Since the death of her husband, Mr. J. E. Everett, in 1904, Mrs. Everett has lived in Worcestershire. The most popular of her works have been "Behind a Mask," "Iras: A Mystery," "Carr of Dimscaur," "A Lost Summer," and "Hadow of Shaws," and she is well known as a writer of serial and short stories to readers of the *Graphic*, *Weekly Telegraph*, *Morning Leader*, *Cornhill*, *Quiver*, the *Queen*, and other magazines and newspapers.

Theo Douglas
(Mrs. Everett).

During October Mr. Grant Richards will publish Mr. Holbrook Jackson's new volume upon which that author has been at work for several years. The book is called "The Eighteen-Nineties," and takes the form of a review of art and ideas in England during the last decade of the nineteenth century, which was one of the most interesting periods in modern art and literature. Mr. Jackson's aim has been to write an interpretative history showing the various tendencies of the time as expressed in books and pictures, and in doing so he discusses the idea of decadence, and shows in what way the period was degenerate and to what extent regenerate. There are separate chapters on such outstanding figures as Oscar Wilde, Aubrey Beardsley, John Davidson, Francis Thompson, Max Beerbohm and Bernard Shaw. Other chapters deal with special artistic phases, the scope of which may be gathered from such titles as "Shocking as a Fine Art," "The Discovery of the Celt," "Purple Patches and Fine Phrases," and "The New Dandyism." The volume will be profusely illustrated with portraits, and reproductions of the work of Aubrey Beardsley, Charles Conder, William Rothenstein, S. H. Sime, Phil May, Walter Crane, William Morris and many others.

Mr. Arnold Bennett's new novel, "The Regent," will be published this month by Messrs. Methuen.

The new number of the *Manchester Quarterly* contains some interesting "Notes on the Portraits of Thomas De Quincey," by J. A. Green, illustrated with reproductions of some of the portraits.

Messrs. Wells, Gardner & Co. have issued the first three volumes of their "Bankside Acting Shakespeare for Schools." The books are edited by Mr. F. J. H. Darton, who successfully organised dramatic performances by L.C.C. school-children a year or two ago at the Whitechapel Art Gallery. Full directions for arranging the very simple stage that is required, directions for the actors and stage-

manager as to rehearsals, costume, lighting, etc., are given in the ample introduction to each volume, which also supplies a summary of the play's plot, a list of characters, and suggestions as to the choice of actors and parts, and various useful diagrams and sketches. The plays as prepared in this series are admirably adapted to their purpose—no better acting editions for juvenile players could be desired.

"On the Face of a Star," a new volume of poems by Mr. James A. Mackereth, will be published next month by Messrs. Longman.

Mr. Edwin Pugh has completed a new novel which he is calling "The Proof of the Pudding," and Messrs. Chapman and Hall are publishing it this month.

A beautifully illustrated volume on "Stevenson's Edinburgh Days," by Miss Eve Blantyre Simpson, will be issued this month by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton. Among the many illustrations are two little-known portraits of Stevenson and an excellent portrait of his nurse, "Cummy," who died only a few weeks ago.

We are to have a complete edition of the dramatic works of Gerhart Hauptmann, edited by Mr. Edward Thomas and published by Mr. Martin Secker. The first two volumes will be published this month.

Few of our living novelists write with a finer sense of realism or a more vigorous and picturesque style than Miss Dolf Wyllarde, whose new novel, "Youth Will be Served," Mr. Stanley Paul publishes this month.

A new book by Mr. Ernest Thompson-Seton, "My Adventures among the Wild Animals of the Yellowstone," will be published this autumn by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

The Strindberg vogue seems to be steadily increasing in this country. On another page we review five translations of his plays and stories that have been published in the last few weeks, and further volumes of the plays are in course of preparation in the edition of them that Mr. Frank Palmer publishes. Mr. Claud Field, who translated "Advent" for Messrs. Holden & Hardingham, has translated Strindberg's "Historical Miniatures" and Messrs. George Allen & Co. will publish the book forthwith.

Photo by E. Romanais, Paris. **Mrs. Cynthia Stockley,** whose new novel, "The Dream Ship," Messrs. Constable are publishing shortly.

A welcome edition to the cheap reissues of popular authors is the new "Cabinet Edition" of the works of George Eliot that Messrs. Blackwood are publishing in seventeen volumes at a shilling each. The more the critics declare that George Eliot was no great genius, and compare her unfavourably with her great contemporaries, the more the public go on buying and reading her. The time is now ripe for the critic who will recognise with enthusiasm that she was really the one supreme genius of her age. He is bound to arrive.

People of moderate incomes who want to be happy though married will look forward with interest to the appearance of Mrs. Alfred Praga's new book with the suggestive title—"Love and £200 a Year." Mr. Werner Laurie is publishing it this month.

Mr. Elkin Mathews announces a second and revised edition of Mr. Laurence Binyon's "Odes." We hear too little from Mr. Binyon nowadays, and would sooner have had a volume of new poems.

XUM

but failing that, a reissue of a book that contains some of his finest work is very welcome.

Another collection of Mr. A. C. Benson's essays, "Watersprings," will be issued next week by Messrs. Smith Elder.

Mr. Jack London has written the story of his recent voyaging about the world in "The Cruise of the Snark," which we are to have almost immediately from Messrs. Mills & Boon.

In the opinion of most of us Miss M. E. Braddon's two latest novels—in particular "The Green Curtain" were unquestionably two of the best

A Fruit-Seller.

if not the best two of the many novels she has written. We are glad to learn that she has completed a new story, "Miranda," for Messrs. Hutchinson, and the book is to be out in a few days.

"The Two Kisses," a new novel by Mr. Oliver Onions, will be published shortly by Messrs. Methuen.

It is seventy years since Madame Calderon de la Barca's delightful "Life in Mexico" was published in London and America; it is one of the most intimate and revealing books that have been written on the social life of that land of unrest, and has, for some years now, been out of print. Messrs. Dent

Lavinia: Miss Lillah McCarthy.

Dress designs by Albert Rothenstein, for "Androcles and the Lion," the new play by Mr. G. Bernard Shaw, that is produced to-day by Mr. Granville Barker at the St. James's Theatre.

are issuing a new edition of it in their Everyman Series, with an introduction by Mr. Henry Baerlein. Madame de la Barca was a Miss Inglis, of Edinburgh, and her book was published at the persuasion of her friend, W. H. Prescott, the historian, who wrote a short preface for it.

That quaint and interesting publication "A Broadside," compiled and illustrated by Jack B. Yeats, and published by his sister, Miss Elizabeth C. Yeats, at the Cuala Press, Dundrum, has entered upon the sixth year of its existence. The first Number of the sixth year contains "The Tin Ware Lass," a characteristic broadside ballad by P. J. McCall, with two illustrations in colour by Jack B. Yeats—one of them a particularly charming little sketch—and a vividly realistic woodcut of "The Dying Villain," by the same artist. It is all hand-done—printed in a hand-press, and then coloured by hand. Those who are interested in the revival of this curious old blend of art and literature will be delighted with the admirable work in this kind that the Cuala Press is doing.

The books by Mr. Bernard Shaw referred to in Mr. Dixon Scott's article are published by Messrs. Constable.

On October 15th we are issuing the first of a series of BOOKMAN EXTRA NUMBERS, each to be devoted entirely to some famous author. This first is a Robert Louis Stevenson Number, and contains over two hundred pages, including essays and poems on Stevenson and his work by distinguished writers, and over a hundred illustrations. Among the literary contents (a considerable part of which is reprinted from early numbers of THE BOOKMAN that are in constant demand but have long been out of print) are poems and personal or critical articles by Sir J. M. Barrie, William Watson, Edmund Gosse, C. B., Austin Dobson, Sir W. Robertson Nicoll, S. R. Crockett, Eve Blantyre Simpson, Ian Maclaren, H. C. Beeching, Alice Gordon, Charles Lowe, Y. Y., Neil Munro, and an article by Stevenson himself on "Books that Influenced Me." The illustrations comprise numerous portraits, from paintings, drawings and photographs, of Stevenson and his friends, photographs and sketches of places associated with him, and drawings of scenes from his books, including a photogravure frontispiece portrait, and eight plates beautifully reproduced in colour. The number is a well-bound, handsomely-produced volume, all the illustrations being separate from the text and printed on special art paper. The price will be 5s. net. As we anticipate a very large demand for this Number we would urge our readers to place their orders for it at once.

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

September 1st to October 1st, 1913.

Messrs. George Allen & Co., Ltd.

ALLEN, DAPHNE.—The Birth of the Opal. 5s. net.
FORD, GEORGE.—The Hoop of Gold. 6s. net.
GAULTIER, PAUL.—The Meaning of Art. Translated by H. and E. Baldwin. 5s. net.
GRAYLING, FRANCIS.—Kent Churches. 2 vols. ("County Churches" Series.) 2s. 6d. net. each.
KITCHIN, DARCY B.—Bergson for Beginners. 5s. net.
MAETERLINCK, MAURICE.—My Dog. New Edition. Translated by A. Teixeira de Mattos. Illustrated by Cecil Aldin. 3s. 6d. net.
MONTAGU-SMITH, F.—Railway Rate Book: I.—For Coal and Iron Trades. £5 5s. net. II.—Class Rates and Exceptionals. £3 3s. net.
REDWOOD, ANDERSON J.—Flemish Tales. 3s. 6d. net.
ROGERS, W. T.—Dictionary of Abbreviations. 7s. 6d. net.
SABEN, GREGORY.—Born of a Woman. 6s. net.
STRINDBERG, AUGUST.—Historical Miniatures. Translated by Claud Field. 5s. net.
WALTERS, DR. F. R.—Sanatoria for the Tuberculous. Fourth Edition. Entirely re-written. 12s. 6d. net.
WEEKS, KENNETH.—Dramatic Inventions. (Five Plays.) 5s. net.

Mr. B. T. Batsford.

AMBLER, LOUIS, F.R.I.B.A.—Old Halls and Manor Houses of Yorkshire. Illustrated in a series of 120 examples on 100 Collotype plates, reproduced from Photographs specially taken, chiefly by Horace Dan, Architect. Price (approximate) £1 11s. 6d. net.
FENN, FREDERICK, and WYLLIE, B.—Old English Furniture. 94 Illustrations. 6s. net.
FRANTZ, HENRI.—French Pottery and Porcelain. 77 Illustrations (7 of which are in colour), including a series of the Marks and Monograms. 6s. net.
HOOPER, JOHN.—Handcraft in Wood and Metal. A Handbook of Training in the Practical Working of these Materials. For the use of Teachers, Students, Craftsmen, and others. With over 300 Illustrations from the Authors' Drawings and from Photographs. Price (approximate) 7s. 6d. net.
KNOWLES, W. PITCAIRN.—Dutch Pottery and Porcelain. 54 Illustrations (18 of which are in colour), including a series of the Marks. 6s. net.
RICHARDSON, A. E.—Monumental Architecture in England. As exemplified by the Neo-classic Buildings of the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries. Illustrated by 80 Plates, reproduced from specially taken Photographs and from Drawings, in addition to many Illustrations in the text. £4 4s. net.
SAGLIO, ANDRE.—French Furniture. 59 Illustrations. 6s. net.

Messrs. A. & C. Black.

ALLEN, PHŒBE.—Peeps at Architecture. ("The Peeps" Series.) 1s. 6d. net.
BAIKIE, REV. JAMES, F.R.A.S.—Peeps at the Royal Navy. ("The Peeps" Series.) 1s. 6d. net.
BARNARD, H. CLIVE, M.A., B.Litt.—Pictures of Famous Travel. (Books for Young People.) 1s. 6d.
BELL, R. S. WARREN.—The Mystery of Markham: A School Story. (Books for Young People.) 3s. 6d.
ELIAS, FRANK.—The Gorgeous East. ("The Peeps" Series.) 3s. 6d. net.
ELMHIRST, RICHARD, F.L.S.—Naturalist at the Sea-Shore. ("The Peeps" Series.) 1s. 6d. net.
FARRER, REGINALD.—The Dolomites. 7s. 6d. net.
FAIRFORD, FORD.—Cuba. ("The Peeps" Series.) 1s. 6d. net.
FINNEMORE, JOHN.—France. (Peeps at History.) ("The Peeps" Series.) 1s. 6d. net.
FINNEMORE, JOHN.—Germany. (Peeps at History.) ("The Peeps" Series.) 1s. 6d. net.
FOORD, EDWARD, and HOME, GORDON.—England Invaded. 6s. net.
GARNETT, LUCY M. J.—Greek Wonder Tales. 6s. (Books for Young People.)
GRIERSON, ELIZABETH.—Sir Walter Scott (Peeps at Great Men.) ("The Peeps" Series.) 1s. 6d. net.
GUDGEON, W. W.—British North Borneo. ("The Peeps" Series.) 1s. 6d. net.
HADATH, GUNBY.—The Feats of Foozle. Books for Young People.) 3s. 6d.
HALL, REV. CHAS. A., F.R.M.S.—Reptiles and Amphibians. ("Peeps at Nature.") ("The Peeps" Series.) 1s. 6d. net.
HAVILAND, M. D.—Wild Life on the Wing. 5s. net.
HERBERT, AGNES.—The Moose. 5s. net.
HOME, BEATRICE.—Peeps at Royal Palaces of Great Britain. ("The Peep" Series.) 1s. 6d. net.
KEESEY, WALTER M.—Cambridge. ("Artists' Sketch Book" Series.) 1s. net.
MALCOLMSON, A. M., M.D.—Laws of Health for Schools. 1s. 6d. net.
MAXWELL, CAPT. AYMER.—Pheasants and Covert Shooting. 7s. 6d. net.
MITTON, G. E.—In the Grip of the Wild Wa. (Books for Young People). 3s.6d.
MITTON, G. E.—The P. & O. (Peeps at Great Steamship Lines.) ("The Peeps" Series.) 1s. 6d. net.
MORRIS, WILLIAM.—Tales from "The Earthly Paradise." (Books for Young People.) 6s.
RICHARDS, FRED.—Oxford. ("Artists' Sketch Book" Series.) 1s. net.
SCOTT, SIR WALTER.—Waverley Novels. Portrait Edition. 25 vols. 1s. net per vol.
SCOTT, SIR WALTER.—The Arabian Nights. Illustrated in Colour. (Books for Young People). 6s.

XUM

SHERWOOD, MRS.—The Fairchild Family. Illustrated in Colour. (Books for Young People). 6s.
TODD, PROF. JOHN A.—The Banks of the Nile. 20s. net.
WALTER, L. EDNA. B.Sc.—Norse and Lapp (Life and Legends of Other Lands.) (Books for Young People.) 1s. 6d. net.
WESTERMAN, PERCY F.—The Scouts of Seal Island. (Books for Young People.) 3s. 6d.
STEWART, HUGH.—Provincial Russia. 7s. 6d. net.

Messrs. William Blackwood & Sons.

BUCHAN, JOHN.—Andrew Jameson, Lord Ardwell. 5s. net.
ECCOTT, W. J.—The Mercenary: A Tale of the Thirty Years' War. 6s.
ELIOT, GEORGE.—George Eliot's Novels. New Cabinet Edition in 17 Volumes. 1s. net per volume.
CROSTHWAITE, SIR CHARLES, K.C.S.I.—Thakur Pertib Singh, and other Tales. 6s.
GILSON, C. L.—Scenes from a Subaltern's Life. 6s.
GRIER, SYDNEY C.—Writ in Water. Illustrated by A. Pearce. 6s.
MUNRO, NEIL.—Fancy Farm. Uniform Edition. 3s. 6d.
PURVIS, SIR ROBERT.—Sir William Arrol: A Memoir. 5s. net.
THOMSON, C.I.E., I.M.S., LIEUT.-COLONEL, S. J.—The Silent India. Being Tales and Sketches of the Masses. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Cassell & Co.

ASKEW, ALICE and CLAUDE.—A Preacher of the Lord. 3s. 6d.
BURGOYNE, ALAN, M.P.—What of the Navy? 5s. net.
CHESTERTON, G. K.—The Evil of Eugenics. 6s. net.
COOKE, W. BOURNE.—The Cragsmen. 3s. 6d.
DEEPING, WARWICK.—The White Gate. 6s.
DUNCAN, F. MARTIN, F.R.M.S., F.R.P.S.—Cassell's Natural History. 9s. net.
FRASER, JOHN FOSTER.—The Land of Veiled Women. 1s. net.
GARVIE, REV. ALFRED E., M.A., D.D.—Can We Still Follow Jesus? 1s. 6d. net.
GRAHAME-WHITE, CLAUDE, and HARPER, HARRY.—The Air King's Treasure. 3s. 6d.
HARRIS, ADMIRAL SIR R. H., K.C.M.G., K.C.B.—From Naval Cadet to Admiral. 12s. net.
HOCKING, JOSEPH.—The Spirit of the West. 3s. 6d.
KNOX, GORDON D.—All About Engineering. 6s.
MACWHIRTER, JOHN, R.A.—Sketches from Nature. 6s. net.
SMITH, NELLIE.—The Three Gifts of Life. 2s. net.
SOUTAR, ANDREW.—Magpie House. 6s.
STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS.—Kidnapped. 7s. 6d. net.
SWAN, ANNIE.—Prairie Fires. 6s.
WALLACE, DR. RUSSEL.—The Revolt of Democracy. 1s. 6d.

Messrs. Chapman & Hall.

BROWN, VINCENT.—The Vulgar Lover. 6s.
COKE, DESMOND.—The Chaps of Harton. 2s. 6d. net.
ECKEL, J. C.—A Dickens Bibliography. 10s. 6d. net, and £1 1s. net.
GOULDSBURY, COL. C. E.—Tiger Land. 7s. 6d. net.
GRAHAM, BERTHA.—The Spoiling of the Broth, and other Plays. 1s. 6d. net and 2s. 6d. net.
HAMMOND, FRANCIS.—The Magic Five. 6s.
HOWARD, KEBLE.—Lord London. 6s.
HUNT, W. HOLMAN.—Pre-Raphaelitism and the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood 2 vols. £1 1s. net.
MAYNE, ETHEL COLBURN.—Gold Lace. 6s.
MOORE, CECILIA.—The Shadow of the Dragon. 2s. 6d. net.
PAIN, MRS. BARRY.—The Nine of Diamonds, and other Plays. 1s. 6d. net, and 2s. 6d. net.
PUGH, EDWIN.—The Proof of the Pudding. 6s.
REYNOLDS, MRS. FRED.—The Woman Flinches. 6s.
SCHUSTA, ROSE.—The Road to Victory. 6s.
SIMPSON, VIOLET A.—Flower of the Golden Heart. 6s.
SMITH, NOWELL.—Members One of Another. 5s. net.
THURSTON, E. TEMPLE.—Richard Furlong. 6s.
THURSTON, E. TEMPLE.—The City of Beautiful Nonsense. 6s. net.
WOODWARD, W. H.—Cæsare Borgia. 12s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

CAVZIONI, ESTELLA, and ROHDE, ELEANOR.—Piedmont. Illustrated. 21s. net and 31s. 6d. net.
HALL, BOLTON.—What Telstoy Taught. 6s. net.
HAMILTON, COSMO.—The Door that has no Key: A Novel. 6s.
HUNT, VIOLET, and HUEFFER FORD MADOX. The Desirable Alien at Home in Germany. 6s.
MARSH, RICHARD.—Justice Suspended: A Novel. 6s.
NEWTE, HORACE W. C.—The Home of the Seven Devils: A Novel. 6s.
PARRY, H. LLOYD.—The Founding of Exeter School. 5s. net.
PENNY, F. E.—Love in the Hills: A Novel. 6s.
POESLAND, JOHN.—Belisarius: A Drama. 5s. net.
ROWLANDS, EFFIE ADELAIDE.—The Price She Paid: A Novel. 6s.
SPIELMANN, MRS. M. H.—The Rainbow Book. Cheaper Edition. 2s. 6d. net.
SYRETT, NETTA.—Barbara of the Thorn: A Novel. 6s.
VAN VORST, MARIE.—Fairfax and his Pride: A Novel. 6s.

Messrs. T. & T. Clark.

AKED, REV. CHAS. F., D.D.—The Divine Drama of Job. (The "Short Course" Series.) 2s. net.
ALLEN, ARCHDEACON WILLOUGHBY C., M.A., and GRENSTED, REV. L. W., B.D.—Introduction to the Books of the New Testament.
CHARLES, PROF. R. H., D.Litt.—Studies in the Apocalypse.
GORDON, PROF. ALEX R., D.Litt.—The Poetry and Wisdom of the Old Testament. (Primers for Teachers and Senior Bible Class Students.) 6d. net.
NAIRNE, PROF. ALEX., B.D.—The Epistle of Priesthood: Studies in the Epistle to the Hebrews.
SAYCE, PROF. A. H., LL.D.—The Religion of Ancient Egypt. (A Revised Edition of the first part of his work "The Religions of Ancient Egypt and Babylonia.")
VAUGHAN, CANON J., M.A.—A Mirror of the Soul. (The "Short Course" Series.) 2s. net.
WALKER, REV. W. L.—Christ the Creative Ideal: Studies in Colossians and Ephesians.
WELCH, PROP. ADAM C., D.D.—The Story of Joseph. (The "Short Course" Series.) 2s. net.
WINSTANLEY, REV. E. W., D.D.—Jesus and the Future.

Messrs. W. B. Clive & Sons.

CHAYTOR, REV. H. J., M.A., and TRUELOVE, H. E., B.A.—Preliminary French Course.
CRACKNELL, A. G., M.A., B.Sc.—Algebra for Matriculation.
CRACKNELL, A. G., M.A., B.Sc.—Junior Geometry.
HODGKISON, E. G., B.A.—Preliminary Geography.
LOWSON, J. M., M.A., B.Sc., F.L.S., and WILLIS, MRS.—Indian Botany.
WALMSLEY, A. M., M.A.—Preliminary English Course.

Messrs. J. M. Dent & Son.

THE COLLECTION GALLIA. Edited by Dr. Charles Sarolea. 1s. net.. I.—Balzac. "Contes Philosophiques." Introduction de Paul Bourget. II.—L'Imitation de Jésus Christ. Introduction de Monseigneur R. H. Benson. III.—Alfred de Musset. Poésies Nouvelles. IV.—Penseés de Pascal. Texte de Brunschvigg. Préface de Emile Boutroux. Introduction de Victor Giraud. V.—La Princesse de Clèves. Par Madame de la Fayette. Introduction par Madame Lucie Félix Faure-Goyau. VI. Gustave Flaubert. La Tentation de Saint Antoine. Introduction de Emile Faguet. VII.—Maurice Barres. "L'Ennemi des Lois." VIII.—Balzac. "Pere Goriot." Introduction de Emile Faguet. IX.—Etienne Lamy. "La Femme de Demain." X.—La Fontaine. Fables.

Mr. A. C. Fifield.

BROOKS, VAN WYCK.—The Malady of the Ideal. Essays on some Mystics. 2s. net.
BUTLER, SAMUEL.—The Fair Haven. New Edition. With Introduction by R. A. Streatfeild. 5s. net.
BUTLER, SAMUEL.—The Humour of Homer and Other Essays. With Portrait and Biographical Sketch. By H. Festing Jones. 5s. net.
MOODIE, W. W.—The Tour of a Socialist Round the World. 5s. net.
WELLS, H. G.—The Discovery of the Future. 1s. net.

Messrs. Wells Gardner, Darton & Co.

BARNETT, JOHN.—The New Guv'nor.
CLAYTON, JOSEPH.—Father Stanton: A Memoir. Paper, 1s. net; Cloth, 2s. net.
WALMSLEY, ELIZABETH.—A White Passion. Cloth, 6s.

Messrs. Greening & Co.

"A POPULAR NOVELIST."—Novels from Shakespeare: The Merchant of Venice. 6s.
BRADY, CYRUS TOWNSEND.—The Blue Ocean's Daughter. 6d.
GULL, C. RANGER.—Benvenuto Cellini. 6s.
SHAW, CAPT. FRANK.—The Love Tides. 6s.

Messrs. G. G. Harrap & Co.

ANDREWS, JAMES C.—Lords' Men of Littlebourne. 2s. 6d. net.
CANTON, WILLIAM (Edited by).—Children's Sayings. 1s. net.
CHAPMAN, J. D., M.A.—Horace and His Poetry. ("Poetry and Life" Series.) 1s. net.
CHASE, LEWIS N.—Poe and His Peotry. ("Poetry and Life" Series). 1s. net.
CUTHBERTSON, WILLIAM.—The Voyage of the Argonauts. Velvet Calf, 3s. 6d. net.
EDMUNDS, E. W., M.A.—Pope and His Poetry. ("Poetry and Life" Series.) 1s. net.
GALE, NORMAN.—Country Lyrics. Simili Vellum, 6d. net.
LEASK, G. A.—A Little Book of Toasts and Maxims. 1s. net.
LEASK, G. A.—Stories of Some Famous Hymns. Simili Vellum, 6d. net.
NIVEDITA, SISTER, and COOMARASWAMY, ANANDA.—Myths of the Hindus and Buddhists. 15s. net.
OLCOTT, FRANCES.—The Arabian Nights. 5s. net.
ROBERTSON, WILLIAM (Selected by).—The Golden Book of English Sonnets. 3s. 6d. net.
SMEATON, OLIPHANT, M.A.—Longfellow and His Poetry. ("Poetry and Life" Series.) 1s. net.
WEST, MICHAEL.—Clairdelune. 10s. 6d. net.
WEIRTER, LOUIS, R.B.A.—The Story of Edinburgh Castle. 20s. net.

Messrs. Headley Bros.

BLAKE, NORA W.—Stories of Jesus. (Teachers and Taught Textbooks.) 1s. net, cloth limp; 1s. 6d. net, cloth boards.
CARNIE, ETHEL.—The Lamp Girl, and other Stories.
GRAVESON, C. C., B.A.—Lessons on the Kingdom of Israel. (Teachers and Taught Textbooks.) 1s. net, cloth limp; 1s. 6d. net, cloth boards.
GRAVESON, C. C., B.A.—Lessons on the Kingdom of Judah. 1s. net, cloth limp; 1s. 6d. net, cloth boards.
GRAVESON, C. C., B.A.—Lessons on the Jewish People. (Teachers and Taught Textbooks.) 1s. net, cloth limp; 1s. 6d. net, cloth boards.
HOWARD, M. C.—Amelia the Prompt. 2s. 6d. net.
REYNOLDS, FLORENCE B.—Jesus, the Hero. (Teachers and Taught Textbooks.) 1s. net, cloth limp; 1s. 6d. net, cloth boards.
ROWNTREE, M. L., B.A., and HIBBERT, G. K., M.A., B.D.—The Period of the Conquest and Judges. (Teachers and Taught Textbooks.) 1s. net, cloth limp; 1s. 6d. net, cloth boards.
SALTER, JOHN H., D.Sc.—Bird Life in England.
SOPER, GEORGE (Illustrated by).—Arabian Nights. Children's Edition. 5s.
WOOD, ELEANOR D., M.A.—Life and Ministry of Paul the Apostle. 9d. paper; 2s. 6d. cloth.
WRIGHT, WALTER P.—Garden Trees and Shrubs. 12s. 6d. net.

Mr. Wm. Heinemann.

ANDERSON, W. MONRO.—Rhymes of a Rouseabout. 3s. 6d. net.
CASEY, SADIE.—Indiscretions of Dr. Carstairs. 6s.
CASEY, SADIE.—Libby Ann. 6s.
CATHER, W. S.—Oh! Pioneers. 6s.
DAWSON, CONINGSBY.—The Garden Without Walls. 6s.
GOBINEAU, ARTHUR COUNT.—The Renaissance. 10s. net.
HALL, GERTRUDE.—The Truth about Camilla. 6s.
HELSTON, JOHN.—Poems.
KEATING, JOSEPH.—The Perfect Wife. 6s.
MASEFIELD, JOHN.—The Daffodil Fields. 3s. net.
REVERMORT, J. A.—Marrying of Heter Rainsbrook. 6s.
TOYE, FRANCIS.—Diana and Two Symphonies. 6s.
WILLOUGHBY, G.—The Victim. 6s.

Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

KEARTON, CHERRY.—Wild Life Across the World. 30s. net.
HOLDER, LL.D., CHARLES F.—The Game Fishes of the World. 20s. net.
ROUMANIA, CROWN PRINCESS OF.—The Lily of Life. 10s. 6d. net.
NICOLL, LL.D., SIR W. R.—A Bookman's Letters. 4s. 6d. net.
STALKER, PROFESSOR JAMES.—How to Read Shakspeare. 5s.
ALDERSON, MAJOR GENERAL. Pink and Scarlet. 15s. net.
BENNETT, ARNOLD. The Plain Man and His Wife. 2s. 6d.
MARSHALL, H. E. A History of Germany. 7s. 6d. net.
SIMPSON, E. B.—R. L. Stevenson's Edinburgh Days. 6s. net.
THARP, CAPTAIN THEODORE. Rob Roy. 6s. net.
KELLER, HELEN. Out of the Dark. 5s.
CAFFIN CHARLES. How to Study the Old Masters. 6s. net.
CAFFIN CHARLES. How to Study Modern Painters. 6s. net.

FICTION.

MACNAUGHTAN, S.—Snow Upon the Desert.
CALTHROP, DION CLAYTON.—A Trap to Catch a Dream.
OXENHAM, JOHN.—Red Wrath.
REX BEACH.—The Iron Trail.
SAUNDERS, MRS. BAILLIE.—A Prince's Shadow.
CROCKETT, S. R.—A Tatter of Scarlet.
BURGIN, G. B.—The Love that Lasts.
SWAYNE, MARTIN.—Cupid Goes North.
ADAMS, S. HOPKINS.—The Secret of Lonesome Cove.
ANONYMOUS.—My Wife's Hidden Life.
FREEMAN, AUSTIN.—The Unwilling Adventurer.
GATES, ELEANOR.—The Poor Little Rich Girl.
GERARD, MORICE.—Heart of a Hero.
MARCHMONT, A. W.—When Love Called.
MAGNAY, SIR WM.—The Players.
OPPENHEIM, E. PHILLIPS.—The Mischief Maker.
STEUART, J. A.—Grip of the Past.
SUTTNER, BARONESS VON.—Disarm.
MARJORIE, ROYCE.—Dinah Leaves School.

Messrs. Holden & Hardingham.

ADAM, H. L.—Police Work from Within. 6s.
BATES, E. KATHARINE.—The Boomerang. 6s.
BRETON FARREN LE.—Fruits of Pleasure. 6s.

BYNG, HON. MRS. JULIAN.—Ann of the Marshland. 6s.
CRAIG, REV. THOMAS, LL.D.—Apostolic Religious Instruction. 6r.
CROKER, MRS. B. M.—Jungle Tales. 7d. net.
GALLICHAN, WALTER M.—Like Stars that Fall. 1s. net.
HOLLIS, GERTRUDE.—Love's Victory. 6s.
KENYON, E. C.—Ashes of Honour. 6d.
KENYON, E. C.—The Mystery of Blackstone Mine. 6d.
MACKENZIE, COL. S. F.—Wild Flowers and How to Tell Them at a Glance. Cloth, 1s. net; paper covers, 7d. net.
NEWTE, H. W. C.—The Red Rosette. New Edition. 1s.
STANTON, CORALIE, and HOSKEN, HEATH.—Tears of Desire. 6d.
STANTON, CORALIE, and HOSKEN, HEATH.—The Love that Kills. 6d.
WYLLARDE, DOLF.—Where the Lotus Blows. 7d. net.

Messrs. Hurst & Blackett.

ASKEW, ALICE and CLAUDE.—Freedom. 6s.
BODKIN, M. M'DONNELL, K.C.—Recollections of an Irish Judge. 16s. net.
BONSALL, STEPHEN.—The American Mediterranean. 12s 6d. net.
COLLISON, WILLIAM, The Life Story of . Told by Himself. 16s. net.
HALL, H. FIELDING.—The Passing of Empire. 10s. 6d. net.
HOLLAND, CLIVE.—The Lovers of Mademoiselle. 6s.
LEROUX, GASTON.—The Mysterious Mr. Noel. 6s.
MARRIOTT, CHARLES.—Subsoil. 6s.
McCARTHY, JUSTIN HUNTLY.—Fool of April. 6s.
PAGE, GERTRUDE.—Where the Strange Roads go Down. 6s.
ROWLANDS, H. C.—The Closing Net. 6s.
SLADEN, DOUGLAS.—The Pope at Home. 1s. net.
SLADEN, DOUGLAS, and POTTER, OLAVE M.—Weeds. 6s.
WRIGHT, R. L., and DIGBY, BASSETT.—Through Siberia. 10s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Hutchinson & Co.

BARLOW, JANE.—Doings and Dealings, Observed in Ireland. 6s.
BENSON, ROBERT HUGH.—Initiation. 6s.
BRADDON, M. E.—Miranda. 6s.
CARRUTHERS, DOUGLAS.—Unknown Mongolia. With three Chapters on Sport by J. K. Miller, F.Z.S. In 2 vols. 24s. net.
EDWARDES, TICKNER.—Tansy. 6s.
EVERETT-GREEN, EVELYN.—Marcus Quayle, M.D. 6s.
FRASER, MRS. HUGH.—Italian Yesterdays. 16s. net.
FRASER, MRS. HUGH and STAHLMANN, J. I.—The Honour of the House. 6s.
FROBENIUS, LEO.—The Voice of Africa. Translated by Rudolph Blind. In 2 vols. 28s. net.
GIBBS, PHILIP.—The Custody of the Child. 6s.
HALL, H. FIELDING.—Margaret's Book. Illustrated Gift Book for Children. 7s. 6d. net.
HJESTBERG, E. W.—Athletics in Theory and Practice. 3s. 6d.
HOLDSWORTH, ANNIE E.—The Book of Anna. 6s.
HUTTEN, BARONESS VON.—Happy House. 6s.
JEPSON, EDGAR.—Garthoyle Gardens. 6s.
L'HOPITAL, W. DE.—Westminster Cathedral and its Architect. 32s. net.
MALET, LUCAS.—The Education of Danaris Verity. 6s.
MOORE, F. FRANKFORT.—The Rescue of Martha. 6s.
MOREUX, THE ABBE.—A Day in the Moon. 3s. 6d.
PAPE, FRANK (Illustrated by).—The Book of Psalms. 10s. 6d. net.
RAPHAEL, JOHN N.—Up Above. 2s. net.
RHODES, KATHLYN.—The Making of a Soul. 6s.
SCHUMACHER, HENRY.—Nelson's Last Love. 6s.
SERJEANT PHILIP W.—Mrs. Jordan: Child of Nature. 16s. net.
STACPOOLE, MRS. H. DE VERE.—London. 6s.
SOMERVILLE, H. B.—Ashes of Vengeance. 6s.
STACPOOLE, H. DE VERE.—The Children of the Sea: An Icelandic Romance. 6s.
STACPOOLE, H. DE VERE (Translator).—The Poems of François Villon. 7s. 6d.
STOCK, RALPH.—Marama: A Tale of the South Seas. 6s.
TAYLOR, T. A.—The Life of James IV. 10s. 6d. net.
TWEEDIE, MRS. ALEC.—America as I Saw It. 16s. net.
WARD, MRS. WILFRID.—Horace Blake. 6s.
WILLIAMS, OAKLEY (Edited by).—The Works of P. A. de Laszlo. With an Essay by Comte Robert de Montesquiou. Also an Edition de Luxe. With 6 extra Plates in Colour. £18 18s. net.

Messrs. Jarrold & Sons.

BARTON, FRANK TOWNEND, M.R.C.V.S.—Dogs, their Selection, Keeping and Breeding. Fully Illustrated with 32 Plates. 3s. 6d. net.
BARTON, FRANK TOWNEND, M.R.C.V.S.—Some Sporting Dogs. With 12 Coloured Plates by G. Vernon Stokes. 3s. 6d. net.
BATE, JOHN.—A Cyclopædia of Moral and Religious Truths. 1,000 pages. Sixteenth Edition. 7s. 6d
COKE, D. F.—The Dog from Clarkson's: A Novel. 2s. net.
HENDERSON, EDITH.—The Legends of the Stars. Told to the Children. Fully Illustrated. 2s. 6d. net.
JACBERNS, RAYMOND.—A Handful of Rebels. Illustrated by Charles Norman. 2s. 6d
MACKIE, JOHN.—The Great Antarctic. Illustrated by F. E. Hiley. 3s. 6d.
PHIPSON, C. E.—The Countryside Calendar. Illustrated. 1s. net.
SAUNDERS, MARSHALL.—Beautiful Joe. Illustrated by Charles Copeland. 3s. 6d. net.
SAUNDERS, MARSHALL.—My Pets. Illustrated in Colour by Charles Copeland. 3s. 6d. net.
SEWELL, ANNA.—Black Beauty. Illustrated with 12 Plates in Colour by Maude Scrivener. 3s. 6d. net.
STABLES, GORDON.—Sable and White: the Life Story of a Show Dog. With Illustrations by Harrison Weir. 3s. 6d.
THOMPSON, L.—Rex, or Winning the Victoria Cross. Illustrated by Charles Norman. 2s. 6d.
TIDDEMAN, L. E.—Trixie and her Trio. With 5 Illustrations by Bertram Gilbert. 2s. 6d.
WARD, J. J., F.E.S.—Insect Biographies with Pen and Camera. Illustrated with nearly 200 Photographs in duo tone and Collotype taken from living specimens. 6s. net.
WESTERMAN, PERCY.—The Stolen Cruiser. Illustrated by Charles Norman. 3s. 6d.
WORTLEY, ISABEL.—The Elf and her Friends. Fully Illustrated. 3s. 6d.
YORKE, CURTIS.—A Memory Incarnate: A Novel. 2s. net.
YORKE, CURTIS.—Bungay of Bandiloo: A Novel. 2s. net.
YORKE, CURTIS.—Hush: A Novel. 2s. net.

Mr. Herbert Jenkins.

"ANONYMOUS."—The Sale of Lady Daventry. 6s.
"CHEIRO."—Guide to the Hand. 2s. 6d. net.
DUNOYER, ALPHONSE.—The Public Prosecutor of the Terror, Antoine Quentin Fouquier-Tinville. 12s. 6d. net.
HILL, DOCTOR ALEX.—Round the British Empire. 2s. 6d. net.
THIIS, DOCTOR JENS.—Leonardo da Vinci. 42s. net.

Mr. T. Werner Laurie.

AUTHOR OF "THE ADVENTURES OF JOHN JOHNS."—Tantalus. 6s.
BRANDON, LIEUT. V. (Translated into English by.)—Goethe's Hermann and Dorothea. 3s. 6d. net
D'AUVERGNE, E. B.—The Night of Memory. 6s.
DAWE, CARLTON.—The Shadow of Evil. 6s.
HAUPTMANN, GERHART.—Atlantis. 6s.
MACDONALD, WM. M. S. Agr., Sc.D., Ph.D.—The Conquest of the Desert. 7s. 6d. net.
Mrs. Edward's Cookery Book. 2s. 6d. net.
PAGE, THOMAS NELSON.—The Land of the Spirit. 6s.
PRAGA, MRS. ALFRED.—Love and £200 a Year. 2s. net.
THOMPSON, J. S.—China Revolutionized. 12s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co.

COLE, GRENVILLE A. J.—Outlines of Mineralogy for Geological Students.
JAMES, M. R., Litt.D.—Old Testament Legends: being Stories out of some of the Less-known Apocryphal Books of the Old Testament. With 10 Illustrations by H. J. Ford. 3s. 6d. net.
KEIGHLEY, T.—A Manual of Music for use in Training Colleges and Secondary Schools.
MACE, REV. J. H. B.—Henry Bodley Bromby, Hon. Canon of Bristol Cathedral and Vicar of All Saints', Clifton; sometime Dean of Hobart, Tasmania. A Memoir.
MACY, S. B.—The Hymn Book of the Ages, being the Book of Psalms with a Short Commentary. 3s. 6d. net.
MACY, S. B.—The Prince of Peace. With 21 Illustrations. 3s. 6d. net.
MARCHAND, ANNABELLA BRUCE.—Dirk: a South African. A Story.
M'LACHLAN, NORMAN.—Practical Mathematics for Students attending Evening and Day Technical Classes.
MOAKES, K. K.—Writtten English and the Way to Write. With a Preface by Sara A. Burstall.
PAGET, VERY REV. EDWARD CLARENCE, D.D. (Dean of Calgary, Canada).—Memoir of the Hon. Sir Charles Paget, G.C.H., 1778–1839. With a Short History of the Paget Family. With Illustrations. 3s. 6d. net.
SIMPSON, REV. W. J. SPARROW, D.D.—Non-Communicating Attendance.
STANISLAUS, REV. FATHER.—Life of the Viscountess de Bonnault d'Houet Foundress of the Society of the Faithful Companions of Jesus, 1781–1858. Translated from the French. With Prefaces by His Eminence Cardinal Bourne, Archbishop of Westminster, and by the Right Rev. Abbot Gasquet, President of the English Benedictines. With 56 Illustrations. 7s. 6d. net.
SWANN, FREDERIC.—A Primer of English Citizenship for use in Schools.
TEARLE, CHRISTIAN.—The Pilgrim from Chicago: being more Rambles with an American. With 24 Illustrations. 7s. 6d. net.
THISTLETON, FRANK.—Modern Violin Technique: How to Acquire it, How to Teach it. With Illustrations. 4s. 6d. net.
WISE B. R.—The Making of the Australian Commonwealth (1889–1900). 7s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Lynwood & Co.

BARLOW, HILARE.—The Sentence of the Judge. Cheap Edition. 1s. net.
DONEGAN, LIEUT.-COLONEL J. D. F., R.A.M.C.—Rag Time; Poems of Military Life. Suitable for recitation. Second and Cheap Edition. 6d. net.
FLEMING, NOEL.—Sparks that Brood: A Novel. 6s.
GREY, G. DUNCAN, LL.D.—A Venture in Variety: Poems and Essays. 2s. 6d. net.
HOLLAND, CLIVE.—A Madonna of the Poor, and Other Stories. 6s.
LEEDS, MRS. LEWIS.—Mr. Massiter: A Novel. Cheap Edition. 1s. net.
LEITH, MRS. DISNEY.—Lachlan's Widow: A Novel. 6s.
OULTON, L.—Exceeding Pleasant, and Other Sketches. 10 Illustrations. 6s.
REEKS, H. CAULTON.—The Taming of the Terror: A Story of a Feud. 6s.
SYMONS, MAJOR F. A.—Prince John of Streplitz: A Novel. 6s.

Mr. Elkin Mathews.

BINYON, LAURENCE.—Odes. Second Edition revised. 2s. 6d. net.
DARBISHIRE, R. SHELBY.—A Holiday in Verse. 2s. 6d. net.
DAVIES, WILLIAM H.—Foliage: Various Poems. 2s. 6d. net.
HESELTINE, MICHAEL.—Poems. 1s. net.
MASEFIELD, JOHN.—Ballads and Poems. Uniform Edition. 3s. 6d. net.
O'CONOR, NORREYS JEPHSON.—Celtic Memories and other Poems. 1s. net and 1s. 6d. net.
ROLT-WHEELER, ETHEL.—Ireland's Veils and other Poems. 1s. net. and 1s. 6d. net.
TAYLOR, JOHN C.—The Northern Sea: A Legend of the Norwegian Fiords and the North Cape. With 16 Illustrations. 1s. net and 1s. 6d. net.
WEAVING, WILLOUGHBY.—Poems. 2s. 6d. net.
WILLIAMS, WILLIAM CARLOS.—Tempers: Poems. 1s. net.

Messrs. Methuen & Co.

ADCOCK, A. ST. JOHN.—The Booklover's London. Illustrated by Frederick Adcock. 6s.
AUTHOR OF "THE STREET CALLED STRAIGHT."—The Way Home. 6s.
BAILEY, H. C.—The Sea Captain. 6s.
BENNETT, ARNOLD.—The Regent. 6s.
BERRIMAN, ALGERNON. Aviation. 10s. 6d. net.
BIRMINGHAM, G. A.—The Search Party. 1s. net.
BOWEN, MARJORIE.—The Governor of England. 6s.
BRIDGER, A. E.—Minds in Distress. 2s. 6d. net.
CARNIE, ETHEL.—Miss Nobody. 6s.
CASTLE, AGNES and EGERTON.—The Golden Barrier. 6s.
CHANDLEY, CHAS.—Gas Testing and Air Measurement. 1s. 6d.
CONRAD, JOSEPH.—Chance. 6s.
CRAWLEY, A. E.—The Book of the Ball. 3s. 6d. net.
GIBBON, EDWARD.—Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. Edited by Prof. Bury. Vol. 7. 10s. 6d. net.
HALIFAX, ROBERT.—The White Thread. 6s.
LISLE, DAVID.—What is Love? 6s.
LITTLEWOOD, S. R.—The Fairies—Here and Now. 2s. 6d. net.
LOWNDES, MRS. BELLOC.—The Lodger. 6s.
LUCAS, E. V.—Harvest Home. 1s. net.
LUCAS, E. V.—The Open Road. Illustrated Edition. 15s. net.
LYNCH, J. G. BOHUN.—The Complete Boxer. 6s. net.
MOBERLY, L. G.—Man and Woman. 6s.
MUSSABINI, S. A.—The Complete Athletic Trainer. 5s. net.
NICHOLSON, D. S. H.—Poems. 2s. 6d. net.
ONIONS, OLIVER.—The Two Kisses. 6s.
RIDGE, W. PETT.—A Son of the State. 7d. net.
SHAKESPEARE, W.—As You Like It. Arden Shakespeare. 2s. 6d. net.
SHAW, DR. STANLEY.—Wiliam of Germany. 7s. 6d. net.
SMITH, L. E.—Odes and Other Poems. 3s. 6d. net.
STANLEY, H.—Practical Science for Engineering Students. 2s. 6d.
VICKERS, K. H.—England in the Later Middle Ages. 10s. 6d. net.
WATSON, FREDERICK.—Shallows. 6s.
WESTRUP, MARGARET.—Tide Marks. 6s.
WILLIAMS, H. NOEL.—A Fair Conspirator. 15s. net.
WILLIAMSON, C. N. and A. M.—The Golden Silence. 2s. net.

Messrs. Mills & Boon.

AUTHOR OF "MASTERING FLAME."—My Cosmopolitan Year. 10s. 6d. net.
BUCKROSE, J. E.—Rambles in North Yorkshire Dales. 3s. 6d. net.
CHAMPION DE CRESPIGNY, MRS. P.—Mallory's Tryst. 6s.
HARDY, MARK.—Edward Racedale's Will. 6s.
JERMYN, HARRY.—The Enlightenment of Ermayn. 6s.
LONDON, JACK.—The Cruise of the Snark. 10s. 6d. net.
MACK, LOUISE.—The Marriage of Edward. 6s.
RANDOLPH, SELINA.—A Little Girl's Gardening Book. 2s. 6d. net.
SAWYER, VAUGHAN H.—The Lizard. 6s.
SIMPSON, HAROLD.—The Marriage Market. 1s. net.
VIARDOT, H. L.—Memories and Adventures. 10s. 6d. net.

Mr. John Murray.

CHOLMONDELEY, MARY.—Notwithstanding. 6s.
GREGORY, DR. J. W.—The Nature and Origin of Fiords.
HEADLAM, REV. DR. A. C.—St. Paul and Christianity.
HOLT, H. P.—The Mounted Police of Natal. 10s. 6d. net.
LE SUEUR, GORDON.—Cecil Rhodes: the Man and His Work.
LYNCH, BOHUN.—Cake. 6s.
MACKAY, THOMAS.—The Dangers of Democracy. 6s. net.
MUNTZ, REV. DR. W. T.—Rome, St. Paul, and the Early Church. 5s. net.
Murray's Handbook for Travellers in India, Burma and Ceylon. 20s. net.
The Ireland of To-day (Reprinted from *The Times*). 10s. 6d. net.
WEEKLEY, PROFESSOR ERNEST.—The Romance of Names.

Mr. Eveleigh Nash.

AUTHOR OF "LEAVES FROM A LIFE."—The Years' Mind. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net.
BARR, ROBERT.—A New Novel. 6s.
HUTCHINSON, J. R.—The Press Gang, Afloat and Ashore. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net.
KAUFFMANN, REGINALD WRIGHT.—Running Sands. 6s.
LEGGE, EDWARD.—More About King Edward. Illustrated. 16s. net.
MONTENEGRO, H.M. KING NICHOLAS OF.—The Empress of the Balkans: A Play in 4 Acts. 3s. 6d. net.
NIVEN, FREDERICK.—Ellen Adair. 6s.
PREVOST, MARCEL.—Guardian Angels. 6s.
WALKER, A. STODART.—The Moxford Book of English Verse. 3s. 6d. net.

Messrs. T. Nelson & Sons.

BENSON, E. F.—The Osbornes. 7d. net.
KARR, ALPHONSE.—Voyage autour de mon Jardin. (Nelson Collection.) 1s. net. French.
O'BRIEN, R. BARRY.—John Bright. 1s. net.
SAND, GEORGE.—Mauprat. (Nelson Collection.) 1s. net. French.
WHITE, STEWART E.—Rules of the Game. 7d. net.

Messrs. J. Nisbet & Co.

BALLANTYNE, R. M.—The Coral Island. 10s. 6d. net.
GILSON, CAPT. CHARLES.—The Sword of Deliverance. 6s.
GOODLEY, SISTER JENNINGS.—Commonsense Aids in Illness. 2s. net.
GRENFELL, DR. WILFRED.—Immortality. 1s. net.
HADATH, GUNBY.—Schoolboy Grit. 3s. 6d.
JOHNSTONE, T. CRAUFORD.—Did the Phœnicians Discover America? 7s. 6d. net.
MACKIE, JOHN.—Canadian Jack. 3s. 6d.
MATTHEWS, REV. JAMES.—Christ's Doctrine of Salvation. 1s. net.
MOORE, DOROTHEA.—A Brave Little Royalist. 5s.
NEVINSON, HENRY.—Essays in Rebellion. 6s. net.
RHODES, KATHLYN.—Dodo's Schooldays. 3s. 6d.
SHAW, MRS. HAVERGAL.—Gems from Many Sources. 1s. net.
SMITH, S. C. KAINES.—Greek Art and National Life. 7s. 6d. net.
STEBBING, GRACE.—That Aggravating Schoolgirl. 3s. 6d.
ST. MARS, FRANK.—The Prowlers. 6s. net.
TORREY, REV. R. A.—Gist of the Lessons. 1s. net.

Messrs. John Ouseley, Ltd.

ALDINGTON, MAY.—The King Called Love. 6s.
"ANON."—A Great Gothic Fane. 21s net.
"ANON."—Some Recollections of an Old Landscape Painter. 10s. 6d. net.
BATEMAN, E.—Fancies and Fragments. 1s. 6d. net.
BENSUSAN, S. L.—May Magic. 2s. net.
BIRGE, J. C.—Awakening of the Desert. 7s. 6d. net.
BLAIKLEY, E. L.—Alone in a Crowd. 6s.
BROADBENT, D. R.—Poetical Compendium. 6s. net.
CHAPLIN, E. A.—Rose Book of Romance. 3s. 6d. net.
CLERE, M. E.—Nancy Papillon. 6s.
KARLO, JOHN.—Was She Right? 1s. net.
KNEESHAW, J. W.—A Lancashire Cavalier. 3s. 6d. net.
LAIMSPACH, CHARLES.—One Another's Burdens. 6s.
POOLE, EVAN.—The Age of Steel. 2s. 6d. net.
PROCTOR, CHARLES.—An Innocent Judas. 6s.
RICHARDSON, T. E.—An English Girl in Tokyo. 2s. net.
ROGERS, REGINALD.—A Northern Voyage. 2s. net.
SANDERS, E. K.—Vincent de Paul. 16s. net.
SPENCER, F. A.—The Four Horned Altar. 6s.
STOCK, E. E., and BRUMLEN, E.—Jackdaw of Rheims. 2s. 6d.
STOCK, E. E., and BRUMLEN, E.—Magic Chest (Pandora). 2s. 6d.
STOCK, E. E., and BRUMLEN, E.—Pied Piper of Hamelin. 2s. 6d.
WOODGATE, M. V. (With Preface by Laurence Housman).—The World of a Child. 2s. net.
WYNDHAM, HORACE.—For the Flag. 6s.

Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co.

ADAIR, CECIL.—Quadrille Court. 6s.
BLACKER, J. F.—ABC of English Ceramic Art. 5s. net.
CAFFIN, CHARLES H.—ABC Guide to Pictures. 5s. net.
CLARKE, HELEN A.—ABC Guide to Mythology. 5s. net.
COLE, E. W.—Cole's Fun Doctor. 2s. 6d.
CUTHELL, EDITH.—A Vagabond Courtier. 2 vols. 24s. net.
GERARD, DOROTHEA.—Exotic Martha. 6d.
GRACE, ARMINE.—The Cloak of St. Martin. 6s.
HILL, HEADON.—Split Peas. 6s.
JERROLD and BROADLEY.—The Romance of an Elderly Poet. 10s. 6d. net.
KENEALY, ARABELLA.—The Painted Lady. 6s.
LEVY, M.—Paul Simplicode. 1s. net.
MASON, GREGORY D.—ABC Guide to Music. 5s. net.
MIRON, E. L.—Queens of Aragon. 16s. net.
NAYLOR, STANLEY.—Gaiety and George Grossmith. 5s. net.
PEARCE, CHARLES E.—The Eyes of Alicia. 6s.
RAPPOPORT, DR. A.—Famous Artists and their Models. 16s. net.
"RITA."—The Laird O'Cockpen. 6d.
"RITA."—The Code Book. 1s. net.
SABATINI, RAFAEL.—Torquemada and the Spanish Inquisition. 16s. net.
SNOWDON, KEIGHLEY.—Bright Shame. 2s. net.
SPENS, ARCHIBALD.—A Winter in India. 6s. net.
WYLLARDE, DOLF.—The Career of Beauty Darling. 2s. net.
WYLLARDE, DOLF.—Youth Will be Served. 6s.
YOXALL, SIR JAMES.—More About Collecting. 5s. net.

Sir Isaac Pitman & Son.

ASHTON, HELEN.—Pierrot in Town. 6s.
CROSFIELD, A. W. E.—Telegraph Ciphers. 21s. net.
DRAPER, F. W. M., B.A.—Junior French Commercial Reader. 1s. net.
FLETCHER, R. A.—Travelling Palaces: Luxury in Passenger Steamships. With 54 Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net.
GIBBS, PHILIP.—The New Man. A Character Study. 3s. 6d. net.
HOLLAND, R. W., M.A., M.Sc.—Examination Notes on Company Law. 1s. net.
"IRISH DEMOCRAT."—Provincial Self-Government versus Home Rule. 1s. net.
London Church Handbook, 1913-14. 2s. net.
McSPADDEN, J. WALKER (Edited by).—American Statesman's Year Book 10s. 6d. net.
PARKER, JOHN (Edited by).—Who's Who in the Theatre. New and Revised Edition. Cloth, 6s. net; leather, 8s. 6d. net.
PERKINS, REV. JOCELYN, M.A.—The Most Honourable Order of the Bath: A Descriptive and Historical Account. With 42 Illustrations. 7s. 6d. net.
Pitman's Commercial Atlas. 60 Maps. 2s. net.
SHAWCROSS, WALTER.—Elementary Precis Writing. 1s. net.
STANLEY, HUBERT G., F.E.S.—Insect Life: Its Why and Wherefore. With Illustrations. 2s. 6d. net.
WESTON, W. J., M.A., B.Sc., and CREW, A.—Dictionary of Economic and Banking Terms. 2s. 6d. net.
WISE, HON. B. R.—Commonwealth of Australia. Second Edition, Revised ("All Red" Series.) 7s. 6d. net.

Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

BARCLAY, FLORENCE L.—The Broken Halo. 6s.
ELLIOT, FRANCES M.—Old Court Life in Spain. 2 vols.
GAHNAM, EMILY JAMES.—Greek Religion.
GREGORY, LADY.—Our Irish Theatre.
HAMILTON, LOUISE NYSTROM.—Ellen Key, Her Life and Work. 6s. net.
KELLOGG, CLARA LOUISE.—Memoirs of a Prima Donna.
KEY, ELLEN.—Motherliness and Education for Motherhood.
O'CONNOR, MRS. T. P.—My Beloved South.
OHNET, GEORGES.—The Eagles Talon. 6s.
ORSI, PIETRO.—Cavour. 5s. net.
PARSONS, ELSIE CLEWES.—The Old Fashioned Woman. 6s. net.
POPE, AMY E.—A Text-Book of Anatomy and Physiology for Nurses.
REED, MYRTLE.—Happy Women. 6s.
REED, MYRTLE.—Threads of Grey and Gold. 6s.
ROSE, ELSIE WHITLOCK.—Cathedrals and Cloisters of Northern France. 2 vols. 21s. net.
WALLACE, EDNA KINGSLEY.—The Quest of a Dream. 6s.

Messrs. Alston Rivers, Ltd.

BEDFORD, RUTH M.—Rosycheeks and Goldenhead. Illustrated by L. Webb. With 16 Coloured Plates. 3s. 6d. net.
KNIBBS, GEORGE HANDLEY, C.M.G.—Voices of the North and Echoes of Hellas. 5s. net.

The Walter Scott Publishing Co.

"A.W."—Thoughts for the Future. 1s. net.
ABRAMOWSKI, O. L. M.—Eating for Health. 3s. 6d. net.
BALLANTYNE, R. M.—Gascoyne. (Million Library.) 1s. 6d.
BALLANTYNE, R. M.—The Lifeboat. (Million Library.) 1s. 6d.
BALLANTYNE, R. M.—The Lighthouse. (Million Library.) 1s. 6d.
BALLANTYNE, R. M.—The World of Ice. (Million Library.) 1s. 6d.
CHANDLER, HORACE WARD.—Poems. 2s. 6d.
COWLEY, ABRAHAM.—Essays and Selected Verse. 1s. net.
FARRAR, FREDERIC W.—Eric; or, Little by Little. (Million Library.) 1s. 6d.
FITZGIBBON, H. MACAULAY.—The Story of the Flute. 3s. 6d. net.
HOPKIRK, ARTHUR F., M.D. (Jena).—Influenza: Its History, Nature, Cause, and Treatment. 3s. 6d.
KENNEDY, JEAN.—Hearts'-ease and Christmas Roses. 1s. net.
KENNEDY, JEAN.—The Water of Youth. 6d. net.
KINGSTON, W. H. G.—Manco, the Peruvian Chief. (Million Library.) 1s. 6d.

Mr. Martin Secker.

ABERCROMBIE, LASCELLES.—Speculative Dialogues.
BRETT-YOUNG, F. and E.—Undergrowth.
HEWLETT, WILLIAM.—Telling the Truth.
HORSNELLY, HORACE.—The Bankrupt.
SCOTT-CRAVEN, A.—The Fool's Tragedy.
MACKENZIE, COMPTON.—Sinister Street.
THOMAS, EDWARD.—Dramatic Works of Gerhart Hauptmann.
THOMAS, EDWARD.—Walter Pater: A Critical Study.
WILLIAMS, A. W.—Vie de Boheme.

Messrs. Skeffington & Son.

BALL, REV. CANON C. R.—The Holy Communion in Substance and Shadow. 2s. net.
CRAWFURD, REV. L. P.—Beyond the Gate. 2s. net.
GILES, M.—The Ladder of Prayer. 2s. 6d. net.
LENNARD, REV. VIVIAN R.—Our Ideals (Addresses to Men). 3s. 6d. net.
MARTYN, KENNEDY O'BRIEN.—Jim Crow's Trip to Fairyland. For Children. 20 Illustrations. 2s. 6d. net.
McEWEN, V.—Glimpses of the Divine Presence. 2s. net.
STREET, LILIAN.—The Lengthening Shadows. 2s. net.

Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co.

BENSON, ARTHUR C.—Watersprings. 6s.
BENSON, E. F.—Thorley Weir. 6s.

Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.

ALEXINSKY, GREGOR.—Modern Russia. 15s. net.
BOOTH, MEYRICK.—Rudolf Eucken: His Philosophy and Influence. 3s. 6d. net.
BURN, IRENE.—The Unforgiving Minute. 6s.
KENNEY, ROWLAND.—Men and Rails. 6s. net.
LEGROS, G. V.—Fabre: Poet of Science. 10s. 6d. net.
LUCAS, J.—Our Villa in Italy. 5s. net.
POINCARE, RAYMOND.—How France is Governed. 7s. 6d. net.
SCULLY, W. C.—Further Reminiscences of a South African Pioneer. 10s. 6d. net.
UNDERWOOD, J. J.—Alaska: An Empire in the Making. 7s. 6d. net.
URQUHART, ALEXANDER.—Odd Hours with Nature. 5s. net.
WRENCH, G. T.—Lord Lister: His Life and Work. 15s. net.

Messrs. Ward, Lock & Co.

BINDLOSS, HAROLD.—Beneath Her Station. 7d. net.
BINDLOSS, HAROLD.—Hawtrey's Deputy. 6d.
BRUCE, MARY GRANT.—Norah of Billabong. 2s. 6d.
EVERETT-GREEN, E.—Inchfallen. 2s. 6d.
GOODE, EVELYN.—The Childhood of Helen. 2s. 6d.
GOODE, EVELYN.—Bible Steps. 2s. 6d.
HOWES, EDITH.—Maoriland Fairy Tales. 3s. 6d. net.
LEIGHTON, MARIE C.—Justice. 6d.
LE QUEUX, WILLIAM.—The Tickencote Treasure. 2s. net.
MARCHMONT, A. W.—By Snare of Love. 7d. net.
MOBERLY, L. G.—His Little Girl. 6d.
OPPENHEIM, E. P.—A Millionaire of Yesterday. 1s. net.
OPPENHEIM, E. P.—Little Wonder Books. 4 sorts. 1s. each.
ROWLANDS, EFFIE A.—Through Weal and Through Woe. 6s.
SUTCLIFFE, HALLIWELL.—The Open Road. 6s.
TRACY, LOUIS.—One Wonderful Night. 6s.
TURNER, LILIAN.—Stairways to the Stars. 2s. 6d.
WALLACE, EDGAR.—Sanders of the River. 6d.
WHITE, FRED M.—A Royal Wrong. 6s.
WHITE, FRED M.—The Wonder Book. 5s. and 3s. 6d.

THE READER.

BERNARD SHAW.

By Dixon Scott.

"Let him beware of his damned century; his gifts of insane chivalry and animated narration are just those that might be slain and thrown out like an untimely birth by the Dæmon of the Epoch."
Robert Louis Stevenson, in a Letter.

"He is perhaps a 'fraud,' as the Americans put it; but the first victim of Bernard Shaw's charlatanism is Bernard Shaw himself. Susceptible to impressions (as are all artists) and a philosopher at the same time, he cannot do otherwise than deceive himself."
Auguste Rodin, in a Conversation.

I.

NOW here we have another example, and a splendid one, of the tyranny of technique over temperament—of the way an instrument invented for a particular need or greed will react on the fingers that use it, stiffening and striking back till it fatally deforms them, twisting their special talent awry. It may sound, indeed, just at first, that "tyranny of technique over temperament," a predicament as purely academic as the famous "deduction killed by a fact"; but really it is far fuller of thrills and alarums, of ringing human comedy and queernesses, than even the most picturesque of all the existing portraits of Shaw, the most exciting of the alternative estimates. The man's contradictions—his literary licentiousness and his personal restraint—his intellectual voracity and his physical vegetarianism—the intense earnestness and benevolence of his real aims and ideals and the daft japes and capers he cuts as he preaches them—have inspired any number of vivid interpretations, all of them with at least the life of paradox; but the best of them by far, much the noblest and the neatest, is the one which seizes all these contrasts—the purity and the perversity, the harangues and the humility, the wild lack of all resemblance between reputation and reality—and thereupon represents the man as a strange martyr who has sacrificed even the crown of martyrdom, its impressiveness—a prophet who has disguised himself as a jester to gain an audience for his message, only to find that his frantic jokes, invented so feverishly, simply exasperate his listeners instead of luring them—that they consider his levity ill-timed, his solemn touches sacrilegious, and the texts which they feel his pranks profane, and which they had hitherto accepted unsuspiciously, as being rendered henceforward and for ever quite unfitted for respectable family consumption. This martyrdom picture, as might be expected, is naturally the one Mr. Shaw favours himself. "My case is really that of Rabelais over again," he has said. "In order to gain a hearing it was necessary for me to attain the footing of a privileged lunatic, with the license of a jester. My method has therefore been to take the utmost trouble to find the right thing to say and then say it with the utmost levity. And all the time the real joke is that I am in earnest."

Photo by Lizzie Caswall Smith. **Mr. G. Bernard Shaw.**

But there is a realler joke than that, and a very much richer. That's the merest drop-scene: the true Comedy lies behind: another second and we will ring the curtain up. Your deliberate martyr, after all, no matter how he fails, has a certain splendour that makes the Comic Spirit feel respectful; and the more undignified Shaw became for the sake of a high purpose, the more dignified would he actually appear. It is not futility, it is fatuousness, that legitimates laughter; and in Shaw's case the fun only really begins when we see that this self-sacrifice was unintentional, that the martyrdom which he now mentions with such a brave lightness and sad pride, was not only mistaken, but actually quite a mistake. It was simply to cook his own dinner that he kindled the fire that turned and tortured him. He went to Smithfield because he thought it a good market-place. The entire proceeding was a practical joke lazily played on an over-eager young innocent by the world he imagined he was taking firmly in hand. His "disguise" was a dress he slipped on as unsuspectingly as a man whose clothes have been changed overnight; and when he began to skip about in it like "a privileged lunatic," a mad mixture of harlequin and hermit, it was he who was the dupe, not society. . . .

And if someone suggests (as someone ought to do) that no practical joke falls quite so rottenly as the one that perfectly succeeds, we can still defend, with quiet dignity, our present scheme for an hour's polite mirth. It is perfectly true, indeed, that the game *has* gone rather far—that the joke of Shaw thinking of himself

as the joker when he was actually the victim proves after all to have been made at our expense. If it had been merely a case of a mediocrity smirking self-satisfied when he ought to be feeling subdued, like an actor persuading himself that his involuntary tumble was a brilliant impromptu, then we might chuckle unchecked, undeterred by any danger of hurting the hero's complacency, and thankfully accepting his absurdity as his real contribution to the play. But this performer is such a fine one, his powers are so extraordinary, that any illusion he may suffer from, any mistake he may make, is immeasurably our loss. Our damned century has tripped him up, as Stevenson foretold, and that is no doubt very clever of our century. But it is surely a pretty silly sort of cleverness that hoodwinks its own children, fooling the very cleverest of them all to show its strength.

Very like—but listen further; there is one thing more. How would it be if the benefits of Shaw's work were actually increased by the discovery that their author was a dupe? That is precisely what happens. There are several reasons. It removes the venom from his virulence, for one thing, reduces our resentfulness, leaves him, immensely more likable, just a poor puzzled creature like ourselves. And it also provides the perfect complement and corrective to his contribution of ideas. There is only one way to give Shaw's work any adequacy, to make his utility at all proportionate to his powers, and this is to see him as a gull. To watch the man who supremely prides himself on his freedom from illusions and on the irresistible power of pure thought being used as an idle toy by superior powers at the very moment he is triumphantly proving their non-existence, is to be the spectator of something far more than a mere final farce to send us away in good humour: it is to watch an integral scene that entirely alters and immensely deepens the meaning of those that go before. Add Shaw himself to his *dramatis personæ*, and the latter begin to kindle and grow human; make the story of his deception an extra Act to all his plays, and they begin to teach a genial tolerance and to breathe a smiling wisdom which I fear they do not otherwise exhale. They lose that bitterness and barrenness, that hard and cruel angularity and bleak glitter, which has led to their author being denounced for inhumanity. To the array of stabbing truths with which they bristle, thrusting out at the throat of society like spears, there is added yet another, perhaps the only one omitted, which transforms the cold attack into a rescue. It sets them wavering and faltering, as in a blur of mist; and that was all they needed to make them noble and reliable. We can trust them after that, for they have lost the hard exactness which has hitherto always made them so unreal. All Shaw's work hitherto has been too precise to be accurate; it has been too exact to be true.

Photo by Emery Walker.

G. B. Shaw (1888).

One point more. A glance back at the quotations at the head of this article will show the reader that two great minds, besides our own, have made this discovery of a stage behind the drop-scene. The fact will reassure some; but others it may damp: a word of comment will satisfy both. It is true that both Stevenson and Rodin pushed the curtain aside—saw the performance going on secretly behind it; but the old Frenchman went no further than that cryptic phrase about the "fraud," and the young Scotchman was compelled to leave the house abruptly before his little forecast was fulfilled. We therefore may enjoy both the sense of their patronage and the prouder one of being pioneers. We still occupy the enviable position of first-nighters. And for my own part I confess that it is with a thrill of real excitement that I now stretch out my hand and press the prompter's bell. . . .

II.

And instantly there vanishes, whipped away for ever, that striking picture of St. Bernard, the fierce Irish eremite, staining his sackcloth to make it look like motley, and using his staff and scrip, sublimely sacrilegious, as a fool's bladder and wand. It simply will not do. History won't have it. Mr. Chesterton, to be sure, has written, with much pathos, of Mr. Shaw's "narrow Puritan home"; Mr. Huneker, with more pride, has enlarged upon his hero's "humble peasant birth"; and to listen to these phrases and then turn back to the portraits that snarl so aggressively and so argumentatively sneer all over this number of THE BOOKMAN, is to recognise at once the lean, harsh, unrelenting features of the fanatic—the intellectual zealot, the merciless ascetic, harsh as the stony soil from which he sprang, made sublime by the bitter madness of the protestant. Pure hallucination! You are being bluffed by the beard. It obliterates a bland and luscious chin. And Chesterton and Huneker are humbugs. For absolutely the first and most fundamental fact about Bernard Shaw, biographically, is—that he was the son of Lucrezia Borgia.

Of Lucrezia Borgia; and of the Margaret of "Faust"; and of the Donna Anna of "Don Giovanni." For Shaw's

mother was a young and beautiful Irish opera-singer (she was only twenty years her son's senior) who carried on a "blameless *ménage à trois*" with a famous musical genius and the feckless second cousin of a baronet (Shaw's father); and Lucrezia (Donnizetti's), Donna Anna, and Margaret were her three favourite parts.

It is astonishing how adroitly these romantic facts have been muffled in all the current accounts of his character. "His family was a middle-class one," says Mr. Holbrook Jackson, "with all the prejudices and habits of that class." "L' écrivain a peut-être évoqué des souvenirs d'enfance," writes M. Charles Cestre, "quand il a décrit, dans le *Disciple du Diable*, les effarouchements et les indignations d'une famille puritaine dont le chef, le bonhomme Dudgeon, a conservé quelques faiblesses humaines au milieu de l'austérité aigre et hargneuse des siens," and goes on to speak impressively of the youth practising "sans effort une sorte d'ascétisme inné." "Austérité aigre et hargneuse," indeed! The lad's life was a voluptuous revel. He dreamed and dawdled at school, where he was only a desultory day-boy, and where he learned nothing, as he has acknowledged himself, not even (more's the pity) fives or footer; but at home, the less distracted, he simply soaked himself lusciously in the licensed orgies and ecstasies of music. Melody, grand opera melody, not only took the place of reality for him; he dissolved all his books in it as well, making it a vehicle for absorbing Scott and Poe and Victor Hugo physically, sensually, in a sumptuously bodily form. In music," he once wrote in an article we ought to have reprinted, an article describing these indulgences:

Photo by Elliott & Fry.

G. B. Shaw (1900).

> "In music you will find the body of and reality of that feeling which the mere novelist could only describe to you; there will come home to your senses something in which you can actually experience the candour and gallant impulse of the hero, the grace and trouble of the heroine, and the extracted emotional quintessence of their love."

"I gained penetrating experiences of Victor Hugo and Schiller from Donizetti, Verdi and Beethoven; of the Bible from Handel, of Goethe from Schumann, of Beaumarchais and Molière from Mozart, and of Mérimée from Bizet, besides finding in Berlioz an unconscious interpreter of Edgar Allan Poe. When I was in the schoolboy adventure vein, I could range from Vincent Wallace to Meyerbeer: I could become quite maudlin over Mendelssohn and Gounod." And this is the young gentleman who is persistently pointed to as a compatriot of the terrible Swift (who was no more an Irishman than I am, by the way), and a typical product of North of Ireland Protestantism. Elaborate these orgies with emotions greedily sought for in the Italian rooms of the Dublin Art Gallery—rooms which he haunted hungrily, weeks at a time, all through his romantic adolescence—and you have an exact statement of the way this young man began to "pratiquer" his "ascétisme inné." When Lady Wilde, a few streets away, in Merrion Square, was posing prettily as Speranza, Mrs. Shaw, in a Dublin theatre, was flinging herself passionately into the part of Azucena; and before the son of the latter was half-way through his teens, he had absorbed far more music and drained headier delights from the coloured wines of the great painters, than the former's did all his life. Nor is the "narrow Puritanism" of the picture markedly increased if we complete it by adding a sketch of Shaw's father (an amiable, weak tippler, a rather lovable snob, helplessly haughty about his kinsman the baronet) or if we extend it to include the figure of that favourite uncle who persistently declared that the revival of Lazarus was palpably a put-up job, done on the basis of a bribe.

No, no! Our London may have converted Mr. Shaw, made a sterner and a stricter man of him, part by provocation, part by precept; but when he reached us, in his twenties, he was a romantic of the purest—as little like a preacher as Bunyan before Bedford, or St. Francis in the days of his daft youth. Soaked in Gounod and Mendelssohn, dreaming of Mozart and Michelangelo, with a vague idea of being "a wicked baritone in an opera," he was still (as he has owned), "chronically ashamed and even miserable, simply because he felt he couldn't do anything." "What was wrong with me was the want of self-respect, the diffidence, the cowardice of the ignoramus and the duffer." "My destiny was to educate London, but what I knew was exactly what the educated Englishman did not know—and what he knew I either didn't know or didn't believe." He came up to London, in short, as young poets always have come: with a knowledge of life, of human nature and his own, limited to the information provided by opera libretti and the pompously distended prose of Shelley: agonised by their own awkwardness, shamed by their own innocence, desperately troubled by their unpreparedness for destiny; but upheld through it all by the dim, golden conviction that a Destiny of some distinction does await them, and that London, like an alchemist, will know the very drop to add to set their dreams showering

down in a precipitate of shining tasks and clean-cut resolves. . . . In fact, just exactly the usual immortal mixture of prig, blushing schoolgirl and god. And the year (this is very important) was 1876.

III.

Now begins the baiting of Bernard. London, the old hypocrite, has one regulation ruse which she tries on all such shy heroes; she leads off languidly, feigns indifference, and so, with one stroke, restores the new-comer's self-confidence and sets his indignation briskly sparking. Apathy, an awful apathy—that is the personal quality the place always first presents to the aspirant: a slab, nightmare indifference, not to his own entrance merely (that might be a sign of her superiority—for that he is humbly prepared) but to her own powers and opportunities, her duties and beauties—to the general dazzling adventurousness and terrific irrevocableness and entrancing torment of Life. Actually, of course, the nonchalance is merely a mask; beneath it there is toleration, good nature, good form; it is the quiet of wisdom, not of woodenness—the composure, not of torpor, but of powers tested, and serene because sure; but the novice doesn't discover that till later on. What he does do is to compare this mad calm with his own keenness, and feel that his prevision of a Destiny was sound. He *is* different from these people, with their small talk and slackness: his excitement sets its teeth and squares its jaw. Reassured at the very moment he expected to be abashed, he sits down in a whirl of elation and contempt, and outs with his book, picture, play. London has set him to his task, very neatly, by pretending to be incapable of commands.

G. Bernard Shaw.

From a drawing by Will Rothenstein.
Reproduced by kind permission of the artist.

Nine times out of ten, therefore, the trick works to admiration; it procures us performances that the truth would freeze to death. But Shaw happened to come tenth. Remember the hour. It was the eve of the 'eighties, when the arts joined the 'isms. And Carlyle begat Ruskin, and Ruskin begat Morris, and Morris begat Cunninghame Graham,—and the Carpenters and the Cranes and the Salts: instead of a velvet jacket and a slap-dash joviality, your young artist took to *saeva indignatio* and sandals. It was tremendously interesting. Just why poetry and proteids should suddenly seem natural affinities; just what there was in the atmosphere then to make Jaeger and Ibsen and esoteric Buddhism appear inevitable associates; and why to eat the leek, declaring it loudly to be the only pure and blameless form of food, suddenly became the sign of mental independence;—these phenomena have never yet been adequately explained: for we are still too much involved with the traditions then established to get the full effect of their fearsome abnormality. But though the origins were intricate, the results merged in one wild rush which carried artists of all kinds, for the first time in English history, over to the side of their natural enemy, the proletariat. Instead of adoring the graces, they began denouncing disgraces. Instead of priding themselves on their immunity from politics, they began to boom and bleat like a lot of leading articles. They had a thoroughly enjoyable time. The new game gratified the vanity that is the curse of all their tribe by its flattering sense of putting everybody right; and it satisfied the disrespectfulness which is chief among their charms by giving them, as targets, every rule, religion, custom, creed, convention, and thoroughly well-established institution which had lent its

countenance to civilization by forming part of it. They were infidels, atheists, anarchists, cosmogonists, vegetarians, anti-vivisectionists, anti-vaccinationists. They revelled in a fresh field of topics and got new ideas for cartoons—founded endless societies to listen to their oratory and promoted countless papers that would print their verse and prose; it was canvas and model combined. The big men liked the feeling of doing practical spade-work at last; the little ones (and there were such a dreadful lot of these) simply loved being "intellectuals." It gave humble giants, like Morris, a chance to stoop and be chivalrous. It hoisted the pigmies on to platforms where they could strut and domineer like Hectors. It was fine.

G. B. S. at home.

Now this was all very well in the case of a Morris, who had already given us his "Guenevere"; and it probably couldn't damage even a Cunninghame-Graham—for he was a rebel in any case, a Highland riever by birth, and these 'isms were to him simply so many gauntlets which he could fling in the face of the fat fools he despised: when he charged the ranked policemen in Trafalga Square, for instance, ostensibly in the cause of democracy, he was really only giving expression, I am sure, to his eternal contempt for the *canaille*; he turned socialist because he was an aristocrat. But in the case of a youngling like Shaw, a tender emotionalist, fed hitherto wholly on the sweetstuff of opera and still viewing the world in terms of Shelley and Wagner, it simply amounted to ravishment. It meant thrusting all his soft faculties into a premature mould; it meant emphasising and petrifying and fixing for ever on his character just those quaint innocent qualities of contemptuousness and arrogance which ought, in the ordinary way, to have been softly erased by experience once their first task of setting him slogging was performed. It meant that instead of prompting him to some piece of independent creation, some proof of individual power, his boyish bumptiousness began to boast in its own name.

For of course he was helpless: face to face with such a situation, what could a poor romantic do? He yielded at a touch—fell like a shot sea-bird—was culled like a slender wayside flower. With the echoes of the hammer-song still humming in his head, he saw himself as a Sigurd among Alberics—and since everywhere about him the old obvious evils spawned and sprawled, all the generous decencies of youth joined with its egotisms to make him vow to have a drive at London-Fafnir. "My destiny is to educate London," he assured himself; and took steps according, very solemnly. He himself has described how the final vision descended and crystallised all his vague cravings. Perceive him flutteringly approach the fateful Webb. He has strayed into one of the meetings of the myriad societies of that day, a body calling itself, for some no doubt adequate reason, The Zeletical Society, and this is the sight he beholds:

"The speaker was a young man, about twenty-one, with a profile that suggested, on account of the nose and imperial, an improvement on Napoleon the Third. He had a fine forehead, a long head, eyes that were built on top of two highly-developed organs of speech (according to the phrenologists), and remarkably thick, strong, dark hair. He knew all about the subject of the debate; knew more than the lecturer; had read everything that had ever been written on the subject; and remembered all the facts that bore on it. He used notes, read them, ticked them off one by one, threw them away, and finished with a coolness and clearness that to me, in my trembling state, seemed miraculous. This young man was the ablest man in England—Sidney Webb."

And he was exactly Shaw's own age. The flutterer was caught. He too would be a dictator, an authority, a liberator, a dogmatic and precocious oracle. This was grand opera and literature and a noble knightliness combined; it was De Resque, Ruskin, and Sigurd in one. He went into training incontinent. Nervous, unready and sensitive, with subtlety of apprehension and an ineradicable fondness for fineness the first quality of all his faculties, he was supremely unfitted for the job; but the very susceptibility that ought to have saved him made him as wax to the suggestion, and the very imagination that ought to have carried him far away from platforms to some place where it could do its own work undisturbed, flooded the dreary planks with rosy limelight—disguised and garlanded the prospect—made out that the cheap and prosy business of glib demagoguery was the very embodiment of poetry; and drove him fatuously on. "I

Lent by Mr. D. J. Rider.

Bernard Shaw at the Fabian Summer School.

From a photograph taken by himself.

XUM

vowed I would join Webb's society, go every week, speak every week, and become a speaker or perish in the attempt. And I carried out this resolution. I suffered agonies no one suspected. During the speech of the debate I resolved to follow my heart used to beat as painfully as a recruit's going under fire for the first time. I could not use my notes; when I looked at the paper in my hand I could not collect myself enough to decipher a word. And of the four or five wretched points that were my pretext for this ghastly practice of mine I invariably forgot three—the best three." Flaubert and Pater undergoing flagellation in the hope of being granted pure prose underwent far less torment than this equally fine artist did to learn the tricks of cockney repartee. He struggled for years. "I attended the Hampstead Historic Club once a fortnight, and spent a night in the alternative weeks at a private circle of economists. I made all my acquaintances think me madder than usual by the pertinacity with which I attended debating societies and haunted all sorts of hole-and-corner debates and public meetings, and made speeches at them. I was president of the Local Government Board at an amateur Parliament"—and he even turned the very novels that might have proved his salvation (by giving his creative energy a path of escape) into mimic debating societies too—not only rising up in the name of each character in turn (Connolly, Lydia Carew, Cashel, Trefusis) to deliver a short address on some selected topic, but actually turning as many of these characters as possible into working models, draft sketches, of the omniscient, incontestable, imperturbable Sigurd-Shelley-Wagner-Webb which he had resolved Bernard Shaw must become. "I am thoroughly well satisfied with myself," says Elinor McQuinch. "At last I have come out of a scene without having forgotten the right thing to say." Connolly is "concentrated and calm, making no tentative movements of any kind (even tying a white tie did not puzzle him into fumbling), but acting with a certainty of aim, and consequent economy of force, dreadful to the irresolute." These are self-reflections, it is sometimes said: looking back at Connolly now, from nineteen-thirteen, when Shaw has really grown like him, it is natural to think of him as an involuntary mirror of his maker. But it is Shaw who is the heir, Connolly the ancestor. He "looked at his programme and calculated how soon his turn to sing would come. Then he unrolled his music, and placed two copies ready to his hand upon the table. Having made these arrangements with a self-possession that quite disconcerted the clergyman, he turned to examine the rest of the company." This is the projection of a personal ideal, not involuntary self-portraiture; and "you cannot have a thing and want it too." Perfecting these little mannequins with his pen—studying their gestures—putting them into predicaments in order to learn how to behave—continually calling on them for impromptu speeches—"There by the grace of God," mutters the young author savagely, "will one day go George Bernard Shaw." His novels were indeed mirrors held up to his nature—but only to help him fix his make-up. Fate, when she began to fool him, hadn't reckoned on this solemnity. The joke was already going rather far.

Two Socialists.

Mr. Sidney Webb. Mr. Bernard Shaw.

Drawn by John Nicholas.
Reproduced, by permission of Mr. Fisher Unwin, from *M.A.B.*

IV.

It went further very shortly. The result of these efforts, heroically sustained (our Sigurd being meanwhile supported, it is provoking, but right, to recall, by a radiant Mimmy in the person of that romantic young mother to whom he owed the imagination he was thwarting, and who was now melodiously earning her own living in London)—the result of these pig-headed efforts, this display of inverted idealism, was the production of one of the most remarkable verbal weapons ever forged by a literary craftsman. It was a cold-drawn instrument of expression built for cut-and-thrust conflicts—designed to fulfil every platform need or emergency that its maker's imagination could foresee; and every ancillary qualification or charm was dourly and ruthlessly threshed out of it. To get rid of these alloys and yet maintain the thing's temper meant the invention of a whole new range of prose devices; and it is the way he worked at these, the devouring adroitness he showed, the fresh formations and annealings and interlockings of language he passionately invented and perfected, that give us our first infuriating idea of the triumphs he would have brought us, the work he might have done, if only he had never been drugged and trepanned and unconsciously sold into eternal slavery whilst asleep. Much has been written in praise of his work; but of his workmanship, one feels, far too little; never yet have I seen any adequate

acknowledgment of the extraordinary perfection and importance of his style. More stiletto than style, someone says, a bit sourly,—but that is only the peevishness of pedantry. It can be used to carve creatively as well as to kill—and in other hands than his it surely will be: whatever else Shaw has done, he has hung a glittering new and needed weapon in the armoury of the arts. Conditioned absolutely by the special character of the campaign he had in mind—submitting to every limitation without shuffling, and swerving shamelessly out to enjoy every licence—it is the very finest example in the whole of English letters of prose written to be uttered with a physical forcibleness on the rapid levels of men-to-men speech, and yet retaining, unsuspected, all those powers of balance, rhythm and picturesqueness whose aid must be employed before all defences can be carried, who sail into the citadel by the more important senses whilst the colloquialisms keep the common one engaged. Technically, that is its most triumphant innovation. The hour of "oratory" was over; the peroration was punctured: the purple passage was merely a red rag to rouse restiveness: hungry democrats and terrible vegetarian-anarchists wanted utterances that hit and looked like lumps of steel. And the problem, briefly, was therefore how to appear to be using this life-preserver sort of language without really relinquishing the aid of the subtler influences that used always to be summoned by the solemn ritual of rhetoric.

Copyright U.S.A., Joseph Simpson.

G. Bernard Shaw,
By Joseph Simpson, R.B.A.

Reproduced, by permission, from *T.P.'s Weekly*.

Well, Shaw found a way. His hearers wanted "straight talk": so he cast periods like horizontal bars. But they were bars that worked like piston-rods, all built for thrust and drive: they displayed the splendid beauty of clean speed; and at the very moment when they seemed to be discarding contemptuously all merely emotional adjuncts, they were dizzying the onlookers with that supremely sensual excitement, the intoxicating ecstasy of pace. He stripped all his sentences of those trailing wreaths and ropes of metaphor that Ruskin twined round his message for impressiveness—and then multiplied still further the effect of impetuousness thus produced by using all the energy that might have gone to making garlands in the task of fitting clause into clause so ingeniously that never a joint could be seen, so that a sentence made up of many added items lay as level as a spear, streaking past as though launched with one lunge. It is interesting to watch the first studious assemblage of the parts, and then the gradual speeding-up of the mechanism.

"Mr. Reginald Harrington Lind, at the outset of his career, had no object in life save that of getting through it as easily as possible; and this he understood so little how to achieve that he suffered himself to be married at the age of nineteen to a Lancashire cotton-spinner's heiress. She bore him three children, and then eloped with a professor of spiritualism, who deserted her on the eve of her fourth confinement, in the course of which she caught scarlet fever and died. Her child survived, but was sent to a baby farm, and starved to death in the usual manner."

That is an early effort, from the laboratory called "The Irrational Knot." Already the desired effect of imperturbability is there, gained by the careful maintenance of a monotone; and the crowded middle sentence does nearly take the listener's breath away by telescoping four travails, two tragedies and a comic professor of spiritualism into a couple of level lines. But the jolts at the commas break the pace rather roughly, and although the sentences are still comparatively short, they are only kept going by making the clauses cannon, after the model of the famous House that Jack Built, instead of plunking past like a rifle-bullet, straight from stop to stop. Months of practice and experiment, on paper by day, on platforms at night, taught him how to overcome these crudities. The sentence that follows is one written for actual utterance (and written, oddly enough, in that home of the old school of rhetoric, William Morris's house at Kelmscott), and the reader

Copyright U.S.A., Joseph Simpson.
From "Three Living Lions," by Joseph Simpson, R.B A., by courtesy of Mr. D. J. Rider.

will see how perfectly the sense of precipitancy is secured to it by the simple device of dropping its successive items into the slots of a kind of eternally expanding carrier reaching forward from a single steady verb :

" One can see that the Local Government Board of the future will be a tremendous affair ; that foreign States will be deeply affected by the reaction of English progress ; that international trade, always the really dominant factor in foreign policy, will have to be reconsidered from a new point of view when profit comes to be calculated in terms of net social welfare instead of individual pecuniary gain ; that our present system of imperial aggression, in which, under pretext of exploration and colonization, the flag follows the filibuster and trade follows the flag, with the missionary bringing up the rear, must collapse when the control of our military forces passes from the capitalist classes to the people ; that the disappearance of a variety of classes with a variety of what are now ridiculously called ' public opinions ' will be accompanied by the welding of society into one class with a public opinion of inconceivable weight ; that this public opinion will make it for the first time possible effectively to control the population ; that the economic independence of women, and the supplanting of the head of the household by the individual as the recognised unit of the State, will materially alter the status of children and the utility of the institution of the family ; and that the inevitable reconstitution of the State Church on a democratic basis may, for example, open up the possibility of the election of an avowed Freethinker like Mr. John Morley or Mr. Bradlaugh to the deanery of Westminster."

It is simply a series of separate statements, but they are so socketed that the result is torrential : the sentence seems to go whipping through its supporting semi-colons much as telegraph-wires do through their posts when you watch them racing past from a swift train. And further practice still, the months stretching into years, enabled him to eliminate even slotted frames and posts : in the paragraph that follows, written at the height of his powers, those recurrent " thats " have been replaced by subtle piers and as the reader's mind is carried over it tastes a queer vertigo—it clutches its guide giddily, yielding him a blank subjection, like the limp obedience paid a Blondin by the fellow on his back,—far completer (at any rate till he touches honest ground again), than the reverence offered to a Fors-Clavigerating Ruskin :

" Therefore do not misunderstand my plain statement of the fundamental constitution of London society as an Irishman's reproach to your nation. From the day I first set foot on this foreign soil I knew the value of the prosaic qualities of which Irishmen teach Englishmen to be ashamed as well as I knew the vanity of the poetic qualities of which Englishmen teach Irishmen to be proud. For the Irishman instinctively disparages the quality which makes the Englishman dangerous to him ; and the Englishman instinctively flatters the faults that make the Irishman harmless and amusing to him. What is wrong with the prosaic Englishman is what is wrong with the prosaic men of all countries : stupidity. The vitality which places nourishment and children first, heaven and hell a somewhat remote second, and the health of society as an organic whole nowhere, may muddle successfully through the comparatively tribal stages of gregariousness ; but in nineteenth century nations and twentieth century empires the determination of every man to be rich at all costs and of every woman to be married at all costs must without a highly scientific social organization produce a ruinous development of poverty, celibacy, prostitution, infant mortality, adult degeneracy, and everything that wise men most dread. In short, there is no future for men,

G. B. S. sitting to Rodin.
By Will Rothenstein.
Reproduced, by permission of the artist, from a photograph kindly lent by Mrs. F. M. Cornford.

however brimming with crude vitality, who are neither intelligent nor politically educated enough to be Socialists. So do not misunderstand me in the other direction either: if I appreciate the vital qualities of the Englishman as I appreciate the vital qualities of the bee, I do not guarantee the Englishman against being like the bee (or the Canaanite) smoked out and unloaded of his honey by beings inferior to himself in simple acquisitiveness, combativeness and fecundity, but superior to him in imagination and cunning."

Lightened of all adjectives—nimble with nouns—turning categories into keyboards when it wants to ripple us a run, and avoiding vowels in order to obtain the snap of consonants—it rattles at a rate that makes the best of Swift seem slow, and pelts the brain with stinging drops like driving hail. It is deliberately cold and colourless, but it produces a kind of glow—a sensual warmth that almost melts the icy argument, almost turns it into something soft and kind. For rapidity, poignancy, unanimity, promptness, and an exquisite timing and adjustment of its parts, there is no prose to be compared with it in English. And, just as an athlete is more beautiful than an æsthete, so it grows more sensuous the more cynical it becomes; it practises a bodily seduction even while seeming wholly to rely on pure intelligence. It is curious virtuosity. His passion for picturesqueness made him pick this pose of sour reasonableness; his vivid imagination enabled him to perfect it; the result was a reputation for harsh common sense that made men and artists regard him with awe.

George Bernard Shaw in his Library.
By Max Beerbohm.
By kind permission of the artist.

V

Then why bewail its acquisition? In face of all these merits, why pity the maker and propound this dark theory about him being the luckless dupe of a decoy? To that we now come. There are reasons in quantity. Hitherto we have spoken of this instrument of expression as though it were something solid and separable: as a sword, which he forged; or a flute, which he played on; a detachable piece of his equipment. That is one of the weaknesses of rhetoric. Actually it was his own mind that he put on the anvil and altered; it was his own larynx that he fitted with patent stops. The sword cut both ways, carving the hand that controlled it; the flute was a magic flute that filled the mind of the player with all the tunes that flowed from it, forcing his thoughts to keep step to its piping. The parallel bars of his prose have seemed to us thus far like a firm apparatus on which he could perform acrobatically. We now discover and have to face the fact that they are the bars of a cage, and that Shaw has shut himself and his capers inside it.

And by this something much more malignant is meant than the mere hemming-in of his mind with the wrong subjects. It is true that the man who trains himself to speak

" without notes, on Rent, Interest, Profits, Wages, Toryism, Liberalism, Socialism, Communism, Anarchism, Trade-Unionism, Co-operation, Democracy, the Division of Society into Classes, and the Suitability of Human Nature to Systems of Just Distribution,"

is building up his views rather badly, too hastily leasing the principal sites of his brain to a rabble of trumpery tenants. But if there had been nothing worse than this Shaw would have pulled through, after a check: he had vigour enough to make even Interest interesting and convert Rents into a human reality; he would have ultimately humanised these ill-conducted aliens much as a rich soil will rejuvenate and civilise a top-dressing of tatterdemalion settlers. The fatal thing was not the type of topic he discussed; it was the attitude he struck as he did so. It induced a spiritual deformity, a kink he will carry to his grave; you might say (I would not blame you) that it produced a condition of permanent hump. We have seen how he slaved to acquire a tone of icy arrogance: once found, it seemed to freeze to his tongue. The æsthetic fashion of the hour favoured contempts, tirades, antagonisms, an omniscient school-mastering of creation; instead of wearing it a moment and then tossing it aside, this man hugged it to him till it became a second skin.

And the reason for this wretched permanence, like all the causes in this comedy of errors, only makes its own result the more perverse. It was exactly Shaw's unsuitability for the surly part of pedagogue that made him cling to his Dotheboys demeanour so defiantly; it was because he was an artist, wholly swayed and governed by the artist's deep controlling sense of form, that he stuck to his beastly bitterness and rancour, and persisted in displays of conscious bad form. A weaker artist would have suffered less: our Cranes soon ceased their clamour—our Carpenters turned craftsmen, working happily at a bench instead of eternally trying to occupy one. All the genuine propagandists, too, changed

their manner cheerily; the Salts of this earth, after acting as irritants for a time, sociably subsided, later on, into agreeable condiments—as Secretaries of the Humane Society and so forth. Even Olivier is a K.C.M.G.—Jeremiah mellows into a Governor of Jamaica.

But Shaw is incapable of this casualness. He is consumed by the poet's passion for consistency. He feels forced to adhere to all the attitudes of his salad-days—down even to its devotion to salad; he is incapable of confessing that those early passions for rolled oats were really only another of youth's ways of sowing wild ones. That accusation of capriciousness, so often brought against him—how heartily one wishes it were true! He lacks the courage to abandon his convictions. Like Tanner, he "never withdraws." He may advance—that is another thing; but, if he does, he takes his old opinions with him, no matter what the extra cost of carriage, ingeniously, over-eagerly, proving to himself and to us how absolutely essential they are to his equipment. He has reminded us somewhere that we all die once each eight years—but in his own case the estate is strictly entailed; he takes his ancestors with awful seriousness—fulfils their pledges if it ruins him—many of his apparently most preposterous extravagances have been simply his attempts to pay their debts. There is a kind of cowardice here—but what I want you to realise is that it is the cowardice that comes from a blind dread and horror of the wickedness of making false strokes. Shaw wouldn't a bit mind giving himself away; what he cannot bear is the knowledge of having done so. Taking life with the triple seriousness of art, Ireland, and youth, the idea of having wasted a drop of it would anguish him. All his irresponsibilities have been the result of this solemn sense of personal responsibility. It is this that makes him (for example) dwell so disproportionately on trivialities of dress and diet—his way of eating and drinking, of spelling "cigarets" and not smoking them; and when he foams so fantastically over our refusal to conform, he is really desperately beating back any doubts as to his rightness, frantically justifying himself to himself. It is the same boyish fear that sets him eternally chattering explanations. He is often not so much trying to discover the truth as to find some further proof that he has told it. When he button-holes us so insistently outside his own plays—prefacing, promising, explaining, assuring, like a showman blarneying desperately away outside his booth before he dares to let us in, he is really not so much trying to humbug *us* with his harangues as to reassure and satisfy himself. He uses all the powers of his imagination to cast a spell upon those powers; his wit never displays a more wonderful agility than when it is trying to allay its own alertness. He will found a philosophy rather than admit a jest was idle*—and then write a play to prove, by the action of the characters, that the philosophy is true†—and then extend the philosophy in order to demonstrate that a dramatist's *personnel* are free and independent creatures, uncontrolled by the conscious will of the playwright, and that he himself is a playwright in that sense.‡ In brief, he is the kind of man who would chip corners off his character till it fitted all round rather than admit to himself that he had got into a hole.

This—and much worse—is exactly the mutilation we now see him steadily practising. "Worse," because his thrawn thoroughness, the artist's instinct perverted, made him tinker and contort the whole of the rest of humankind in order to make it fit into and match his own malformities. He had to go to the length of jerry-mandering the entire cosmic scheme in order to make it square with his early jeremiads. He began by persuading his own virtues to publicly approve his vices; he so dazed and bedazzled his native tenderness, pity, chivalry, and sweetness of heart with dialectic that they mazedly testified that harshness and arrogance and a truculent contempt were qualities they thoroughly admired. "In this world," they attested, "if you do not say a thing in an irritating way you may just as well not say it at all, since nobody will trouble themselves about anything that does not trouble them." And, again, "The fact is, there is nothing the public despises so much as an attempt to please it. Torment is its natural element; it is only the saint who has any capacity for happiness." He actually persuaded himself, this lover of lenity, that it is necessary to hurt in order to heal; that the only way to encourage men is to discourage them; that it is necessary to be disagreeable in order to get them to agree. In order to save himself from the agony of perceiving that his early attitude had been largely juvenile egregiousness, he proposed to agonize the rest of the world. He began a campaign of universal irritation; and as he set about it he kept reiterating fervently, like a missionary muttering godless prayers, that taunts and intolerance, accusations and contempt, were logically, demonstrably, and therefore quite unquestionably, much the best methods of spreading and preaching the golden gospel of The Brotherhood of Man.

And, of course, it couldn't end with that absurdity. The disguise had to get deeper, his voice had to rise louder in order to deafen his own ears. Other arguments had to radiate, flung out to balance and support the first: once his energy got working in this accidental twig it shot out branches till it burst into a self-supporting tree, seeking a satisfying symmetry. The first corollary that ran out, to act as stay and flying buttress, and subsequently to become a parent stem of its own (so that it now sometimes seems the central pillar of them all, the very tent-pole of his patent storm-proof creed) was the formula that all men's miseries are the result of the discrepancy between the sentimental version of life fed into most of us, and life as it actually is—and that to hack away these sweetnesses and cauterise the wounds, to kill what he (wrongly) called "the romantic convention" with the cruellest acid and steel he could find, was therefore hero's work,

* This, at any rate, is not rhetoric. If the reader will turn back to the eleven pages of Notes at the end of "Cæsar and Cleopatra," he will find Mr. Shaw excitedly arguing himself into the belief that the pantomime fooling with Britannus is a sober psychological study, and a piece of dignified historical portraiture. He rigs up a solemn theory of the Influence of Climate Upon Character and the Comparative Unimportance of Racial Influx to justify what is obviously only a cheap pantomime joke which we were all willing enough to laugh at and overlook till we got this portentous defence. The gravely reproduced portraits of Cæsar and General Burgoyne in the same volume, and the solemn resurrection of a contemporary print of the Pharos of Alexandria are analogous devices to deceive his soul into thinking that it has been spending its powers on work of an adequate dignity.

† "John Bull's Other Island"—where the Britannus theory is dragged out again to be propped up—exhumed in order to be animated.

‡ Preface to "Man and Superman," p. xvii. Pref. to "Plays Pleasant," pp. vii. and viii. Pref. to "Major Barbara," p. 173.

hygienic work, a harsh but holy warfare, a completion of the surgery begun by old Cervantes. Now there *was* some of the sap of human truth in this at least—it did touch actual earth: it is a diagnosis, indeed, that we can find an instant use for, here and now, for doesn't it form the perfect definition of the source of all Shaw's own disasters?—it is because he sentimentally sees himself as a satirist and harsh realist, instead of harshly realising he is actually a romantic, that he has gone so hopelessly astray: it is because he sees himself as a Cervantes when he is really a Don Quixote (down even to his personal appearance, by the way: G.B.S. and G.K.C.—the Knight and Sancho, irresistibly; and down even to the famous misadventure with the dolls—for Shaw's chief mistake about the theatre, as we will see, is his solemn attribution to the marionettes he found there of powers they never have possessed), that he has suffered the Don's own doom. But the vitality in this principle, ironically enough, only served to sustain him while he unconsciously provided a perfect demonstration of its fatal action; and, if a sudden, shivering sense of its personal aptness did ever assail his subconsciousness, it simply hurried him on with the task of planting, on the other side, as a stout protection against any lurking fatuousness, the famous pair of reciprocating twin hypotheses—the hypotheses of the Artist-Philosopher and the Superman.

FABIANS AT HOME.

Fabian Diablonians exorcising a mediæval Christian Saint on the occasion of the debate between Belloc and Shaw. It is not officially supposed that the Millennium will be in any way unduly delayed by this debate.

Drawn by Will Dyson
Reproduced, by permission, from *The Daily Herald.*

The urgent necessity for these will be recognised. The theory of the Superman was essentially nothing but a defence of platform-dogmatism: to bully and browbeat in the name of *Egalité, Fraternité* was decently impossible without some such extension of the synthesis; and to the aid of the announcement that no "one having any practical experience of Proletarian Democracy has any belief in its capacity for solving great political problems or even for doing ordinary parochial work intelligently," there came that fine suggestion of the Life-force working up and up, through speechless monsters, and stupid, stuttering minor men, seeking for a brain that could express it, till at length, through the intellect of the Artist-Philosopher (another name for Sigurd-Ruskin-De-Resque) it achieved articulation, became conscious of its own desires, and delivered its commands and warnings brusquely to the unemerged remainder of its carcase:

"The mysterious thing we call life organizes itself into all living shapes, bird, beast, beetle and fish, rising to the human marvel in cunning dwarfs and in laborious muscular giants, capable, these last, of enduring toil, willing to buy love and life, not with suicidal curses and renunciations, but with patient manual drudgery in the service of higher powers. And these higher powers are called into existence by the same self-organization of life still more wonderfully into rare persons who may by comparison be called gods, creatures capable of thought, whose aims extend far beyond the satisfaction of their bodily appetites and personal affections, since they perceive it is only by the establishment of a social order founded on the common bonds of moral faith that the world can rise from mere savagery."*

"Men of genius are the men selected by Nature to carry on the work of building up an intellectual consciousness of her own instinctive purpose." "The great man incarnates the philosophic consciousness of life." "All his treatises and poems and scriptures are the struggle of Life to become divinely conscious of itself instead of stumbling blindly hither and thither in the line of least resistance." "This Life Force says:

* "The Perfect Wagnerite." p. 11.

"I have done a thousand wonderful things unconsciously by merely willing to live and following the line of least resistance: now I want to know myself and my destination and choose my path; so I have made a special brain, a philosopher's brain, to grasp this knowledge for me. And this,' says the Life force to the philosopher, 'must thou strive to do for me until thou diest, when I will make another brain and another philosopher to carry on the work.' "*

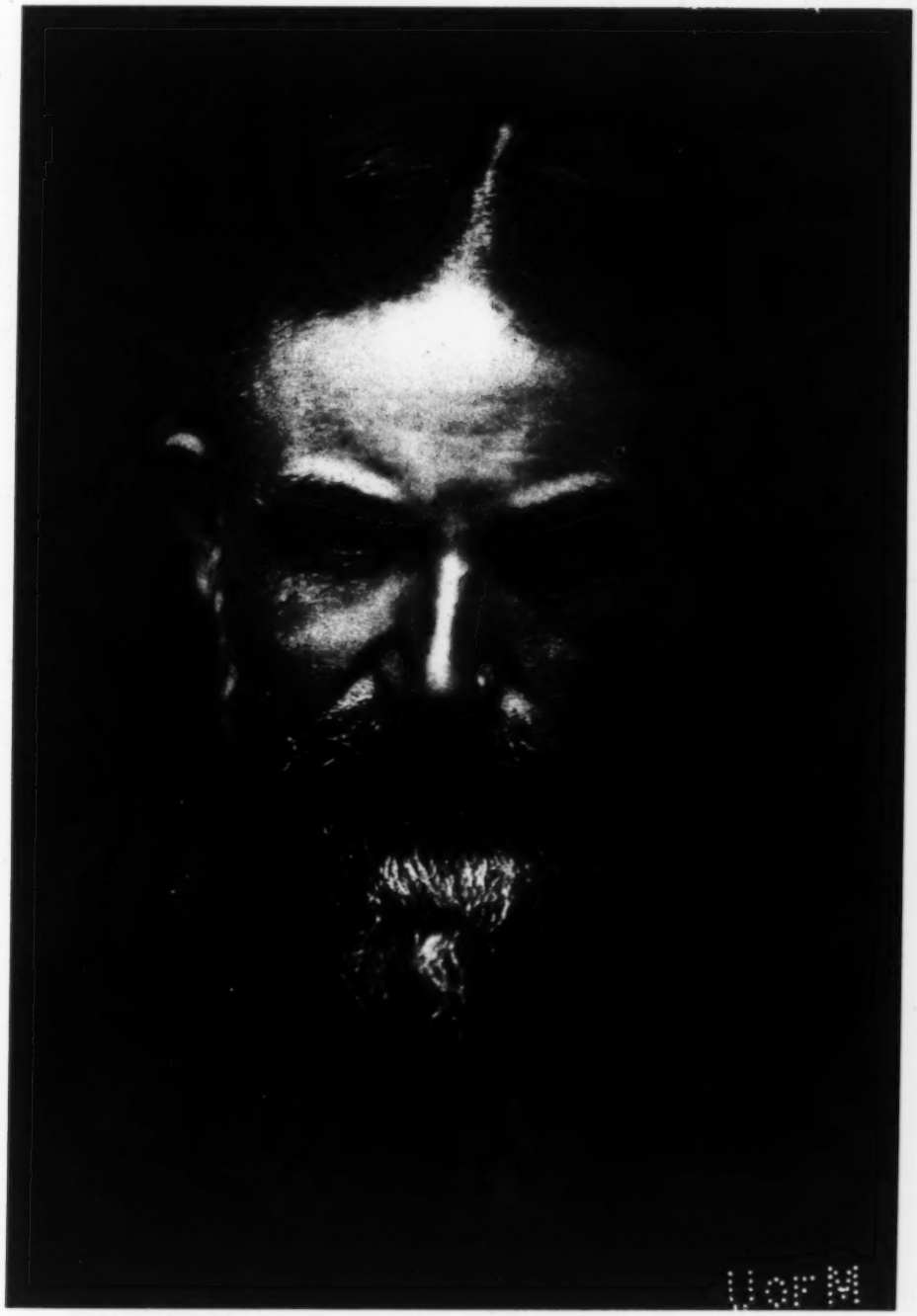
So were arrogance justified and self-suspicion stilled: our infatuated Don Quixote has a Dulcinea now—this stringy, sterile German spinster of a Life-force; and rides on solemnly enchanted. No lifting his hallucination now! "Metaphysic" is only "metaphor" spelt in four syllables: never yet was there a poet could resist one. Watch, now, how his conception forthwith clings and spreads—dilating organically, expanding spontaneously, exhibiting all the signs of true vitality, as all conceptions do, even the most damnatory, if ever they get a purchase in an artist's generative consciousness, and suck at his divine but undiscriminating vigour. Dogma dove-tails into dogma; pedant theories flower as plays; these scatter seeds that shoot up fresher saplings to support and screen the skinny parent crook. Thus, the Superman plainly needing some solid social backing if he were going to keep the Artist-Philosopher on his feet, there spontaneously sprang to support him the now familiar Shavian doctrine (so soon, alas, to grow sadly shop-soiled) declaring the healthiness of wealthiness and the heavenliness of worldliness and the crime of being crushed.† This in turn disclosing dangers (*we* know the hands it played into—the greasy souls it fed with self-approval) up rose a fresh Law to protect it—the Law asserting that there is a safe Saturation-point to Human Sensuousness—that self-restraint follows indulgence, and licence observes limits, and "the road of excess leads to the palace of wisdom." And when this too wavered dubiously (for what of our rakes in their muck?—and aren't there indulgences that go on without deepening—blisses that keep step with life cunningly, feeding on it craftily, careful to keep their prey in condition?—and aren't there satisfactions that dim the mind to soothe the body?)—when this, in turn, tottered, a last convulsive inspiration, the impulse of self-preservation hard at work, made it shoot out a further branch that caught and clung round a formula (the formula that made G. K. Sancho think Shaw an ascetic) that by a lucky loop led right back to the parent stem—the formula, namely, that men don't like happiness, that bliss only bores them,‡ —thus perfectly completing the sinister circle by backing up the first defence of offensiveness, filially feeding into

George Bernard Shaw—Novelist, Journalist and Playwright, in his Study, at Adelphi Terrace.
Reproduced, by permission, from *The Tatler*.

* "Man and Superman," p. 134.

† "The universal regard for money is the one hopeful fact in our civilization, the one sound spot in our social conscience." "The greatest of evils and the worst of crimes is poverty; our first duty, a duty to which every other consideration should be sacrificed, is not to be poor."

‡ "Nobody wants bliss particularly or could stand more than a very brief taste of it, if it were attainable." "The pursuit of happiness is the most miserable of human occupations."



From a photo by Lizzie Caswall Smith

George Bernard Shaw

Dux Env. Co. Ltd.

Printed at the Edinburgh Press, London, E.C.

and fortifying the falsity by which it was primarily fed.

Oh, yes—it was neat ; and none the less because it turned its very neatness to account by declaring clear thinking the supreme effort of the Life Force. But those who know that the clearness of a system is a proof of incompleteness, that definition is only gained by blurring truth, mustn't allow their possession of that knowledge to prevent them from perceiving the passion and glow that lie beneath these cold, clipped, charmless, lucid leaves. For to do that is to miss the real cause of the coldness, and to make the miserable, fashionable, unforgivable mistake of seeing Shaw as a mere marvellous mental machine. The thing to remember is the central tap-root of this rigid tree of thought—that accursed grafted crab of studied sourness. It is that which diverts the good juices and chills them with gall, embittering the ultimate fruit : it is that initial, unnatural theory of the virtue of venom (as though a serpent's wisdom were communicated by its fangs!) that has governed the whole habit of the growth. It makes its pity appear pitiless, it curdles its kindliness, it forces the chivalry to emerge as contempt. The exasperating thing about all Shaw's utterances isn't their surface savagery or cynicism ; it is the sight of the sweet sap being choked and changed behind ; cut through the metallic coating that covers all his leaves with that glib, repellent, acrid shine, and you get generosity, wonder, wistfulness, awe, any amount of lovableness and love. His heart is in the right place ; it is only his tongue that has gone wrong : it has taken a permanent twist into his cheek. When he tries to preach gentleness, it turns the words into jeers ; it makes

Photo by Daily Mirror Studios.

Scene from "Man and Superman."

Tanner : "You are not putting the situation fairly before them."

Photo by Daily Mirror Studios.

Scene from "Fanny's First Play."

Fanny, her father, and the critics discussing Fanny's play

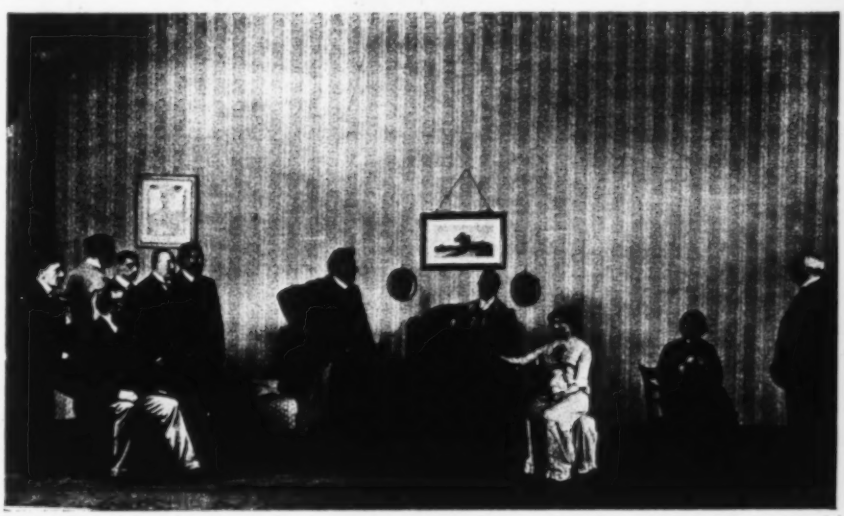


Photo by Daily Mirror Studios.

Scene from "John Bull's Other Island."

Broadbent : "I hope you've not been anxious about me?"

him malevolent in the cause of mercy, quarrelsome in the name of peace; and when he strives to shout friendly advice this interpreter, tutored too well, changes the message into a cold snarl of disdain. He sits down to write a play (called "Widowers' Houses") pleading the cause of the oppressed; and the result makes the whole world howl him down as heartless and inhuman. He writes another ("Major Barbara") to demonstrate "the central truth of Christianity — the vanity of revenge and punishment," and his hearers shiver at the sight of its ferocity. When he tries to stop the practice of cutting up live animals he can only do so by rending the character of doctors. He believes that "every man is a temple of the Holy Ghost," and promptly calls us "shirks, duffers, malingerers, weaklings, cowards." All his announcements are denouncements; he must attack to defend, his affirmations reach our ears as denials, all his most positive utterances seem harsh strings of no's.

Photo by G. Francis Wilson.

G. Bernard Shaw (1913).

And observe that always, like a prisoner tightening his knots by struggling, the curbed creativeness within him increases these grimaces, the cordial energy straining and jerking at the mask till it becomes a very nightmare of menace. For the choked delight in music and gaiety, in rhapsody and heartiness, bubbling up where it can, spends itself on ecstasies of insolence, wild arias of acrimony, arpeggios of contumely and spleen. For instance:

"... the physician is still the credulous impostor and petulant scientific coxcomb whom Moliere ridiculed; the schoolmaster remains at best a pedantic child-farmer and at worst a flagellomaniac; the philanthropist is still a parasite on misery as the doctor is on disease; the miracles of priestcraft are none the less fraudulent and mischievous because they are now called scientific experiments and conducted by professors; we shake our heads at the dirt of the middle ages in cities made grimy with soot and foul and disgusting with shameless tobacco smoking; public health authorities deliberately go through incantations with burning sulphur (which they know to be useless) because the people believe in it as devoutly as the Italian peasant believes in the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius; and straightforward public lying has reached gigantic developments, there being nothing to choose in this respect between the pickpocket at the police-station and the minister on the treasury bench, the editor in the newspaper office, the city magnate advertizing bicycle tyres that do not side-slip, the clergyman subscribing the thirty-nine articles, and the vivisector who pledges his knightly honour that no animal operated on in the physiological laboratory suffers the slightest pain. Cowardice is universal: patriotism, public opinion, parental duty discipline, religion, morality, are only fine names for intimidation, and cruelty gluttony and credulity keep cowardice in countenance. We cut the throat of a calf and hang it up by the heels to bleed to death so that our veal cutlet may be white; we nail geese to a board and cram then with food because we like the taste of liver disease; we tear birds to pieces to decorate women's hats; we mutilate domestic animals for no reason at all except to follow an instinctively cruel fashion; and we connive at the most abominable tortures in the hope of discovering some magical cure for our own diseases by them."

Some people call that courage: it is really self-indulgence. It is poetry perverted, imagination amok, a pure love of harmony, gaiety, sufficiency, intoxicated by the rush of recitative and simply carried away out of joyfulness into a rising crescendo of wrath. Stifle a virtue and you always get a vice—and outbursts like these are simply the revenges taken by his temperament for being thwarted. And, regarded as revenges, their success is profound—for they utterly ruin the cause for which the sacrifice was made. No doubt at all about that. Exactly as in Ruskin's case, the piston-rod rhetoric sinks the ship it was invented to drive; the imaginations of both these men, turned into wrong channels, ruined the cases they were kidnapped to plead. Shavian rhapsodies like that either produce patronising titters, as at the newest caper of our mountebank; or else an irritation that ends in opposition. Whilst poor humanity's humblest answer to such trouncings and tirades would after all be by far the most crushing: "You say I am a duffer, a weakling, a coward? My kind-heartedness merely cowardice, my morals a mush, my honour a pitiable sham? Very well. You are wiser than I am; are indeed (if I take you aright) the very Universe become articulate and aware; I am therefore bound to believe what you say. Only, if these are my qualities, then they must also be your key-board. It is upon them you must play in order to alter and guide me. Deftly adapting your message to my stupidity and cowardice, you will tactfully teach me the truth. Yet—you don't do this. I misunderstand you completely—you say so yourself. But to me, in my darkness, that seems simply a proof that—you must have misunderstood me. You say you see all my weaknesses; I appoint you my teacher; five minutes later you start flogging me like a positive Squeers for my failure to comprehend your remarks. It doesn't seem in keeping. Either there is something wrong with your voice, which you cannot possibly help; or there is something wrong with your estimate of my hearing. In either case—who is to be

blamed? I feel there must be something wrong with your credentials. Perhaps your voice is not the voice of the Universe, after all. Or perhaps you are not a very good judge of other people's hearing. Myself, I favour both views. I don't fancy a Universe talking falsetto; and I don't think you are a good judge, not a particularly good judge, of other people. These thoughts are meant kindly to you. A blind leader of the blind will probably bring about disaster—but at least he will consider his poor companion's shortcomings. How much wickeder, wastefuller, more shameful and ludicrous, would be the case of the clear-sighted leader who broke his client's neck because he couldn't be bothered to remember his afflictions. Good-day, Mr. Shaw. Here's your fee. We part friends."—So, in his humble way, says Everyman.

And his complaint brings us naturally to the culminating scene in our Comedy—to the drama of such a man, so unfitted for the post, being compelled to claim and fill the part of dramatist.

Mr. Dixon Scott's article will be continued and completed in THE BOOKMAN *for next month.*

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

SEPTEMBER, 1913.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the 1st prize will be for the best original Lyric.

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original Lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best letter in not more than two hundred words on any volume of poems published during the last twelve months.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of their reviews.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestions submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR AUGUST.

I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is divided and HALF A GUINEA each awarded to Miss Edith Furniss, of 21, Heron Road, Great Meols, Cheshire, and to Mrs. R. E. Markham, of 132, East Main Street, Lexington, Ky., U.S.A., for the following:

RENUNCIATION.

Away round the bend of the road you go,
  Dear little feet, Goodbye!
It is only the first day of school to you—
Though you hardly slept as the night sped through
And the great Beginning nearer drew—
  But it's over the edge of my heart, you know,
  And we're parting, you and I.

Dear little only Baby, say,
  Did it too lonely seem?
You never will grudge me these few fleet years
When you know the well of my hidden tears.
And all my impotent hopes and fears;
  For I'm giving you up to Life, to-day,
  And my Baby is a dream.

Wave! little hands, as you turn from my sight
  Feverish to begin;
If ever I prayed it is now I pray
For all the days that must follow to-day;
God's Lamp, little feet, for your onward way;
  But it's oh! when you're done with the world to-night
  To my heart come creeping in. EDITH FURNISS.

THE MOTHER.

Do you hear me singing to you in the twilight soft and low,
As I sang in those dear twilights long ago,
  With your little head at rest 'mong the laces on my breast,
While the firelight set its crinkled locks aglow?

Oh, my fair and stately lady in your home across the sea,
With your own sweet children gathered at your knee,
  Do you sometimes pause to hear, through their laughter ringing clear,
The old, old tales that woke your childish glee?

'Tis my heart that's calling to you through the gush of April rain
And the snow of cherry-blossoms down the lane,
  When the breath of other days through your palace window strays
From a springtime that will never bloom again.

Yesterday I saw a lassie in the joy of play awhirl,
Just a flash of crimson cloak and sunny curl,
  With a rush of happy tears I forgot the cruel years,
And I thought it was my own lost little girl.

Sometimes when day is ended and the gloaming shadows fall,
And I hear home-going children gaily call,
  I wait and hold my breath in a silence deep as death,
Listening, listening for your voice above them all.

Every golden gleam of sunshine is the shimmer of your hair,
Every flower mirrors back your face so fair,
  Every glimpse of summer skies is a memory of your eyes,
And your silvery laughter haunts me everywhere.

When the good God makes a mother does He set apart a space
In the halls of Heaven, a cool and fragrant place,
  Where the light burns soft and low, and the angels may not go—
Only Mary, with a smile upon her face?

And will you run to meet me in that crystal quietude,
Where for one sweet hour no later loves intrude?
  With my darling on my breast, shall I know at last the blest
And eternal recompense of motherhood?

LULA CLARK MARKHAM.

We also select for printing:

A SONG OF SEASONS.

Green and gold on all the land, clouds that fly and follow:
  A stray wind, a gay wind that sings in every tree:
Blossomed boughs on every hill, and fern in every hollow,
  Sweet of all the Spring-tide, and love for you and me.

Sunny sheen and scent of rose and many a perfumed garland:
  A new sky, a blue sky that stretches to the sea:
Deep adown the forest ways a bird calls from a far land—
  Summer's clasp on all the earth, and love for you and me.

Miles of yellow harvest, fruit a-ripe for falling:
  A glad song, a mad song of vintagers in glee:
Autumn bringeth treasure trove—a tiny voice a-calling,
  Joy that nestles in your arms, and bliss for you and me.

Cloudy spectres on the hills, rain upon the heather,
  A cold wind, a bold wind that moans at our roof-tree:
Heap the blazing logs, sweetheart, and laugh at stormy weather—
  Winter bringeth nothing but content to you and me.

(A. M. Bowyer-Rosman, 20, Oxford Gardens, W.)

XUM

LOOKING BACK.

O the lost loves and the dead loves,
And the loves that are buried and gone;
How the hearts shift and the years drift
And the world rolls on!

Do you think oft as you lie soft
Of the days that were merry and kind,
Of the spilt tears and the changed years,
Fallen so far behind?

O a face here and a face there,
How they beckon thro' the gloam!
We shall meet yet when the stars set
And our steps turn home!

(Miss B. C. Hardy, 19, Hartfield Square, Eastbourne.)

THE KNIGHT-AT-ARMS.

No Aphrodite won from him
A golden bauble for her pride;
No Paris he, with promise fair,
But he chose Beauty for his bride.

No lauded Helen followed him
To Priam's hall and fireside;
He sheathed desire and drew his sword,
When he chose Beauty for his bride.

For her he broke a lance with Truth;
For love of her he smote his Pride;
Wisdom unhorsed him—rode him down—
Still he chose Beauty for his bride.

Despair and Joy keep pace with him,
But Loneliness sleeps at his side;
He follows her nor sees her face,
Who chooses Beauty for his bride.

(Margaret Patton, Lexington, Virginia, U.S.A.)

From the numerous other Lyrics received we select for special commendation those sent in by H. F. (Ripon), Ethel Weltch (Aldeburgh), Mona Douglas (Birkenhead), Cyril G. Taylor (Heswall), James Mitchell (Edinburgh), Elizabeth P. Sholl (Yatton), M. F. W. (Maidstone), Barbara Hyla Greves (Bournemouth), E. A. Potter (Birmingham), Hilda Trevelyan Thomas (Middlesbrough), Charles Stuart (Sheffield), E. Dalton (Shepherd's Bush), G. M. Fife (Edinburgh), Chrissie G. Palmer (Midlothian), Launcelot H. Stuckey (Taunton), Robert Ferrie (Renfrew), J. C. Church (Castleford), H. R. Smith (Newcastle-on-Tyne), J. D. S. Waugh (Toddington), Lorna Fane (St. Annes-on-Sea), M. Moore (Carlisle, Pennsylvania), E. T. Sandford (Saltash), H. Douglas Hamilton (Bristol), Lloyd St. Clare (Twickenham), S. La Forde (London, S.E.), I. Rathbone (Liverpool), Beryl May (Farnham), Fannie Hodgson (Leeds), C. A. R. (Sheffield), Grace Ashby (Torrington), G. D. M. (London, S.W.), Enoch Daniels (Newcastle), Florence M. Dyall (Birkenhead), Bernard Delorme (London, N.), Robert W. Fenton (Birdstall), D. M. Kermode (Kenilworth) May Jenkinson (London, S.W.), Violet D. Chapman (Burnham), Guenn F. Newnham (Dover), A. H. Mannington Sayers (Monmouth), Silverpen (London, W.), Barnard R. H. Spaull (London, N.W.), Eveline Emily Ife (Plumstead Common), J. W. Shanks (Aberdeen), Doris Smith (Burton-on-Trent), J. J. Geake (Guildford), William Begg (Edinburgh), R. H. Kipling (Devonport), Gwendoline D. Harold (High Barnet), E. A. Blackman (Worthing), D. E. Baily (London, S.E.), Margot Balfour (London, W.), A. Bertram Johnston (Leith), E. W. Higgs (London, W.C.), Marjorie Ogle (Colne), M. E. Seed (Ushaw), S. R. Noyes (Deal), M. A. N. Marshall (Oxford), Florence Bagster (Kendal), Hilary Dane (Ashburton), Robert Henry Robinson (Gravesend), Cyril G. E. Blunt (London, S.W.), Denys Alsop (Bednall), Alice D. Neal (Ellans), L. Ward (Broadstairs), Dorothy M. Taylor (Aberystwyth), M. Bach (Dalwhinnie), J. M. Owston (London, S.W.), W. Morris (Bodmin), M. C. James (London, N.W.), Rosina F. Craignule (Aberdeen), Ernest F. Seymour (London, N.W.), Anita Lea (Liverpool), Tristram (Aberdeen), Mary M. Wilshire (London, N.E.), Eleanor Littlewood (London, S.W.), S. Stuart (Sheffield), Percy Thomas (London, N.), A. C. Laughton (Wakefield), Clarence Sweetapple (Leeds), E. J. Martin (Sheffield), S. J. Walker (Sheffield), C. Cooper (London, S.W.), Elizabeth Dupuy (Washington, U.S.A.), Emma Frances Lee Smith (Washington, U.S.A.), May Knight (Axminster), Bassett Green (Coventry), Vera S. Wainwright (Peaslake), H. B. Dawes (Birkdale), G. W. Bettany (Burton-on-Trent), Oudemia (London, W.), Robert D. Rossmale-Cocq (Sandown), Marjorie Winifred Crosbie (Herne Bay), William Hutcheson (Glasgow), Marcella Whitaker (Dewsbury), E. G. Moore (East Grinstead), G. M. Northcott (West Kirby), Daisy G. McAlpine (Epsom), Janet Jeffrey (Midlothian), Achol M. Shepherd (London, S.E.), L. P. Stule Hutton (London, N.), Beth Vickery (Bradford), Alice Wise (Leicester), Nora Lee (London, S.W.), F. J. Popham (Annan), A. S. Bhandarkar (London, W.), Robert Norlute (Clonmel), Ianthe B. Jerrold (Hampton-on-Thames), Berwick Sayers (South Croydon), M. A. Newman (Bamlingham), E. Goodwin (London, S.W.), Constance Goodwin (London, S.W.), Norman Boothroyd (Batley), Ethel M. Cooke (Norwich), Green Cross (Harrogate), Kitty Lewis (Mansfield), Arbel M. Aldous (Saffron Walden), H. J. Taylor (Ramsgate), Lucie C. Temple (Southsea), Phyllis Tweeddale (Birkdale), James Winter (London, W.), Annette Heard (Swanage), Josephine M. Lumly (Newcastle-on-Tyne), Alice Grant Rosman (London, W.), A. M. Bowyer Rosman (London, W.), M. M. Burnell (Ashford), Edith Furniss (Great Neots), R. W. King (London, S.E.), J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), G. L. Aldous (Harleston), Norman Davidge Gullick (Clifton), S. T. McCabe (Patricroft), Frank Brebner (Aberdeen), Jeffrey Kitley (Alvaston), David Owen (Princetown), Marie C. Lufkin (Stockport), Ernest Ashworth (Bradford), Doris Dean (Bromley), Edith Leadbeater (Birstall), Kathleen A. Foley (Salisbury), Eveleen Pawle (Ware), Frank N. Jellicoe (London, S.W.), B. R. H. Hetherington (Carlisle), Francis (Liverpool), G. H. G. (Longslow), S. B. I. Bell (London, W.C.), David Stothart (Edinburgh), James Young (Blyth), Jean Wilson (Clifton), P. R. Alsop (Uttoxeter), S. Saint (London, W.), J. Rosenberg (London, W.), M. C. P. (Wimbledon), May Cooper (Sevenoaks), Eric Chilman (Hull), A. Crabbe (Earl's Court, S.W.), Harold R. Lingwood (Ipswich), Thomas Sharp (Merton Park, S.W.), Albert H. Candler (Worcester), May Berkeley (Upper Norwood, S.E.), Eric L. A. Hunt-Bayes (Waltham Abbey), W. T. L. (Dunfermline), L. G. Johnson (Tipton, Staffs.), E. M. Walker (Mirfield, Yorks.), A. W. Jay (Devonport), Robert Cogger (Dartford), Mary E. Boyle (Cowrie, Perthshire), F. M. Nicholson (Bebington, Cheshire), Mrs. Ormsley (Pontypridd), E. Summers (Dukinfield, Cheshire), Bessie Hawkins (Bath), William Thornton Brocklebank (Darlington), Enid Lorimer (London, W.C.), Betty F. Kirby (Hoylake, Cheshire), Beatrice Craig (Straidarran, Co. Derry), Miss A. M. Leitch (Cardenden, Fife), J. A. I. Wilson (Edinburgh), Laurence Tarr (Wanstead, N.E.), J. Drummond C. Monfries (Edinburgh), Effie Philps (Largs, Fife), Wilfred J. Grout (Folkestone), E. Lewis (Mansfield), L. K. Willis (Rochester, Kent), Anna K. Barlow (Blackheath, S.E.), A. Stanley Wood (Reading), Isidore G. Ascher (Kensington), E. R. North (W. Wycombe), Edmund Howard (Putney), Beryl Shirley (Cardiff), R. B. Ince (Jarvis Brook), Cuthbert Ellison (Launceston), Mrs. C. P. F. Ferrier (Glasgow), C. E. Staddon (Luton), Mary Wayman (Dorset), J. D. S. (Milngaire), Horace Gibson (Hull), Osav (Liscard), May Cooper (Sevenoaks), S. K. Doody (Boscombe), Miss B. C. Hardy (Eastbourne), Winifred B. Medway (Clifton), Lettie Cole (Portrilas).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Florence K. Robinson, Gibraltar Crescent, Parnell, Auckland, New Zealand, for the following:

THE DOWNFALL OF THE GODS. By SIR HUGH CLIFFORD. (Murray.)

"Plucky lot she cared for idols
When I kissed her where she stood
On the Road to Mandalay."

KIPLING, *Mandalay*.

We select for printing :

HARD PRESSED. By FRED M. WHITE. (Ward Lock.)

"I had to squeeze her wanst or twice."
CHAS. B. WADE, *Shy and Simple.*

(Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, The Manse, Derby Road, South Woodford, N.E.)

THE HUNDRED COLLARS. By ROBERT FROST.

"And was not this enough ?"
SHELLEY, *Julian & Maddalo.*

(Gwen Connor, 45, Rossett Road, Crosby, Liverpool.)

BURIED ALIVE. By ARNOLD BENNETT.

"Alas, how easily things go wrong."
GEORGE MACDONALD.

(W. J. Nicholson, 52, Kirkland Avenue, Tranmere, Birkenhead.)

"WHAT TO SEE IN ENGLAND." By GORDON HOME. (A. & C. Black.)

"The rain, it raineth every day."
SHAKESPEARE.

(Rev. Forbes Yochey, Church of Scotland Mission, Tchang, China.)

THE WAY OF AMBITION. By ROBERT HICHENS. (Methuen & Co.)

"My daughter, that enchanting gurl.
Has just been promised to an Earl."
W. S. GILBERT, *The Bab Ballads.*

(Isabel Butchart, Elliscale's, Dalton-in-Furness.)

THE SECOND CHANCE. By PAUL TRENT. (Ward, Lock.)

". . . two beaux to every string."
W. S GILBERT, *Iolanthe.*

(Charles Powell, 290, Oxford Road, Manchester.)

THE INSIDE OF THE CUP. By WINSTON CHURCHILL. (Macmillan.)

"And not a drop to drink."
COLERIDGE, *Rime of the Ancient Mariner.*

(Isabel I. Fogarty, 230, Upton Lane, Forest Gate, Essex.)

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best eight lines of verse to rhyme-endings given is awarded to Mr. G. M. Faulding, of 19, Warwick Crescent, Bayswater, W., for the following :

FOXGLOVES.

Foxgloves in the dingle are dreaming, are dreaming . . . .
Secret the dreams of them and hid from mortal sight ;
And the purple bells they shake, bells are they but in seeming,
And none have heard their chimes ring out upon the summer night.
No, for in each bell asleep thro' all the dingle's hollow
Hung and swung the tiny elves until their cradles broke ;
Then they tumbled gaily out and called the rest to follow,
And brownies and baby-birds and fire-flies all awoke.

We specially commend the verses by Berwick Sayers (South Croydon), Miss E. F. Parr (Clifton), Evelyn Grace Lalonde (Bath), Ethel M. Cooke (Norwich), Mrs. L. Ward (Broadstairs), Horace Gibson (Hull), E. C. Lansdown (London, N.E.), Edith May Brill (Southport), M. A. Newman (Framlingham), C. E. Bland (Liphook), B. C. Hardy (Eastbourne), H. M. Barrow (Hastings), M. M. Burnell (Ashford), Arthur R. O'Connor (Dorridge), John A. Walker (London, S.W.), S. M. Isaacson (London, W.), Malton (London, S.W.), Elizabeth E. Woodby (Stowmarket), H. E. S. Kew (Ashton-upon-Mersey), G. W. Turner (Burnley), E. Moore (Liverpool), M. C. Haythorne (Liverpool), F. Hern (Rowlands Castle), Euphemia Dalgleish (Leith), E. I. Seaton (Boxmoor), Beatrice Medway (Clifton), A. H. Pennington (Oldbury), Winifred Bourne Medway (Clifton), Irene Wintle (Liverpool), Marian Millar (Bowdon), Vera Walton (Dalton-in-Furness), Emily Sunderland (Todmorden), E. D. Berkeley (London, S.E.), S. J. Hardy (Salisbury), Chas. Powell (Manchester), N. S. (Birmingham), J. Muhlhauser (Braintree), C. W. Rodmell (Sutton-on-Hull), Winifred Marsden (Matlock), Margaret Dunn (London, S.E.), Flora Forster (Swansea), Albert Shackleton (Todmorden), B. J. W. Andrews (London, S.E.), Lettie Cole (Pontrilas), Constance Ken (Ashton-on-Mersey), A. C. Laughton (Wakefield), S. J. Walker (Sheffield), Elsie Reid (Milnathort), Cicely E. Ticehurst (Witcombe), M. M. (Roberton, N.B.), M. S. Macfarlane (Millport), Cecily Adelaide Hallock (Worcester), Bertha Milner (Tonbridge), Edith Pocock (London, W.), B. D. F. (Kingstown), J. W. Houchin (Shenfield), L. M. Giffony (Gerrard's Cross), Eleanor Bull (Ludlow), A. S. Barnard (Walsall), G. Willoughby (Sheffield), B. S. Maxwell (Great Crosby), W. M. Lodge (Upper Norwood), E. M. Herring (Weston-super-Mare), Harold Horton (Manchester), May Jenkinson (Tulse Hill), Gwendoline Chave (Taunton), David Johnston (Motherwell), Lilian A. Kerman (London, S.W.), Robert J. Cruikshank (Bournemouth), A. Bertram Johnston (Leith), E. W. Higgs (London, W.C.), M. MacArthur (Selsey West), E. L. Jones (Woodford Green), H. Everard (Boston), E. C. Cunnington (London, E.C.), Mrs. Charles Wright (Sutton), J. R. A. Nicoll (Glasgow), Mary Wayman (Dorset), Mrs. Trevelyan Thomson (Middlesborough), V. E. C. (Torrington), Rowland D. Lloyd (Bootle), W. T. Brocklebank (Darlington), J. G. B. Mosman (Pilrig), Eric Chilman (Hull), A. J. Briggs (Devon), E. Lewis (Mansfield), R. S. Pollard (Manchester), Green Cross (Harrogate), Dora Kuder (Taunton), Laurence Tarr (Wanstead), A. Miller (Thurso), G. Sutcliffe (Halifax), L. K. Willes (Rochester), Grace L. Foster (Plymouth), W. H. Usher (Warwick), A. S. Wood (Reading).

Photo by Daily Mirror. **G. Bernard Shaw.**

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Mr. J. F. Harris, of St. John's College, Cambridge, for the following:

"THE GREEN COCKATOO AND OTHER PLAYS."

BY ARTHUR SCHNITZLER. (Gay & Hancock.)

The work of Arthur Schnitzler, with the notable exception of the "Anatol" dialogues, is but little known in English translations. The plays in this volume show his characteristics quite pointedly. There is throughout a marked delicacy of treatment—yet a delicacy almost flippant in tone, as if the writer found life too light and trifling a thing to treat with much seriousness. His psychology within these limits is wonderfully acute; but one feels that the admirable craftsmanship is worthy of a bigger subject. The plays have an individual value as bearing the essential marks of a Viennese mode of thought.

Photo by G. Francis Wilson.

G. Bernard Shaw (1913).

We also select for printing:

"SONS AND LOVERS." BY D. H. LAWRENCE. (Duckworth.)

The story is written—without humour indeed—but with such decided conviction, such ease, and with so much "humanness" that it is remarkably interesting. So are all its characters, each has a Soul as well as a Body. The intensity of the mother lives in her son, but owing, maybe, to differences of culture, of generation as of sex, that which is her strength becomes his weakness. And his ineffectualness is the tragedy, while his humanness is the interest of the story. It is a novel which counts.

(J. R., 65, Montem Road, Forest Hill, S.E.)

"MICHAEL FERRYS." BY MRS. DE LA PASTURE. (Smith, Elder.)

Mrs. De La Pasture has made a new departure in her latest novel, "Michael Ferrys." The story deals with a young man, who, originally a sceptic, but inspired by love, sets out to discover religious truth, and his ultimate finding of it, after the loss of that love, in the Roman Catholic Church. Besides the skilful portraying of Michael's own spiritual experiences, the religious discussions throughout the book are handled in a restrained and reverent manner, seldom to be found now-a-days in modern fiction.

(Eleanor Pocock, 3, St. Stephen's Road, Ealing, W.)

"STELLA MARIS." BY W. LOCKE. (The Bodley Head.)

Stella Maris, child of cloud and mystery, lying at her great window, high above the Channel, her lovely soul full of poetry and fair thoughts, her chamber decked with flowers and served with loving hands, is one of the most enchanting pictures in all literature. But can any life be lived in perfect proportion where sorrow is not present to qualify fortune? This doubt makes the picture, though beautiful, scarcely true, and the incursion of the world shatters its serenity, till we are plunged, beyond necessity, into sordid and harrowing detail. Stella herself however, always remains a figure of unforgettable beauty.

(Miss B. C. Hardy, 19, Nartfield Sq., Eastbourne.)

We specially commend the reviews sent in by Beryl May (Farnham), Miss J. C. Herring (Wimbledon, S.W.), Miss M. C. Barnard (London, S.W.), Bertha J. Milne (Montrose, N.B.), Elsie Reid (Milnathort, N.B.), G. M. Northcott (West Kirby), C. W. Rodmell (Sutton-on-Hull), Walter P. Poley (Balham, S.W.), M. A. Newman (Framlingham), Harold J. Taylor (Ramsgate), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Ernest S. Heron (Chester), Mrs. Lucy M. Peaton (Great Yarmouth), Euphemia Dalgleish (Leith), L. Weibt (Shanklin), Margaret J. Laird (Belfast), Mary A. Kingdom (Leamington Spa), Arthur Davidson (Nairn), E. F. Seymour (Kilburn, N.W.), M. Whitaker (Earlsheaton, Dewsbury), Sybil Waller (Boscombe, Hants.), J. D. S. Waugh (Toddington, Beds.), William F. Robinson (Impington Histon, Cambridge), R. H. Kipling (Devonport), Miss L. Mugford (South Norwood Hill, S.E.), W. M. Lodge (Norwood, S.W.), Miss D. Joyner (Woody Bay, North Devon), Miss M. K. Bostock (Forest Hill, S.E.), J. Drummond; C. Monfries (Edinburgh), Alan C. Fraser (Bridgwater), Katherine A. Fletcher (Winchester), A H. Mannington Sayers (Monmouth), Mrs. Wright (Sutton), Lucie G. Chamberlain (Llandudno), Rosa B. Froud (Southsea), Eric Chilman (Hull), Mrs. Orr (Earl's Court, S.W.), Agnes Macaulay (Great Malvern), L. H. Cooke (Heaton Moor, Lancs.), F. M. Nicholson (Bebington, Cheshire), Lossie Hoskins (Moseley, Birmingham), H. Rhoda Butt (Littlehampton), J. L. Hope (Newcastle-on-Tyne), W. F. Spalding (Palmer's Green, N.), D. Meats (Nottingham), and Mrs. Sybilla Stirling (Glenfarg).

V.—A PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Mr. Mac M. Greig, of Mfuleni, Amalihulu, Zululand, South Africa.

WHAT WAS THE ROMANTIC MOVEMENT?*

By DR. WILLIAM BARRY.

I THINK that I understand these American Essays, although written with a minute and elegant obscurity, such as Mr. Henry James delights in. Moreover, I agree with much that their highly-cultivated author lays down, and when I disagree we could at least join issue. But on the margin my pencil has often scribbled "*Fiat Lux*." Great and deep as are the problems handled, in the main their outlines stand clear enough to be drawn unmistakably, if Mr. P. E. More would translate his alembicated style (pardon the word) into sound old English, as rude as you please. The book is an argument, with illustrations from a motley array of names well known to literature—Beckford, Newman, Pater, Fiona Macleod, Nietzsche—and one man of science, Huxley. All these fall under a critical

* "The Drift of Romanticism." By Paul Elmer More. (Shelburne Essays. Eighth Series.) (London: Constable. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.).

touch, very surprising at first, which reveals them as specimens of "Romanticism." I quote the word, not as adopting it in this peculiar meaning, but that we may define it before we end. It is a strange galley in which Newman, Huxley, and Nietzsche tug at the labouring oar, and only a press-gang could have brought them together. Newman, I suggest, will have to be landed or thrown overboard. In the sense which Mr. More attaches to his label, the saintly Oxford teacher was not, and never could have been, a "Romantic." He travelled outside that movement and in an opposite direction. Now let us turn a few rays of common daylight on the dark places where wisdom lies hidden—for there is a treasure of it—in our American book.

Mr. More has given his readers a preface at the beginning, and a creed in ninety articles at the end, of his dissertations on the spirit which animates the world of to-day as its "dominant tendency and admitted ideal." What does the Zeitgeist know? What does it dream? Its knowledge is called science, its dream romance. It holds by ascertained facts, and that is its merit. But it invents a theory to explain them—atoms, ethers, electrons, evolution—and that is its weakness. Precisely in the same way, when it longs for an escape from the "iron laws" which in Mill's logic were called "uniform associations," it falls back upon impulse and the innocence, or even the holiness of natural instincts, thus clearing out of its path churches, man-made laws, conventions, and in short discarding the old clothes with which humanity has adorned or disfigured itself. This revolt is Romanticism. Not without significance, in the legend of Rousseau, was Diderot, the man who impelled him to win his prize by declaring against civilisation and crying out, "Let us return to Nature." For Diderot is the true father of French, English, German rebels, risen up to pull to the ground, to trample into pieces, and to burn with fire classic models and Christian institutions.

All this, or nearly so, the present reviewer has already committed to print, in the *Quarterly* or in his "Heralds of Revolt." It cannot be displeasing to him that a younger and very accomplished critic—if an American, so much the better—should be now striking on the same chord with conviction, with emphasis. To diagnose the Zeitgeist, who—believer or unbeliever—will deem it a superfluous undertaking? But now mark the result, so far. This new orthodoxy has brought forth a new heterodoxy. We will suppose the Christian religion slain and shovelled away into its rock-hewn tomb. *Hic jacet;* behold the place where they have laid it. Mr. More, a thoughtful Yankee, writes its epitaph in a single word, "Mythology." So much for that. Church and Revelation shall be dreams in a night that is past. Diderot triumphs; Darwin is the modern Moses and begins chapter one of Genesis in the latest edition. At this very moment, however, when the ancient dogmatist has a rattle in his throat, and Huxley sings "*Nunc dimittis*," our American remembers, not Zion, but Emerson, and "the spiritualist finds himself driven to express his faith by a series of scepticisms." O Huxley, consider and see that here is an agnostic more pronounced than ever thou wert! For he refuses credence in atoms, ethers, electrons, and evolution. To him they are Baconian "idols of the theatre," and he says, like the man in "Love's Labour's Lost," "*Haud credo*." From that sceptical earth no scientific artifice will dislodge him. Doggedly he distinguishes between particular facts granted, and universal laws questioned. He is a heretic to the Church of Science. But his own account of himself is "sceptic and mystic." Might I venture a guess, the grandfather of this recalcitrant was a dwarf at Königsberg with a Scotch name Germanized—Immanuel Kant.

The mystic, appealing to spiritual insight, to conscience, to the "inward check"—call it, if you will, the unexplored remainder of life in every stage—goes beyond Nature, Reason, Instinct, Phenomena, to the something over and above. He is a sceptic only as he will not let himself be cooped within the bounds of time or carried away by the flux. He is clad in triple steel against the reason of the Rationalist, the passion of the Romantic. He opposes Plato to Darwin, and the higher strain of the "Symposium" to an æsthetic which ends in Baudelaire and Oscar Wilde. He condemns the Epicurean Pater with a Greek sentence: "When anyone prefers beauty to virtue, what is this but the real and utter dishonour of the soul?" He laughs at Zarathustra the Superman, who, despite all his strugglings and clamours, remains immersed in the nature, even the human nature, he would fain escape from but never can, for he drifts along the "stream of desires and passions and impulses." Our wild Nietzsche scoffed at equality and trampled on fraternity; yet he adored Cæsar Borgia, whose equal and brother found in many a prison or asylum does not promise well for the Golden Age. What shall we conclude? That science has its mythology, more severe than the Christian? That lawless Romanticism breeds madness in the brain? We survivals from the worn-out old churches have steadfastly maintained thus much, only we did not evaporate the Gospel and the immense world of history bound up with it into what Goethe and Matthew Arnold termed a fairy tale. We were not sceptics and mystics, but mystics and dogmatists. Or, as Newman wrote, "What a veil and curtain this world of sense is! beautiful, but still a veil." And once more: "Time is nothing except as the seed of eternity." These old believers were not men of the stream but looking ever towards the shore beyond.

"*Tendebantque manus ripae ulterioris amore.*"

It is hardly fair, then, to charge upon them or upon us an error such as may well be cast with all Plato's magnificent irony to the account of "rationalistic" science, and of its accomplice the libertine Romanticism, that sought freedom where none could exist for the soul, and confused the "limitless" with the true Infinite. Our faith in history keeps the value of a Revelation from the world beyond time. Its facts are at once human and transcendental. The mystic also, I would observe to my good author, lives in the realm of phenomena; how does he catch "the secret," although bounded by sense and experience? Let him not scorn history, and the dogmatic believer will acknowledge the spiritual intuition without which, as we of course hold, religion would be impossible. That this intuition, not somehow realising its contents in and through the shows of man's earthly nature, by means of his fortunes and his reactions against the "weary weight" ever pressing on him—that so pure an influence will be a match for

evil unless it comes down armed into the valley of the Shadow of Death, nothing in past ages or at our own day tends to persuade us. The incarnate Christ remains the one effective answer to Monism.

Monism—an ugly, indispensable word! Mr. More has laid the question of questions plainly in our sight. "Is there, or is there not, some element of man's being superior to instinct and reason, some power . . . without whose authoritative check reason herself must in the end be swept away in the dissolution of the everlasting flux?" He takes his stand, in opposed attitude to "the general drift of ideas," with "what may be called the universal church of the spirit," whose great masters have been Greeks—Socrates, Plato, Aristotle—and their true disciples Christians—like St. Augustine, St. Thomas Aquinas among philosophers, Dante and Shakespeare among poets. All these did homage to a Divine Reason, antecedent and creative of things visible. And that which in a higher sense we term Romance, but not specifically Romanticism, was the vision of this work-a-day world in the light, and suffused by the reflection upon it, of the eternal splendours. All that may be read and sung to the heavenly measures of Dante's "Paradiso."

But you, oh general and average reader, how I pity your plight! Unhappy, unconscious Monist that you are! God is not in your reckoning. Any name on the posters about railway stations sufficiently multiplied hypnotises you. Now it is Darwin, now Huxley, anon Nietzsche, or to-day Bergson. Do not answer me indignantly that names such as these are never seen on posters. All your literature is of the poster-type. Will you stone me if I tell you with a sad and serious smile that, in the sense once underlying the word Knowledge, you know nothing? But, in simple sooth, what do you know? Once you were humble and clear-eyed enough to confess your ignorance; you listened to the wise and bowed your head to their teaching. Now, will you spend an hour or two with Mr. More, and say at the end whether you assent to his indictment of the vast twin-heresy called science and romance, which ought to be pinned down, as if deadly microbes, under the tags of "super-science" and "degenerate imagination"? "Degenerate" is the medical name that fits, or "abnormal," or "anarchic." It is, let us repeat, the substitution of an infinite-seeming series for the Infinite Divine. Can you, general reader, apply this grandly simple test to erotic novels, to the transformations of Fiona Macleod (one is reminded of certain metamorphoses in Ovid and Francis Beaumont's version of them), to the Dorian Grays, and Second Mrs. Tanquerays, and Anne Veronicas, and—what is the title?—Woman Thou Gavest Me, and—but why search curiously into putrefaction? It is the flux, the stream, the limitless, the "Eternal Recurrence," the never twice the same, and universal chaotic rush into life by following instinct, against all which this American scholar, gentleman, and at the main turning-points even yet a Christian, lifts up his voice. "The romantic movement, beneath all its show of expansion and vitality," says Mr. More, "seems to me at its heart to be just such a drift towards disintegration and disease." But the present reviewer affirmed as much twenty years ago. The Roman Index of Forbidden Books anticipated both of us. It prohibited with laconic decision to orthodox readers "all the amatory fables" of Balzac and George Sand, precisely as Carlyle would have taken them out of women's hands with a phrase too Greek and uncivil for ears polite. The "literature of death" was what in milder mood he named these endless volumes. And, at last, we perceive the reduction to fact and reality on which this quarrel turns. Is our life merely a dream in the Flux, "between a sleep and a sleep," or has it some abiding power, value, significance? "To be or not to be" is ever the question.

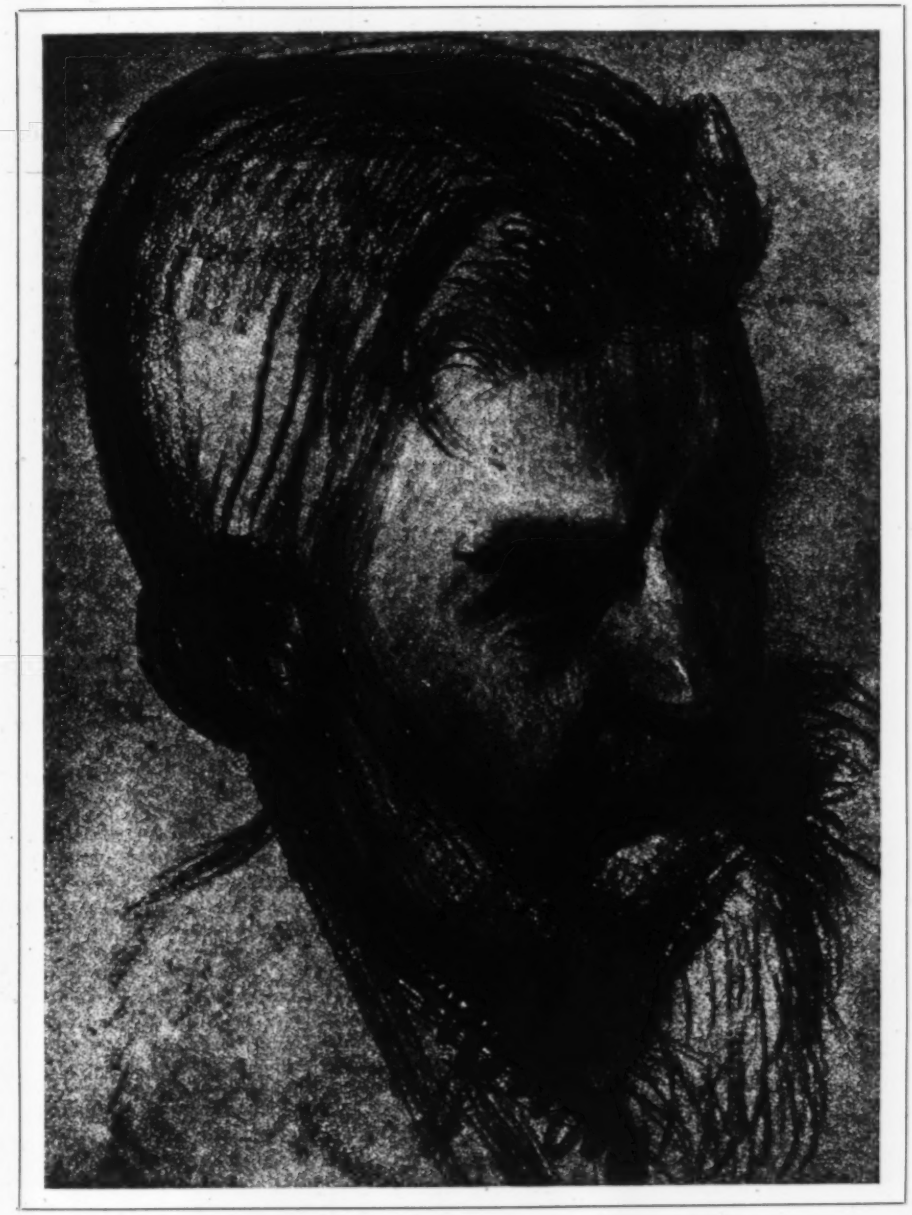
I thank Mr. More in that he has leapt beyond "mere literature" and flung himself into the debate shirked by every-day critics, whether Romanticism be, in truth, our Bible. He replies that it is the Bible of Satan, Lord of Death, a liar from the beginning, and as I have said elsewhere, the Great Impressionist. Or, as Goethe, with profounder insight, terms him the "wondrous Son of Chaos." When Huxley veils his crest before Bergson, when Mill sinks prostrate under the strokes of Zarathustra's hammer, when scientific Agnosticism and anarchic Romanticism are seen to be obverse and reverse of the unbeliever's shield—the nineteenth century is over, the twentieth begins.

New Books.

MORE OF STRINDBERG.*

The tide of Strindberg translations (*via* America for the most part) is still flowing strongly. This celebrated Swede, who in England was hardly more than a name a few years since, is now known to us by a host of works. We are getting his novels, plays, and autobiographies in a really embarrassing confusion. But Strindberg was enormously productive and versatile, and the English translations of his works can as yet but have touched the fringe of his output. All the same, it would be a good thing if publishers would now give Strindberg a rest. He is not the kind of writer whose works have the highest value apart from the personality of the author, and consequently one soon wearies of reading him when one has grasped what sort of a man he was. And Strindberg, in spite of his versatility, does reveal himself as few writers do. How soon one achieves a mental picture of that morbid, subtle, and unhappy mind! It is not an attractive picture, but it is certainly a curious and singular one. Strindberg was that mixture of strength and weakness, of anarchy and conservatism, of sanity and madness, that is almost bound to be a failure. His works are by no means those of a great artist, though they are those of a great man of letters. For not only was he far too personal, but he was far too careless. His writing shows fatal signs of haste; and a certain lack of distinction is constantly marring his

* "Plays." Vols. I. and II. Translated by Edith and Warner Oland. Each 3s. 6d. net. (Frank Palmer.)—"Advent." Translated by Claud Field. 1s. net. (Holden & Hardingham.)—"Easter, and Stories." Translated by V. S. Howard. 5s. net. (Grant Richards.)—"By the Open Sea." Translated by Ellc Schleussner. 6s. (Frank Palmer.)



George Bernard Shaw.
By Will Rothenstein.

Reproduced by kind permission of Lieut.-Col. C. a'Court Repington.

finest effects. He despised Ibsen (though his work shows many affinities), but Ibsen's fame is likely to outlive that of Strindberg by many a long year. For, quite apart from the matter of intellect, Ibsen was a supreme artist. The very eagerness of Strindberg's intelligence has militated against him—it has militated against him as an artist, and it has militated against him as a deep thinker. All the same, he is a striking man and must be carefully considered.

The volumes before us now are five in number, and we will take them in the order they appear. First come the two volumes (a third is to complete this set) of his plays. These contain the following plays: "The Father," "Countess Julie," "The Outlaw," "The Stronger," "Comrades," "Facing Death," "Pariah," "Easter."

"The Father" is one of Strindberg's blows against the influence of woman. It is the story of a man who is being driven mad by the petty, callous, and wicked conduct of his wife. The last straw comes when she hints that, for all he knows, he may not be the father of her daughter. This play was one of the first of his productions to give Strindberg a European reputation. The hero is a kind of Strindberg, apparently. Probably the play loses much in translation, for to an English reader the situation is an improbable and unconvincing one. Such pitiful weakness of character as the father displays almost warrants his wife's endeavour to prove him insane, and the actual outbreak at the end strikes one as too far-fetched.

"Countess Julie" is an unpleasant and powerful story of the seduction of a footman by the high-born daughter of the house. The footman, cringing and then domineering, and the girl, haughty and then miserable and subservient, are presented with depressing reality. This is a sordid play, but one of Strindberg's real successes.

"The Outlaw" is a drama of the ancient life of Iceland. This is a poor play, without much significance. The dawn of Christianity is shown swallowing up the faith of the old gods. "The Outlaw" was one of Strindberg's earliest dramas and was written in 1870. It was the means of gaining for its author a pension from the King of Sweden.

"The Stronger" is a little play in which there are two actors but only one speaker. The actors are both women. The one who talks is the wife and the silent one is the mistress of the same man. This is an extraordinarily brilliant piece. It is no more than eight pages in length. The wife proves herself "The Stronger."

"Comrades" is a comedy whose moral or point is much the same as that of "The Father"—*i.e.*, the inferiority of woman. It is a play written round French Bohemian life, though the figures are Swedes. An artist and his wife have both sent pictures to the Salon. The artist knows that his picture is good enough to be hung and that his wife's picture has no chance; therefore, in order to give her some pleasure, he changes the tickets on the pictures, to make it appear that she is the artist of his. She hears that her picture is accepted and his rejected. Immediately she becomes patronisingly offensive. They are giving a large party the next evening, and, to humble him to the dregs, she arranges that his refused picture shall be brought back home in the middle of it, when all the guests are assembled. Of course it is her picture that appears. The result can be imagined.

"Facing Death" is a short play about the unsuccessful keeper of a *pension* in Switzerland and his grown-up daughters. This, too, is a savage attack upon women—not so much upon the daughters as upon the dead wife, whose sinister influence has vitiated the daughters' opinion of their father. The final tragedy is not convincing.

"Pariah" is a much more impressive little play. This is a duologue between two elderly men—one a convicted thief and the other an upright man who has killed someone in a quarrel. The psychology of this dualogue is exciting and its lack of action only enhances the atmospheric effect.

"Easter" is a long, semi-symbolic drama beginning in despair and ending in happiness. It is the story of a family ruined by the father's crimes, for which he is now in prison. The blighting touch of this one man lies upon every character except upon that of the chief creditor, to whom he had once, long ago, done a kind action. The figure of Eleonora, the half-witted girl, is one of Strindberg's most touching creations, and indeed the figures in general have a warmth that is not too common in his work.

The next book consists of the one play, "Advent." This is called a mystery play, and it is assuredly as incoherent as any mystery play ever was. It mixes real life and spirit life in a bewildering and, one might say, an almost illegitimate fashion. Moreover, its construction is weak, its meaning vague, and its interest slight. The wicked grandparents are the main figures, and they are most disagreeable old people indeed. "Advent" may have some hidden and escoteric message, but on first reading it seems little better than a bundle of nonsense.

"Easter" includes the play of that name and the volume of half-fairy stories called "Midsummertide," "Easter" we have already examined. "Midsummertide" was published a short time ago as a separate book. The stories in it are told in the easiest of language, and some of them might appeal to children. On the other hand, some are too advanced for that, and all of them have a sort of intellectual simplicity which children would probably divine and dislike. Such a book as this shows Strindberg in a new and charming light.

"By the Open Sea" is a novel of the Swedish skerries or islands. In it Strindberg attacks cultivated women and fisher-folk with an equal and scalding violence. It is the story of an intellectual man who becomes Superintendent of Fisheries in the outlying islands of the Swedish coast, and who gradually loses his reason under mental tortures. This depressing and imaginative novel was written, we believe, before Strindberg's own breakdown, but it is a kind of presage of that event. For if the hero, Axel Borg, is meant to be Strindberg himself—and he certainly gives one that impression—then Strindberg seems to have foreseen his own *debâcle*. "By the Open Sea" loses as a novel by its intensely self-centred and didactic atmosphere, and by its lack of unity and proportion. It reads like the work of a man without balance or perspective. Its creative force is entirely inward, and not suitable to the subject of a novel of the sea-shore. The truth is, Strindberg's genius does not shine in fiction save in that of the veiled autobiographical kind. He was no creator of personality, though he could conjure up certain types from his profound knowledge of the stupidity and baffled hopes of mankind. As a novel, "By the Open Sea" is a failure; as a chapter of Strindberg's own experience it is a painful success.

RICHARD CURLE.

PEACOCK PIE.*

How pleasant it would be only to review books when I like them—not when I think I see from afar off that they are good, but when I really like them. Yet I am not sure, because the muscles of happy praise become stiff and I shrink for the other man's sake and my own, from giving a display of ungainliness. I feel this very much after reading, "Peacock Pie." I do not suppose that Jack Horner would have been harder hit than I am, if he had been asked to extend the words "What a good boy am I," to a sonnet's length. I am continually putting in my thumb, pulling out a plum, and experiencing a sensation which cannot, I should say, be surpassed by consciousness of virtue.

The book is worthy of its name. That is to say, in the first place, it is a pie. It is something to be eaten. Furthermore it consists of pastry and of something else covered up by the crust. In the second place, that something else in the pie is discovered to be so much above the ordinary pigeon, steak and kidney, or veal and ham, that it must be called Peacock Pie. Most of it can be eaten with only one

* "Peacock Pie: A Book of Rhymes." By Walter de la Mare. 3s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

possible cause of regret, namely, this undoubted fact, first delivered by Mr. de la Mare :

" It's a very odd thing—
As odd as can be—
That whatever Miss T. eats
Turns into Miss T."

Not all can be eaten, or it would not be Peacock Pie. What cannot be, what does not give precisely that feeling which, I suggest, is as pleasant as consciousness of virtue, what represents the peacock's glorious uneatable plumage, is none the worse for that. I mean the poems like " Nobody knows : "

" Often I've heard the Wind sigh
By the ivied orchard wall,
Over the leaves in the dark night,
Breathe a sighing call,
And faint away in the silence,
While I, in my bed,
Wondered, 'twixt dreaming and waking,
What it said.

" Nobody knows what the Wind is,
Under the height of the sky,
Where the hosts of the stars keep far away house
And its wave sweeps by—
Just a great wave of the air,
Tossing the leaves in its sea,
And foaming under the eaves of the roof
That covers me.

" And so we live under deep water,
All of us, beasts and men,
And our bodies are buried down under the sand,
When we go again ;
And leave, like the fishes, our shells,
And float on the Wind and away,
To where, o'er the marvellous tides of the air,
Burns day."

It is now pretty well-known that Mr. de la Mare is a master, is *the* master, in this style. And in the new book he gives us a variety of choice examples : I will quote one more :

" I heard a horseman
Ride over the hill ;
The moon shone clear,
The night was still ;
His helm was silver,
And pale was he ;
And the horse he rode
Was of ivory."

You cannot be said to eat these things, but to absorb them chameleon-fashion.

But except to those who saw the Christmas number of the " Poetry Review," and the fortunate ones who bought (with the deservedly less fortunate ones who borrowed and returned) " The Three Mulla Mulgars," an unrivalled romance for many sorts of children, it is perhaps not so well-known what good pastry, and what peacock flesh, succulent and spicy, Mr. de la Mare does bake—he do. It is not generally known that he sees huntsman in scarlet also :

" Three jolly gentlemen,
In coats of red,
Rode their horses
Up to bed.

" Three jolly gentlemen
Snored till morn,
Their horses champing
The golden corn.

" Three jolly gentlemen,
At break of day,
Came clitter-clatter down the stairs
And galloped away."

There is always at least a phantom of a peacock feather about your helping, but nobody else can mingle so variously jollity with magic as Mr. de la Mare can. His first book, " Songs of Childhood," contained a poem—contains a poem—called " Bunches of Grapes," differentiating three children in three verses, of which the last is :

" ' Chariots of gold,' says Timothy ;
' Silvery wings,' says Elaine ;
' A bumpity ride in a wagon of hay
For me,' says Jane."

Now, I cannot be more exact than if I say that Mr. de la Mare's new book will satisfy Timothy, Elaine and Jane. Maybe Timothy will see a silveriness about his chariot horses ; the wings may sometimes carry Elaine to a region so far off and magical as to be melancholy ; Jane may have doubts whether her wagon be not winged ; but personally, I am content to travel any part of England or no man's land with this poet, on chariot of gold, silvery wings, or wagon. " Songs of Childhood " was distinguished by its chariot, " The Listeners " by its wings : " Peacock Pie " triumphs upon all three.

EDWARD THOMAS.

RELIGIO POETÆ.*

Mr. Benson presents us here with another of his fascinating, but rather baffling essays on life. His is essentially a poetic nature. He tells us as much himself, tells us how his nine years' practice of poetry has enriched his power of self-expression, enabling him to write " ornamental and elaborate prose." That seems hardly the mental condition in which to attain the practical and really prosaic end he sets before himself. That end is to teach the average man how to form " plans and designs " for his mental peace, to build a " Joyous Gard," in which he may take refuge from the cares of this world and find a renewal of strength and happiness. A poetical nature, an intense appreciation of the finer and nobler beauties of life, lead to several pleasant but distracting digressions. In the end, however, our " Joyous Gard," is built, and we reluctantly feel that it is built on air. Legions of beautiful thoughts expressed in liquid and melodious prose fill the pages, but they seem to have so little root in any great first principle. They remind us irresistibly of Shelley's line : " Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air." There is an undercurrent of the truest and tenderest religious feeling, but it is not brought boldly to the surface.

It is hardly to be expected that such a multitude of thoughts should all be original. Sometimes we are reminded of Marcus Aurelius, sometimes of the main theme of " Milestones," and even of Browning's insistence, in " Abt Vogler," on the objectivity of thoughts and aspirations. But we do not complain of this, because the writer is so transparently sincere, so much in earnest, in spite of the poetry in him which is always tending to lead him off the track. That is the drawback. The very poetic beauty in which these maxims are enshrined, tends to lessen their value for the work they have in charge. Each is a diamond, but diamonds do not build a wall even of " Joyous Gard."

We come to more solid work in his criticism of fellow poets. No wiser verdicts have been passed on Browning's optimism, on Ruskin's intolerance. But have we not " any idea whether Shakespeare had any religion ? " Surely we have. And is it true that " no one is condemned or censured in Shakespeare " ? What about Tago or the warring families of Verona ? But beyond all praise is the remark, worthy of Matthew Arnold, that " what we need in education is some sense of far horizons and beautiful prospects, some consciousness of the largeness and mystery and wonder of life." Here the poet speaks, and yet purer gold are the words on an exclusively poetical subject, the appeal of a sculpture gallery, " faces into which the wonder and the love and the pain of life seemed to have passed. One seemed to feel hands held out : hearts crying for understanding and affection." It is impossible to give the whole passage, which is worthy of a special place among the glories of our literature.

W. A. F.

* " Joyous Gard." By A. C. Benson. 3s. 6d. net. (Murray.)

XUM

A PAINTER'S PAGES.*

"Pages on Art" is a happily appropriate title for Mr. Charles Rickett's volume. Chapters on art are too often controlled by the chapter headings. The statement of the theme in the forefront directs all that follows, bending argument and illustration to some preconceived demonstration or pronouncement. But pages on art are free of such professional bias and ambition, or, at any rate, Mr. Rickett's pages are. Though they fall into groups, each with its labelled subject, often occasional, that only attracts into them, magnet-like, impressions, thoughts, feelings, deductions, evoked by each earlier, and already absorbed into the general art experience of the author. And so they are brought back for us enlarged and more variously endowed through this wider association.

Mr. Rickett's volume is thus extremely "personal," and it is packed with felicities of phrase and illustration. The author of the "Note on the Art of Watteau" has no cause to disparage his literary gift, and all the other chapters have passages of appreciation or exposition expressed with a similar sensitiveness. Thus, in expansion of his remark that many of Watts's portraits of men exhibit, what Fromentire defined as the art of painting, "l'art d'exprimer l'invisible par le visible," Mr. Ricketts continues:

"The invisible! the pulsations in the air about a spiritual manifestation, the peculiar rhythm belonging to 'Les gestes insolites,' the appeal to our emotions by some intuitive use of line, mass, tone, colour, or expression—this emotional gist has been at the command of his master in many of his imaginative designs. There is the unexpressed image lost on the brain between the painted gesture and the one which preceded it or must follow it."

Again, in reference to a local element in Dalon's work, and the fact that most good artists focus for us the temper of some locality or period:

"Let us for the moment grant," says Mr. Ricketts, "that most art could only have been done when and where it was done. We find, nevertheless, that the major men stand above those more obvious relationships; they catch light from each other, even at a distance, and illumine the future of a great tradition, such as it has been the privilege of Italy and France, the two major civilizing nations, to produce; the masters stand out as beacons on different heights."

Or, again, of Kovior:

"Some writer has spoken of the tenderness and gaiety of his art; to me it expresses something else—his gaiety is that of buds upon huge trees; I would as soon accuse a torrent of tenderness because delicate flowers nestle by its brink; and both these comparisons might be the subject of one of his paintings."

And once more, passing over things in the chapter on "Outamaro"—too delicate to be handled from their context—take this:

"Artists like Moreau watch the past in perspective as it were, through an atmosphere coloured by the atoms of our many experiences and ways of thought—through a subtle apperception of our weakness also, become in turn a subject of interest in a half-longing return to another ideal, more youthful in its immunity from failure"—

a passage of which the paper on Gustave Moreau is an amplification.

These citations will be justified if they convey to the reader the special quality that distinguishes Mr. Rickett's "Pages." But in speaking of the non-professional character of his book, I do not mean any more than that it is free of rhetorical platitude and the customary cut-lengths of criticism. It really keeps close and particular to the selected subject-matters, and illumines them with the direct light of a practitioner. And while the writer cultivates a wide appreciation, and observes his own warning against "a disregard of the personality of the artist that may be exquisite, rare, or even great within the rules of a game in which we are not for the moment interested," he never is uncertain about what, in his view, constitutes "the game" at its highest and worthiest. Here the reader's attention may be specially directed to the chapter on Puvis de Chavannes, with its survey of the modern conception and practice of landscape painting. And one must not end without mention of his energetic attack upon post-impressionism, with its note of sharp scorn heard here and there in other "Pages"—those, for example, on the "Art of Stage Decoration."

D. S. MELDRUM.

* "Pages on Art." By Charles Ricketts. 7s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

OF LETTERS AND THE CHURCH.*

There is an essay in this volume which, short as it is, contains one of the most useful warnings on style that we can recollect ever seeing in print:

"I hate the man who wrote footnotes, they are a plague and a nuisance."

"If they are second thoughts, the author should not have been in such a hurry at first. If they are parentheses, he should have English enough to be able to manœuvre a parenthesis without losing his way in his sentence."

We seriously advise any young author who may find himself indulging in a footnote, to rewrite that part of his text to which it refers, so as to embody the note.

And yet Mr. Ayscough confesses, with some justice, that many of his own papers are in some respects little better than parentheses; "a series of parentheses, each longer than the statement that embraces it." They were originally written, indeed, for newspapers, or magazines, in which the space was limited by authority, against which the author was powerless. But we cannot help feeling that they might, with advantage, have been re-written and re-composed into a few longer, continuous essays. This is particularly the case with those referring to Catholic questions, in which Mr. Ayscough's zealous partizanship is reiterated with a seeming pertinacity that may affront the Protestant. Had he stated his case with equal amplitude in one duly considered statement, we should have been saved some actual repetition, and been far less tempted to accuse him of prejudice.

There is much in this matter, undoubtedly, that should be considered with care and respect. The author makes out a very good case for "The Church"; and criticises both our establishment and our dissent with much justice. The consciousness of God *has* been very largely crowded out of modern civilization; the ancient conception of sacrifice *was* ennobled by its discernment that "to give something to their gods was a higher expression of worship than merely to ask something of them"; confession "is not a laxative of conscience, but an astringent."

As a literary critic Mr. Ayscough reveals the right instinct; and has given us some very interesting "footnotes" on history. His comparison between Henry VIII. and Charles II. is extraordinarily suggestive. He has certain ideas of his own about Scott, and his enthusiasm for John Galt should prove infectious. He can quote Dickens, Thackeray, or Jane Austen with discretion, and writes with justifiable indignation on our growing indifference to, and dislike of, good books.

Perhaps, however, the most subtle, and original, essays in the whole volume are those on the distinction between "Dress and Clothing," on the lost arts of deportment, and of sitting still, "which is the A.B.C. of spirituality."

"My rule," said an American lady, "is never to walk when I can ride, and never to ride if I can drive, and never to drive if I can sit still."

"And what," demanded her brother severely, "do you suppose your legs were given you for?"

"To balance myself with when I do sit still," she replied serenely.

The fact is that Mr. Ayscough has something interesting to say on a great variety of subjects, and always writes with effect. He thinks for himself, though he believes in authority. There is an atmosphere of cultured leisure and a broad-minded outlook about "Levia Pondera," which is singularly refreshing by way of contrast to more typically modern work.

R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON.

* "Levia Pondera": An Essay Book. By JOHN AYSCOUGH. 5s. net. (Longmans.)

MARK RUTHERFORD.*

Some of us are only just beginning to realise that in Mark Rutherford we have lost one of the greatest of the great Victorian novelists. No comparison is to be drawn between his work and that of Thackeray, or Dickens, or Meredith; his style, his habit of thought, his whole attitude towards life, differed from theirs; his range was more limited, but within his limits he was the truer and finer artist. He has no eccentricities, no tricks of exaggeration, but draws his characters and the world they inhabit with the exactest fidelity. The power and effect of his stories lie in their sheer, unheightened truthfulness. He is as quietly, unaffectedly realistic as Trollope, but he had a depth of feeling, a strength of imagination, a spiritual insight and a charm of style that were no part of Trollope's equipment. One cannot readily define that charm of his style; it has no wealth of magic epithets and jewelled phrases, but is beautiful with a sort of Quaker simplicity, as clear and sharply defining as the light of dawn. That the style was the man these autobiographical notes will make plain to any who do not know it already; they indicate, too, what early influences went to the making both of the man and of his style.

Writing of his father, he says:

"There was one endowment for which he was remarkable, the purity of the English he spoke and wrote. He used to say he owed it to Cobbett, whose style he certainly admired, but this is but partly true. It was rather a natural consequence of the clearness of his own mind and of his desire to make himself wholly understood, both demanding the simplest and most forcible expression. If the truth is of serious importance to us we dare not obstruct it by phrase-making; we are compelled to be as direct as our inherited feebleness will permit. The cannon ball's path is near to a straight line in proportion to its velocity. 'My boy,' my father once said to me, 'if you write anything you consider particularly fine, strike it out.'"

Mark Rutherford at the age of 24.

From "The Early Life of Mark Rutherford" (W. Hale White), by Himself (Humphrey Milford).

His father also quoted with approval a saying of Burkitt's: "Painted glass is very beautiful, but plain glass is the most useful, as it lets through the most light." No man could consciously form such a style as Mark Rutherford's by deliberately striving to act upon such precepts as these, but the precepts happened to be suited to his temperament; his way of thought and his manner of writing were alike the natural outcome of his character, his upbringing, and the youth he lived amid the surroundings and under the influences he describes so quietly but so vividly in these pages. He was born in Bedford High Street, in December, 1831. He came of a Radical and Dissenting ancestry; his father, a very active Whig in politics, was a printer and bookseller in Bedford, and had much to do in the affairs of the town, particularly in the management of the schools connected with the Bedford Charity. In his later years he was appointed door-keeper of the House of Commons, and "while he was at the door he wrote for a weekly paper his 'Inner Life of the House of Commons,' afterwards collected and published in book form."

There are glimpses of life in and about Bedford in the old coaching days, and some delightful vignettes of relatives and neighbours, such as this:

"I had an aunt in Colchester, a woman of singular originality, which none of her neighbours could interpret, and consequently they misliked it, and ventured upon distant insinuations against her. She had married a baker, a good kind of man, but tame. In summer-time she not infrequently walked at five o'clock in the morning to a pretty church about a mile and a half away, and read George Herbert in the porch. . . . She was most affectionate to me, and always loaded me with nice things whenever I went to see her. The survival in my memory of her cakes, gingerbread and kisses has done me more good, moral good—if you have a fancy for this word—than sermons or punishment."

He tells briefly of his theological difficulties, and how the unorthodoxy of certain of his views brought his study for the ministry to an end; of the effect that the reading of Wordsworth had on his religious belief; his experiments in journalism; his meeting with George Eliot; of the enthusiasm there was for literature in that Victorian age which superior persons now despise. He recalls how "'Maud' was read at six in the morning as I walked along Holborn; 'Pippa Passes' late at night in my dark little room in Serle Street, although, of course, it was long after the poem made its appearance." If the Victorian time was ugly and vulgar, it was, as he gently hints, the birth-time of greater books than we are producing nowadays.

There is no pretence in these pages at a full autobiography even of Mark Rutherford's early years. "I have been asked at seventy-eight years old," he explains at the beginning, "to set down what I remember of my early life. A good deal of it has been told before under a semi-transparent disguise, with much added which is entirely fictitious. What I now set down is fact." And, "These notes are not written for publication," he says at the end, "but to please two or three persons related to me by affection," but he made it clear to his family that he did not object to their being made public, and his son, Mr. W. Hale White, is more than justified in the belief expressed in a foreword that "they may interest a few beyond the 'two or three persons' for whom they were intended." They will interest more than a few, for though Mark Rutherford is still only on the threshold of his fame, his public is now a large and a fast increasing one.

A.

* "The Early Life of Mark Rutherford (W. Hale White)." By Himself. 2s. 6d. net. (Humphrey Milford, Oxford University Press.)

THE MODERN NOVEL.*

Was there ever a time when there were so many able practitioners of the art of fiction as at the present day? All the eight examples of the modern novel on my desk, exemplify the general level of excellence at which we have arrived in point of workmanlike execution. If the genius of the age does not lie in the direction of a "Comédie Humaine," that is not to say that fiction is not giving us a complete contemporary picture of life, although it is the work of several pens, and not of one only. In short, it is the age of talent, and while waiting for genius, let us be thankful for the present day harvest.

We cannot escape the specialist. His formidable thoroughness and almost disconcerting courage tend to convert the Elysian fields into a laboratory or a dissecting room. If a theme—any theme—can in the last resort be justified by its treatment, then "The Sentence of Silence" by Mr. Kauffman, cannot be cavilled at overmuch. Let it be said at once that the silence Mr. Kauffman denounces is the parental silence about the facts of life as it affected the life of Daniel Barnes, the son of an American store-

* "The Sentence of Silence." By Reginald Ralph Kauffman. 6s. (Howard Latimer.)—"The Pot of Basil." By Bernard Capes. 6s. (Constable.)—"Black Honey." By C. Ranger Gull. 6s. (Greening.)—"Happy-go-Lucky." By Ian Hay. 6s. (Blackwood.)—"Knockinsgreen Days." By Jackson C. Clark. 6s. (Methuen.)—"Mr. Whybrew's Princess." By Howard C. Rowe. 6s. (Alston Rivers.)—"The Red Mirage." By I. A. R. Wylie. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)—"Thane Brandon." By F. Bancroft. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

keeper. The work is an earnest sociological study rather than a novel, and this idea of a scientific treatise is accentuated by the fact that every chapter represents a numbered section. What story there is becomes painfully sordid as soon as Barnes leaves home, and the ugliness of the theme is accentuated by his marriage to Judith. His old mother and Gideon, a confidential clerk, are pleasant and wholesome figures in a sincere piece of special pleading.

In "The Pot of Basil" by Mr. Bernard Capes, the reader finds himself at once transported to Colorno, "the petty Versailles of the Dukes of Parma," a region of romance. Those curious about such things have an opportunity of trying to connect the main fabric of this wholly delightful story with Continental history. It will be judged, therefore, that the historical element is by no means obtrusive. Those who know Mr. Capes' work need no assurance that the bright face of romance is made to glow for them with that dexterous felicity which never allows the dust of the schoolmen to raise an obscuring cloud. Tiretta, like a true troubadour, is sent to sound the praises of his august and chilly master in the ears of the fair Isabella, and the reader is soon absorbed by one of those complications which belong to the Paolo and Francesca genre. The lovers and the love-making, the machinations of mean minds, and the rare beauty of Aquaviva's gardens, are realised for us with refreshing charm and skill.

Something like a distinct success has been achieved by Mr. C. Ranger Gull within the limits of the conventional field in which his latest story is laid. "Black Honey" might at any time have dropped into absurd melodrama, but the tissue of exciting incidents carries sufficient conviction "to bring about that willing suspension of disbelief which constitutes poetic faith." The story opens on board a liner, with a conventional group of people, among whom is Charles Curtis, the ship's doctor. He commands the limelight, from the moment when, at Malta, accompanied by an antiquarian, he comes across evidences of the ancient ritual of the Rosy Cross, a secret society, which General Baird, late governor of Malta, has been instrumental in breaking up. The doctor falls in love with the General's daughter, and settles down in Kent on a comfortable estate he has inherited. The story then resolves itself into a duel between the doctor and the General, and the secret society. "Black Honey" is thrillingly interesting.

If I were a doctor, there are many patients for whom I should prescribe "Happy-go-Lucky" by Mr. Ian Hay. People who despair of the British Empire, or are victimised by the hundred and one discontents of the day, ought immediately to make the acquaintance of The Freak and Tilly, of Connie Carmyle, and as merry a company of people as you are likely to find within the covers of a book this season. Dick Mainwaring, otherwise The Freak, is indeed a breezy fellow—inconsequential, good-hearted, and unspoilt by cakes and ale. How he finds and fights for the real golden girl, Tilly, the daughter of a broken-down scholar, and confronts his mother, Lady Adela, with some salutary facts in relation to life and love is inimitably told. There is no plot worth speaking of, but there is life and lively incident in riotous abundance. "Knockinsgreen Days" is another book that can be heartily recommended for those who are "under the weather," and like a good, rollicking story of Irish life. Carmichael, the young squire, his sister Kitty, Billy Devine, and last but not least, Jimmy M'Gaw, the old gardener, are characters worth knowing. There is a splendid account of a St. Patrick's Day celebration, among other good things, while the way Jimmy "holds up" his master's guests, provokes an uncomfortable amount of laughter.

As the problem of the Balkans is always in a state of settlement, any novel that traverses at all well that region of hectic possibilities, is sure to provide interesting holiday reading, even though it seems to be an echo of "The Prisoner of Zenda." Mr. Rowe handles incident and adventure with zest in "Mr. Whybrew's Princess." It is diverting to follow Mr. Tedder, the London chemist—though a prince—and his daughter, Dariel, to the little kingdom of Transiola, and the plot, fathered by Count Karstein, to put him on the throne. Thanks to the riches and devotion of Mr. Whybrew, wonders happen, and there is plenty of exciting "business" with Prince Demetrios of Transiola. The fight for the castle is really rousing, and the outcome of it all just what the sentimental reader would desire under the circumstances.

The author of "Thane Brandon," Mr. F. Bancroft, has previously done some excellent work in the South African field of fiction, and the present novel is another very able story in the same genre. The time is the close of the South African War. The conflict is seen at close quarters, and it provides a strong and moving plot. Thane Brandon, an Englishman, whose elder brother is married to a Boer, is in love with his sister-in-law, Johanna de Bruyn. Both lovers are loyalists, and she is forced to realise the struggle as "an actual living Presence that had invaded her path." They remain in opposite camps, and before peace is declared, another girl, Mabel Lane, is forced into Thane's life by the fatality of the situation. The Boer attack on the "Outspan" the home of the Brandons, and the *dénouement* is a graphic piece of work in a story of compelling interest.

The desert is an appropriate setting for the moving and passionate theme treated by Miss I. A. R. Wylie in "The Red Mirage." Here is no vaguely drawn environment suggesting laborious hours in the British Museum, but the hot tropical sands themselves, where the Foreign Legion, under Colonel Destinn, wage their primitive warfare. The rivalry between three men for the beautiful and callous Sylvia Omney, parallels in intensity the desperate adventurings of the lost men quartered at Sidi-bel-Abbés. There, by means of a well-contrived plot, are gathered Captain Arnaud, and Richard Farquhar, who are caught in Sylvia's toils before she meets Colonel Destinn. All are men, not dummies. Gabrielle Smith, Sylvia's paid companion, a loyal and high-spirited creature, justifies one's best faith in womanhood. If the contrast between the two women is a little inartistic in its vividness, such strong contrast in characterisation is consonant with the colour scheme of this very human tale.

WILKINSON SHERREN.

THE SOUL OF THE WORLD.*

"The World Soul" is an ambitious title, but then this is an ambitious book, not in any self-seeking conscious way, but with the amazing naturalness of humility. Mr. Fielding-Hall does not, however, quite stand by his title. His book is really, in its core, an examination of Christ's teachings in the light of the author's own theory of the definite and beneficent purpose of the universe. It is a very daring, very reverent, and often very beautiful humanistic interpretation of Jesus's sayings. The author gives us a psychological examination of the gospels *de novo* without regard to the systems that have been built upon them, and he has many striking points to make. He writes with a keen and piercing naïveté, a lucidity and humility which obviously owe much to the great exemplars—the gospels—that he has so carefully studied. He states the most heterodox views quite calmly and with something of the inconceivable conviction of the prophet. His book has an eerie effect. Rarely does one read a modern author so sure, yet so little inclined to swagger or be truculent. He does not trouble to prove the most of his statements for us, that is, he does not give us the steps in deduction and intuition which go to make up psychological proof. He says in his preface that he does not propose to do this, as such so-called proofs are only elaborations when one deals with hypotheses, and is beyond the help of fact or authority. The result gives his book a rarefied atmosphere that is very stimulating. But unfortunately, when he does treat of matters of fact, he is too apt to allow his *ipse dixit*

* "The World Soul." By H. Fielding-Hall. 10s. 6d. net. (Hurst & Blackett.)

manner—acceptable enough for theories—still to command his pen. It is a curious and difficult book to criticize. Its perfect sincerity is obvious. It is written in charity and humility. Christ is spoken of with the greatest love, admiration, and reverence, and the author's intuitions are often vivid and illuminating. At the same time, the reader is badly irritated from time to time in his absorbed perusal. In spite of his wisdom and sanity, Mr. Fielding-Hall has an occasional trick of rant which repels us. He winds up one or two arguments rather in the vein of the captain at a Salvation Army meeting. One of the main theories which form the core round which much ingenious argument is spun is that "the world has been worshipping what it will become." This is not new of course, but Mr. Fielding-Hall's way of maintaining it is. He sees in Christ the greatest thinker and philosopher the world has ever known, but his interpretation of His life is simply a humanistic one. We are to realise the logos that was in the world from the beginning, and that is the purpose of all thought and all emotion. This is a serious and beautiful book, marred only, as I have said, by an occasional suspicion of rant.

CROWDS.*

Mr. Lee, whose "Inspired Millionaires" made quite a sensation a short time since, has given us now in "Crowds" a huge, incoherent, and optimistic study of democracy. It is really the most impossible of books to review in any detail, because it is just one enormous jumble of ordinary, fantastic, and acute ideas. Mr. Lee is American to his finger-tips, and he does not spare us an ounce of his nationality. He is cheerful, slangy, dogmatic, strenuous—and all the other things we expect from a typical American. And he is also, as I said, crammed full of all sorts of notions, which come tumbling on the heels of one another like an avalanche. His very first paragraph is a kind of trumpet-call of his beliefs; and that alone may very well prove enough for some of his readers. I give it in full.

"The best picture I know of my religion is Ludgate Hill as one sees it going down the foot of Fleet Street. It would seem to many, perhaps, like a rather strange half-heathen altar, but it has in it the three things with which I worship most my Maker in this present world—the three things which it would be the breath of religion to me to offer to a God together—Cathedrals, Crowds, and Machines."

So in these first sentences he gets started in his stride, which lasts with equal vehemence for very nearly six hundred pages. The man who wants a sustained, a logical, a clear argument, will get little out of "Crowds." It is apparently meant more as the confession of a faith than as an essay in popular philosophy. It is written with good-natured fervour, but its eloquence is too often the slave of vulgarity. For it is a "modern" book to the n^{th} degree, and can't be bothered with the graces. It's like a great, clumsy, violent hand trying to tear out before us the vital secrets of life. An enthusiast wrote this book, and it needs an enthusiast to understand it. To speak frankly, in fact, no one but an enthusiast or a reviewer is ever likely even to get to the end. Two hundred thousand words of Mr. Gerald Stanley Lee is no joke!

And yet I don't want only to disparage this work. For, in its own way (and I don't quite know what that way is), it must be a remarkable performance. Reading it gives one an uneasy, bewildering sensation—rather like what one feels in a dream when one knows that something very important is taking place, but one can't actually realise what it is. For Mr. Lee is a regular fountain of energy. His thoughts bubble up from him almost before your eyes. You feel that he can't keep pace with them on the page. If only he would be a little more coherent, a little more critical, a little more condensed—and, may I add, a little less "modern." Disquisitions on Christ, on Pierpont Morgan, on Tom Mann, on Woodrow Wilson, on Allen Upward, on Rockefeller, on Carnegie, and on a great many other people, are jammed in amongst heaps of miscellaneous opinions, assertions, and incomprehensible doctrines. It is all the wildest cataclysm—and yet it has a certain vitality and fascination. And ever and anon Mr. Lee makes an aphorism that is well worth remembering. Here are a couple:

"When one is being pessimistic, one almost always has the feeling of being rather clever."

"Toleration is reverence. It is the first source of courage for other people."

So with this final note of qualified approval we can leave the astonishing author of "Crowds."

R. C.

* "Crowds." By Gerald Stanley Lee. 6s. (Methuen.)

A FEMINIST COMPROMISE.*

The feminist whose emotions are for ever at war with her ideas must have been strongly at work in Miss Willcocks' mind when she planned Sophie Revel. It is ours to find in the course of a full and complex story how far the author and her heroine make a compromise of the two forces in the end. The interval between Sophie's birth and the arrival of her second son is as crowded with revolts and experiences as any modern-minded reader can desire. Nor could it well have been otherwise, considering her strain and her upbringing. Her mother was a Frenchwoman who forsook the English doctor she loved for fear of spoiling his career, and the curious amends she makes is to hand Sophie over for him to educate. A kind of west-country Quixote himself, he fills the girl with liberal ideas in regard to science, sex, religion, everything; and then commits suicide at finding himself the victim of a cruel suspicion on her part which he could have dispelled by a word. She

* "The Power Behind." By M. P. Willcocks. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Mr. Gerald Stanley Lee.**

has declined to save his fortunes by marrying a rich young cub of a neighbour, and then when she finds herself thrown on her own resources, she marries a man very little his superior and, except for a bent towards astronomy, a replica of him in his egotistical ideas. Marriage now means tearing Sophie from a hearty and congenial home-life with his people, and planting her among strangers in a flat, like a stipendiary mistress. Release arrives unexpectedly in the shape of his death. Blame for this attaches in part to the physician, who is acting in a fuddled condition, and actuated by an old family feud. But this widowed medico, with a daughter as old as herself, has just enough of the Quixote in him to enlist Sophie's interest, and we leave her rich in a sudden legacy, and married to a man who too much resembles her dead foster-father to make him really bearable. Two grey-haired medical visionaries are too many in one book, especially when they dabble in suicide and homicide, and we cannot but feel that, except for certain outbursts of professional devotion in these two doctors, the balance of merit is all on the feminine side. The only injustice the author does her sex is selecting too many women about her who are fat, and, indeed, the procession of bulky ladies through her pages grows monotonous. Miss Willcocks is a little arbitrary in her incidents, as we have shown, and this agrees with her frequent descent into a zigzag style of thought; but there is no mistaking the vigour of her invention and her pen, or the power of her rather frequent descriptive passages. And her handling of a quick and volatile feminine mind shows true instincts in psychology. B. P.

SHAKESPEARE AND THE THEATRE.*

Reading through this book one realises what the steady pressure of Mr. Poel's influence must have been for many years, even to those who thought they were working independently, and who had no knowledge of these articles of his when they lay in various weekly journals or in papers read before the Elizabethan Literary Society. He, more than any other, is responsible for the simple elementary logic of the statement that Shakespeare cannot be understood justly save under the conditions for which he wrote; with the corollary that the plays produced under his name by actor-managers with gorgeous accessories and star-parts are not Shakespeare at all, but ambitions of their respective producers. It follows as a natural deduction that the conditions that were capable of producing such plays as those by Shakespeare and his colleagues and confederates are clearly better worth attention than the conditions which produce each year a host of plays that perish with their production. Respect for the dramatist as the real and only arbiter of drama would seem to be a fairly obvious state of affairs; but it has taken Mr. Poel some time to win even common attention for such an idea with regard to the greatest of all dramatists. And it is not until we have surveyed attentively the conditions created by dramatists for themselves that any progress can be made with the reform of the theatre. For the theatre is the house of drama; and drama is the desire of the dramatist. Everything else—producer, actor, scenery, whatever it be—is to the point only as an auxiliary, that mars and obstructs in the degree of its ambition to be more than an auxiliary.

This resolve to strike back to Shakespeare's own conditions is finely characteristic of Mr. Poel's whole attitude. It is not confined to, though it is primarily concerned with, the question of the stage itself. It prevails with regard to the text of the plays, and the absence or presence of definitions in the form of stage-directions. Several of us have in our independent study discovered how hopeless it is to think of understanding Shakespeare in any of the modern editions of his plays, studded as they are with the impertinencies of such eighteenth century editors as Rowe, Pope, Theobald, Warburton, and the rest. The very conception of the great gothic dramatist being harnessed and altered by the representatives of eighteenth century false classicism is a sufficient exposure of the position. It is they who have invented scene-divisions for him, devising different stage-directions to suit the altered case, whereas Shakespeare was not concerned with any locations other than the open stage of his playhouse, on which the play proceeded continuously.

It is not possible to see this in any modern edition. We need to strike back to the original editions. It is here that one parts company with Mr. Poel. As to his general contention there can be no disagreement. Others have independently come to the same decision in the course of study. But with regard to the respective values of the Quartos and the Folio, surely he pays them disproportionate attention. If it be true that the Folio has not Shakespeare's personal sanction, that is also true of the Quartos, many of which are clearly printed versions, the text of which was taken down from the lips of the actors. Whereas we know that Hemmings and Condell were friends of Shakespeare, that they held fellowships with him in the Globe (in modern tongue, that they were co-directors), one of whom, John Hemmings, had worked together with him since 1592 in the Rose in Southwark and in the Theatre, and both of whom lived near his lodgings in Silver Street. When these editors, therefore, included act-divisions it is fair to assume that these marked certain pivots in the production, and so in the construction. Whether these pivots were or were not intervals in the playing, we cannot say. In very few cases among Elizabethan plays need they have been; for the construction, adapted to the organisation of the stage, generally allowed the play to run continuously forward. But that they meant something in the intellectual apprehension of the fable is clear from a careful examination of Shakespeare's construction: a construction to which he is so uniformly faithful that it is possible, without reference to the text, to place the position of any incident by a discovery of its action value. We know, for instance, that the close of the third act marks the close of the crisis of the play; that the fourth act begins the counter-action, in which the antagonist reappears who disappeared near the beginning of, or before, the opening of the action in the second act; and that the play thereupon proceeds with swift pace to the climax in the fifth act. The internal evidence of the plays themselves, in this way, supports the divisions that Hemmings and Condell, who knew the playwright personally and professionally, have marked. Indeed, that some such organisation of the fable took place is obvious in the intellectual necessity of finding it an expressive form. That expressive form would find its occasion in the Folio, because the Folio made a boast in the ranks of authorship. It would not be necessary in the Quartos, even where these were authorised, because the Quartos were primarily handbooks for the playhouse.

In somewhat of the same way we may express the regret that Mr. Poel had not rewritten those articles as a book. More then once they overlap; and in several instances he could advantageously have widened the scope of some of the matter while letting other matter go that had served its turn. The book would have been better so. But, in any shape, we are glad to have these essays by the pioneer of a movement that may produce great results in the future. They are always provocative of thought; and usually they are simple and essential as clear things are when seen by a clear mind. DARKELL FIGGIS.

* "Shakespeare and the Theatre." By William Poel. 5s. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

THE TRAGEDY OF EDUCATION.*

The authors of those educational reforms which are at present in embryo at Whitehall, cannot, at any rate, complain of any lack of expert, if unofficial, guidance. Books lamenting the inefficiency of our national system of education are being published in a continuous stream, and Mr. Edmond

* "The Tragedy of Education." By Edmond Holmes. 2s. 6d. net. (Constable.)—"The Public Schools and the Empire." By Dr. H. B. Gray. 6s. net. (Williams and Norgate.)

Holmes and Dr. Gray are but two among many writers. But they are a pair of exceptionally weighty critics. Mr. Holmes was until recently chief inspector in the elementary schools branch of the Board of Education, and Dr. Gray was not only headmaster of Bradfield for thirty years, but has had much other valuable educational experience. The careers of the two men, not unnaturally, have led them to produce books of a widely different character. Mr. Holmes is primarily concerned with the "tragedy" of education considered in the main philosophically but with occasional special references to the training given in our public elementary schools in receipt of Government grant, while Dr. Gray is principally occupied in analysing the deficiencies of the education received by the wealthier classes in the so-called "public schools." Dr. Gray's book, indeed, goes further than this. While the "public school" is the central theme of his threnody, he links it up with a review of the conditions obtaining also at the preparatory schools and the Universities, and thus he presents a general picture *ab ovo usque ad mala* of the manner in which the bulk of the ruling classes are fitted, or supposed to be fitted, for the task of directing the destinies of a large portion of the British Empire. The result of this survey is expressed in terms of profound pessimism :—

> I regard the existing condition of English Education with anxiety, as being chaotic, inefficient, and ill-suited to the temper of the times and country in which we live. It is out of joint with the industrial needs of the times; it is too narrow for a country which aspires to keep intact the bonds of sympathy which tie the Overseas Dominions to the Motherland. I believe, in fact, that the future destiny of the Empire is wrapt up in the immediate reform of England's Educational System.

Great as are the manifest disadvantages of such a scheme, Dr. Gray is forced to the conclusion that the State must in the near future "take over the whole conduct of the scholastic world, the Universities included," and organise the profession as a branch of the Civil Service.

But this drastic step would not of itself solve the problem, and Dr. Gray, in his concluding chapters, goes down into the more fundamental philosophical aspects of the question. And herein lies the one gleam of hope, for it is obvious that both he and Mr. Holmes are working broadly on parallel lines. Both men are opposed, on educational, ethical and physiological grounds, to the excessive regard paid to visible "results" as exemplified mainly in the tyranny of examinations, to the evils of dogmatism ("I am a blessed Glendoveer, 'Tis mine to speak, and yours to hear," are lines which apply to only too many schoolmasters), and to the mischief of much unnecessary competition. With such speculations, which he has already given to the world at greater length in his earlier work, "What is and what might be," Mr. Holmes' little book is mainly taken up, and that his theories are right there is little reason to doubt. But the spirit of educational reform, which he advocates so sincerely and so admirably, must perforce be of slow growth, and, indeed, on the very first principles which he advocates cannot be forced upon the country. But this at least can be said: its adoption at Whitehall would go far towards reconciling one with the assumption of all educational control by the Government.

M. H. H. MACARTNEY.

THE LAND OF PROMISES.*

"Let me frankly admit that this book has been written with a purpose. It is one that the people of South Africa will not like. . . ."

In those words, Mr. Ambrose Pratt gives us the keynote to his volume. He set out from Australia to discover the truth, and he has succeeded to this extent—he has put down in print quite a number of true things—unpleasant truths, so far as the South Africans are concerned—facts which will be the more unpalatable because there can be no questioning of them.

* "The Real South Africa." By Ambrose Pratt. 10s. 6d. net. (Holden & Hardingham.)—"Africanderisms." By the Rev. Charles Pettman. 12s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)

He has done very well—surprisingly well, considering how short was the time at his disposal. He is a journalist, and his book is journalism; but it is the journalism of the trained observer, and only here and there is he at fault. He bores the reader with references to a Mr. Fisher, an Australian politician, who wrote a futile preface to the volume, and, occasionally, he goes wrong on technical points, as, for instance, when he speaks of "millions of deer, eland, springbok, and other fauna" at the Victoria Falls. Deer are, of course, absolutely unknown in the sub-continent, whilst a springbok in the neighbourhood of the Falls would be as worthy of note as would be one of the Chillingham cattle in St. Paul's Churchyard.

Then, too, he overestimates the capacity of the educated Boers. No South African-born has ever yet come up to the standard which Mr. Pratt seems to imagine some of them will attain. The brains have always been supplied by the imported Hollander, a cunning being, the Afrikander substitute for political genius. On the other hand, he is unduly severe on the "back-veld" Boers. They have certain good qualities which he has failed to notice. He has made the mistake of expecting to find them wholly civilised men. He has not allowed for the deterioration which must, inevitably, result when the race has spent some three hundred years in the wilderness, under the hardest possible conditions. Really, instead of condemning the back-veld Boers, he should pause and ask himself what the people of his own Australia will be like after three centuries.

So far as the native question is concerned, Mr. Pratt's views are quite sound. He sees, perfectly clearly, the danger of that overwhelming black population, and he has grasped the possibilities underlying that most sinister of movements, the "Ethiopian Church" propaganda, the preaching of the doctrine of "Africa for the Africans." He has met some men, and listened to their views in a spirit of sanity. Englishmen who know South Africa may be annoyed by some of his conclusions, and more still by some of his minor errors, such as the addition of a final "s" to the names of the native races, but, on the whole, they will agree with him.

South Africa is an Imperial Bad Debt—practically speaking, that is the conclusion which Mr. Pratt has reached. He is absolutely merciless in his criticisms of the soil, of the pastoral possibilities, of the mines—and absolutely just. The book will raise him up a host of enemies, both in the sub-continent and in financial circles at home; but it will also secure him many admirers, of whom I am one.

There is no false sentiment about the author—no flag-waving Imperialism, no weak-kneed pro-Boerism, no sloppiness on the subject of women. In Capetown, and in Johannesburg, the Afrikander ladies, the local "society," will be longing for a chance to meet Mr. Pratt, to meet him with hatpins in their hands—long hatpins. Perhaps he has no idea of returning to the Land of Unfulfilled Promises; at any rate, he would be unwise so to do, after having written of the Afrikander women:

> "They must either read, sleep, or yawn themselves into a state of boredom. They claim, and enjoy, a licence unknown, save in England's 'smartest sets.' . . . Their talk is broad, exciting and subtly challenging. . . . Their eyes brood, their lips murmur veiled criticisms on their fruitless lives. . . . Such women ought not to be mothers. They are a menace to the future of the race."

It is all quite true, but truth does not always tend to make an author popular.

Certainly, "The Real South Africa" is a book to be read by all who are interested in things African. It is, as I said before, journalism; but it is such good journalism that it was worthy of being put into its present shape—into book-form.

Probably, when the Rev. Charles Pettman started to compile his elaborate glossary of Afrikander terms, he had no idea that it would make so large a volume. He has carried out his task patiently, thoroughly, and for those who desire a work explaining the crude phrases of a crude people it will be most valuable. Personally, I find

it difficult to imagine anyone being bitten with such a desire.

Still, for the casual reader, there is much of interest in "Afrikanderisms." The curiously involved, yet curiously childish, origin of many of the phrases is often fascinating. Through it all you find the influence of the native, who thinks on exactly similar lines.

The author quotes a number of writers on South Africa, but he has not been over-careful about his references. For instance—and it is a very glaring case—he puts down "Richard Hartley, Prospector," which is the work of the greatest of South African writers, Douglas Blackburn, to an unknown "Green." This happens in several places.

I should be inclined to assume that Mr. Pettman is himself an Afrikander, or that, at any rate, he is with the Afrikander people in spirit; otherwise he would not have put "Queenstown" under his name on the title page. It would be most interesting, and amusing, to hear him and Mr. Ambrose Pratt arguing publicly on the subject of "The Real South Africa."

STANLEY PORTAL HYATT.

THE HUMAN FACTOR IN DRAMA.*

The receipt of four slim volumes, on the covers of one or two of which appear an imposing array of other play-titles, impels the question—Have these authors adopted the book-method of recording their claims to rank as contributors to dramatic literature? One hazards the wild guess that some of them, in their desire to avoid the stigma of production-failure, have elected to emphasise their claims as dramatic authors by deliberately choosing the less perilous venture of book-format. It may be trite to say that the true test of a play is its qualities of appeal to an audience. Simply stated, a play is a complex collaboration of author, actors and audience. Wanting the two last-named factors, the claim of a play to rank as dramatic literature must always be in doubt. Spite of the gibes thrown at commercial drama, most plays of this description have achieved success because of their broad human appeal.

What, one may ask, is dramatic literature? I venture to say that it is reality expressed by means of dramatic technique. As with the content of all art-forms, that particular section of reality chosen by the author should be specially selected, but need not necessarily be abnormal, nor should it be so rare in its appearance as to be exceptional. It is an excellent ambition to write for a pit of philosophers, but as the author can never be certain of getting such an audience once in a hundred nights, it is safer and saner art to appeal to the public. A play should elucidate universal truths. Dealing with primary passions, its business is to exhibit these in action, and just in that measure of exactness which it succeeds in representing them, so will be the measure of its success, always provided that the number of ignoble passions it portrays is counterbalanced by a greater measure of nobler passions. An author should not allow his audience to think too meanly of human nature. Comedy, for example, should leave the auditor laughing with its characters, and not at them, for, as Meredith has already taught us, the test of true comedy is that it shall awaken thoughtful laughter. To do otherwise is to sever the sympathy of the audience from the characters and court dramatic disaster.

Mr. George Moore's incursions into drama have been intermittent, and their fortunes doubtful. In the play of "Esther Waters" he attempted too much. His characters did their own developing in the dark-room thrown open to them between the acts. His latest play shews his characters being developed by an arbitrarily-chosen plot, instead of the plot arising out of the actions of the characters. In this way the rule as to reality is transgressed. "Elizabeth Cooper" is labelled a comedy, but the plot is pure farce. That an author of the standing of Lewis Davenant should permit his secretary to go to Berlin and appear as the author of Davenant's play, with all the honours attendant thereto, does not come within the range of the Aristotelian highly probable event. I prefer to regard "Elizabeth Cooper" as the excursion of a literary man into the regions of high farce. The soul of a comedy resides in the idea it sets out to expose. Frankly, one hears the creak of the mechanism in this plot, and the idea, however it may appeal to the *dilettante*, is paltry. Gabrielle, the strangely romantic Teuton lady and author worshipper, is a type pushed to the extreme of farcicality, which only the elusive witchery and charm of the actress who performed it at the Stage Society's performance made possible. Godby, "second mate aboard the brigantine, the *Hannah Maria*; at your service," I refuse to believe in—because that stage type died out twenty years ago.

A perusal of "Thompson" deepens my regret at the passing of so distinguished a writer as St. John Hankin. True, Mr. George Calderon has finished this comedy with a careful pen, but it is all to his credit that he has preserved much of that characteristic clarity of phrasing and mordant wit which distinguished Hankin's work. Much of its comedy consists in the humour of the mind—the quiet, polite smile that is all charity. Thompson was engaged to Helen Vaughan, much to her parents' disgust. Thompson went away to America, and the reports of a wreck, in which another Thompson proved himself a hero and got drowned, gave Mrs. Vaughan the opportunity of informing her daughter that her *fiancé* had died. But the real Thompson turns up again, the coolest of cards; and to those who did not see the performance at the Royalty Theatre I recommend an early perusal of this volume, to learn for themselves the diverting happenings that arise out of the *contretemps*. In it, as in all Hankin's comedies, our ideals are disturbed, lovingly enough, but common sense is justified of its children in that there is an eminent sanity pervading the whole of the types represented. The comic spirit flutters overhead, and in no character is it seen at a higher flight than in that of Mrs. Vaughan, one of the most deliciously irresponsible matrons ever created by Hankin.

"The Perfidious Marriage and Other Plays" is not meant for this gallery. It is difficult to know why the book was published, save that amateur players seem to clamour for plots that are obvious and types that are stagey. These demand little creative ability in the amateur actor. The play which provides the title, and two others, are evidently meant to fill in that dreary half-hour which theatre managers utilise by staging still drearier machine-made one-act plays. Their plots and personages belong to the realms of stage-land and can have no part in a criticism that should be a record of reality. In "The Dove and the Duffer" a good idea has been petered-out by a resort to cheap stagey methods, which seems a pity, because the author evidently is possessed of some imaginative insight.

Dedicated to "all who are growing, whether children or parents," Mr. Leonard Inkster's three-act play, "The Emancipation," makes good its claim to a place in dramatic literature, in that it has already stood the test of a stage performance. It belongs to the natural history school of drama, started into life by Shaw and Barker, in that it is a clever and acute study of a human soul in process of development. Jack Arrowsmith belongs to a family of provincial Philistines, whose moral, physical and emotional equipment jars continually upon a sensitive nature, and, in consequence, his wounded spirit is in constant revolt against the tyranny of their conventions. But, as frequently happens, the sheer futility of an artistically sensitive nature struggling against the coarser-grained natures that surround it is made manifest from the beginning. Ironically enough, the young man fails to emancipate himself through his own inherent weakness. The dialogue is easy and natural, and the psychology of the characters eminently

* "Elizabeth Cooper." A Comedy, by George Moore. 2s. net. (Maunsel & Co., Ltd.).—"Thompson." A Comedy, by St. John Hankin and George Calderon. 2s. net. (Martin Secker.)—"The Perfidious Marriage and Other Plays," by Leonard Henslowe. 1s. 6d. net. (Stanley Paul & Co.).—"The Emancipation." A Play, by Leonard Inkster. 2s. net and 1s. 6d. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

right. If the play has failed to find its way to the ranks of commercial successes, it is because the author ignored the taste of the popular audience, to whom the protagonist in this case is entirely antipathetic. The public need not be abused for this—after all, the most famous of dramatists never allowed the sympathetic plexuses of his audiences to fall into a state of atrophy.

ROBB LAWSON.

THE SEINE FROM HAVRE TO PARIS.*

In his modest preface, the author talks of this as a "little" work, but, as it consists of 490 pages, and is full of maps and illustrations (mostly charming sketches), it seems hardly the correct adjective to apply. Sir Edward Thorpe has given us in this book a long and learned miscellany of topographical, architectural, and historical information of the Seine from its mouth as far as the city of Paris. He knows the river like a book, and is saturated through and through with its romantic associations. The story of his own cruises (taken mostly in successive long vacations) intersperses his serious descriptions, and makes the work one of a light and pleasing kind. It is a volume that should be on every boat that plies for pleasure between Havre and Paris.

Sir Everard Thorpe is decidedly a learned man, both on the tidal influences of his river and on the history of the river's banks. Nothing seems to have escaped his notice or his curiosity and his knowledge is precise as well as entertaining. His book would be useful to a mariner or an historian. There can be no doubt that Sir Edward will inspire numerous people to follow his example, and, indeed, it is obvious that this voyage must be a very fascinating one. We pass through such places as Caudebec, Jumiéges, Rouen, Louviers, Nantes, Melun, Poissy, Conflans, and many another town and village, far-famed in local story. For these borders of the Seine were the home of a great civilization, and the archæologist will find here much of high interest. Sir Edward writes of it all with enthusiasm and contagious good humour, even if without distinguished literary ability. It is a book for the holidays and has appeared at the right moment. May it have all the success it merits.

R. C.

Caudebec.

From "The Seine: Havre to Paris" (Macmillan).

A CRITIC ON IMPRESSIONISM.*

Very rarely does one find a critic who contrives to be interesting upon more than one art, for by its very nature criticism tends to specialism. That need not mean that the best critics are specialists, indeed the best critic ought not to be a specialist. The fact that criticism necessarily tends towards specialism is the main weakness of the function, for life can never properly speaking be separated from life in any one of its manifestations after the manner of specialism. Each of the manifestations are but illusions when viewed in segregation. It is only when they are seen in reference to the aggregate that they properly reflect the sum total of vitality. For that reason then I am always inclined to suspect the judgments of the critic of one art. The chances are that they will be probably out of proportion and of a certainty out of perspective. This is only natural because all criticism should be in the nature of interpretation, and no proper interpretation can be made of a thing merely in relation to itself. Interpretation depends also and perhaps in the main upon the relation of a thing towards the rest of life, or towards that section of life to which it corresponds. It thus happens that great critics have always held as associates one or more of the arts and some small or large view of life. Ruskin, for instance was certainly wrong as an art specialist when he criticised Whistler; but he was right in his conception of the fundamental relationship between art and life. If he had been merely an art specialist he would have remained in the memory of man as the critic who made a mistake about Whistler, but as he was a great deal more than an art specialist he is remembered as one of the modern thinkers who showed us the organic relationship between art and affairs. This same test can be applied to all notable critics of life. But there is another type of critic who is related to life in a different way. He records in his criticism the way in which life strikes him, whether it be through one art or many arts, through ideas or through actuality. He has no ulterior purpose than to record such impressions, and consequently he stands or falls by his power to interest—in the long run by the extent to which he himself is interesting. No one wants to hear about dull people; no one wants to hear about shallow people, or foolish people, or the rag tag and bobtail of dufferdom. These are only interesting when seen through the temperament of an interesting personality. Charles Dickens could enthrall us by his descriptions of all sorts of indifferent people, not because they were particularly interesting but because he was of superlative interest. Jane Austen for the same reason could translate the humdrum punctilios of conventional morality and the superficial gossip of the drawing room into magical and attractive pages. A good critic of the impressionist type ought to be able to do the same with any of the objects that attract his attention. But to do this

* "The Seine from Havre to Paris." By Sir Edward Thorpe. With Illustrations. 12s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

* "The Pathos of Distance." By James Huneker. 7s. 6d. net. (Werner Laurie.)

it is almost essential that his interests embrace many arts besides being broad-based in experience and observation of life.

Among contemporary critics of the type few fulfil these conditions so well as Mr. James Huneker. It is not so very long ago that he was introduced to the British public by a volume called "Iconoclasts." This book contains studies of a number of modern dramatists such as Ibsen, Hauptmann, Hervieu and D'Annunzio, and we were captivated or irritated, according to our attitude or mental equipment, by the emphatic convictions and frank egotisms of this assertive American. On the title page of his book he had quoted from Max Stirner: "My truth is the truth," and throughout the volume he had been consistent in his demonstration of that conviction. Since then he has written other volumes of a similarly assertive and self-revelatory type, such as "Egoists, A Book of Supermen," and, more recently, "Promenades of an Impressionist." His latest volume, "The Pathos of Distance," contains a great variety of diversions and interpretations in the same key. Since his first book Mr. Huneker has clipped the wings of his egotism without losing any of that penetrative quality which was his earliest and most important contribution to criticism. At first sight "The Pathos of Distance" suggests scrappiness. But on better acquaintance this is found to be merely an illusion of its infinite variety. It is not easy to imagine that a writer who crams into one volume of under four hundred pages essays and notes upon such diverse subjects as George Moore and Henri Bergson, Richard Wagner and Pablo Picasso, Toulouse-Lautrec and John M. Synge, is going to say anything fresh or even anything profound about all of them. But all of these artists and writers and musicians are but details of the Hunekerian view of life. They are interesting as details because they are easily co-ordinated with that view. And above all when viewed in relation with Mr. Huneker's other books they are necessary to complete the full expression and interpretation of modern art which is the task he has, consciously or unconsciously, set himself to perform. One of the chief virtues of this writer is that it is not necessary to agree with him to be able to appreciate him. He achieves the grand result of impressionist criticism by making us interested in his own point of view. Besides this the book abounds with vivid little pictures of the personalities of the modern art world and rare glimpses into many a curious by-path of those novelties in literature and painting which nowadays are the causes of so many shocks to the unwary and so many pleasant surprises to those who are artistically awake.

There is one study in the book which reveals the many-sidedness of Mr. Huneker more than any other essay he has written and indeed more than any single one of his books. It is called "New York-Cosmopolis." The very title may be taken as symbolical of the critic's mind. It suggests at one and the same time the most modern and the most cosmopolitan of the haunts of men. Turning over the pages one finds the prose shot and dashed with the names of modern writers and painters, and with classical names both personal and geographical. And reading these pages one is convinced that one is in the presence of that fearful and wonderful thing, the American mind in all its omniverousness and in all its eclecticism. It is the mind that has sprung from the whole world and fed upon the whole world and produced a variegated mosaic which is characteristic of itself and perhaps the only characteristic of American culture. It may be, however, what we in this country understand as American is only New Yorkist. The New York which Mr. Huneker describes so well. Speaking as a native he says:

"We fly at our music, at our theatres and pictures, as we fly after a tip on stocks. We bolt new ideas and invent new religions every season to match the gowns and hats of our wives. We swallow Beethoven and cry—What next? Wagner is speedily engulfed and we cry for Richard Strauss. After he is gone we try French and Italian sweetmeats. Ibsen is an old story, Maeterlinck a mere fable. Debussy begins to tire. What next? There must always be a 'next' in New York."

The author of "The Pathos of Distance" has put a great deal of this dynamic anticipatory temperament into criticism. And although his intelligence soars above that of the modernist art-tasters of the coteries, it reflects better than any fiction the mind of his cosmopolitan race and its age.

HOLBROOK JACKSON.

SIR GILBERT PARKER'S NEW NOVEL*

Neither publishers nor reviewers need exert themselves unduly in sounding the praises of this fine novel by Sir Gilbert Parker. Its fame is bound to spread spontaneously and rapidly through those more intimate and powerful personal channels which are always at work feeding the inquiries of the insatiable reading public. When you have read it, you will recommend "The Judgment Hou e" to the friends who invite you to name a good story, because "The Judgment Ho ıse" answers exactly to that description. It *is* a good story, full of dramatic movement; a story thrilling with intensity of feeling and passion; a strong story dealing with the weakness of strong men and the strength of weak women. The central figure is Jasmine Grenfel, a beautiful, talented woman whose fascinating flower-like personality enthrals more than one man in her privileged circle. Capable of great love, she is capable also of dangerous coquetry, and it is this failing which is ultimately responsible for the dramatic chaos which overwhelms her little world. Ambition for place and power to set off to their best advantage the brilliant gifts which are hers leads Jasmine to jilt Ian Stafford, an exquisitely refined diplomat who is patiently waiting for recognition, and marry Rudyard Byng, a virile millionaire from the Rand, a man somewhat coarsened by his early struggles, yet not without breadth of vision and lofty ideals. The years pass, and Jasmine, vaguely disappointed in her marriage, seeks to recapture Stafford's respect and love. Her success in this quarter and her coquetry in another quarter culminate in a tragic and momentous sequel. Of the many arresting incidents which distinguish this capable novel, two stand out in vivid, almost brutal, relief: the scene in the millionaire's Park Lane mansion when in the presence of a group of Rand magnates Byng's Hottentot-Boer servant is thrashed with the sjambok, the "symbol of progress" in South Africa; and the scene in which Stafford and Byng are brought face to face with the apparent faithlessness of the woman they both love. The last part of the book is laid in South Africa in the time of the war, and here, perhaps the machinery which distributes and collects the various characters to suit the author's purpose is a little too obliging in its willingness to round off the story. "The Judgment House" embodies Sir Gilbert Parker's highest literary qualities and gives to the world a story of quite exceptional brilliancy and power.

S. H. W.

THE LEADERS OF GERMANY.†

So vivid and forceful is the personality of the Kaiser, so various his abilities, and so truly does he constitute himself the mouth-piece of his people, that comparatively little, probably, is known by the average Englishman of those prominent Germans who have helped their Sovereign to give the Fatherland the proud position which she holds to-day in the world. Any such gap in one's knowledge will be to a great extent filled by Mr. Wile's informative book.

The book is not long, running only to 271 pages, and

* "The Judgment House." By Gilbert Parker. 6s. (Methuen.)

† "Men Around the Kaiser." By F. W. Wile. 6s. net. (Heinemann.)

thirty-one different men are "appreciated" in chapters of an almost uniformly equal length (due, no doubt, to a number of the sketches having originally appeared in a somewhat similar form in the *Daily Mail*); but within these limitations Mr. Wile has succeeded admirably in giving the main facts about each individual whom he describes. His choice of subjects is excellent. Army officers, naval officers, politicians, bankers, men of letters, courtiers, musicians—representatives of all these and other callings jostle one another through his pages. The book opens, appropriately enough, with an account of Admiral von Tirpitz, "the real creator of the Kaiser's fleet," and we think that Mr. Wile's estimate of this really great man is considerably juster than that expressed by Mr. Price Collier in his recent volume on Germany and the Germans. Prince Fürstenberg is another excellent study.

The real power behind the throne, "Max," as he is intimately called, is a man of the most diverse attainments and of the most straightforward speech, and it speaks volumes for both men that he and the Kaiser should have been on such terms of intimacy for so many years. The chapter on Prince Henry of Prussia, too, is especially good. As Mr. Wile says, to fill the *rôle* of a monarch's brother is frequently a thankless part, and few have played it more worthily than "the Sailor Prince." He appears to have inherited the lovable character of the Emperor Frederick, and one or two little anecdotes about him show him in a particularly gracious light.

If one may single out yet another chapter, a special word of praise should be given to Mr. Wile's account of August Bebel. Not everybody, perhaps, will agree to-day that Bebel "was" the Social Democratic Party, but there is sufficient truth in the dictum for the average reader. It should be added that this book, which makes so timely an appearance in the Silver Jubilee year of the Kaiser's reign, is illustrated with excellent photographs of the personages described.

AN ULSTERMAN ON IRELAND.*

A pathetic interest always attaches to the last work of a man first published after the author's death, but the pathos is deepened if, as in the present case, the writer has been cut off in the prime of his intellectual vigour and with many great promises still unfulfilled. Mr. Monypenny was only forty-six when he died, yet he had crowded into his brief life more of experience and more variety of knowledge than fall to the lot of most men of affairs who have passed the allotted span of life. However opinions may differ as to his qualifications to be Disraeli's biographer, and doubtless most people take Lord Morley's view, Mr. Monypenny could claim a hereditary, as well as an individual, right to express himself on the subject of Ireland. He was born in Armagh county, where his father was a tenant-farmer, who afterwards emigrated to Canada. As a student at Trinity College he took little interest in politics, being vaguely a Unionist because he was a Protestant. His early association with *The Times* had the effect of crystallising his political opinions, which remained until recent years in consonance with the traditional policy of the Irish Unionist party. After he came back from South Africa he began to study Irish history, and to seek from it some explanation of the difficulties which had nonplussed and bewildered generations of able and well-meaning Englishmen. Of the student of Irish history, he writes:

"He will find England and Englishmen as often negligent as criminal, and by their blunders, as by their crimes, bringing trouble on themselves; and he will find a strangely malign fate intervening at every step to frustrate the purposes of statesmanship and prevent the growth of amity. Irish history is a constant tragedy, a tragedy in the deeper sense, not as the clash of right and wrong, but as the clash of two rights. Proximity to Great Britain forbade the free development of Ireland on her own national lines, her comparative distance and the strip of estranging sea hindered unity and fusion, and in the actual course of events no happy system of co-operation on equal terms or dependence was ever evolved. The original conquest was a conquest only in name, effective to disable the growth of the native civilization, not effective to secure its supersession by another."

To this no one who is conversant with the history of Ireland will object. Mr. Monypenny, however, does not appear quite to appreciate the effect which Catholic emancipation had on the movement for Repeal of the Union. As long as O'Connell devoted himself to obtaining Repeal he had all the Protestants in Ireland at his back; it was when he subordinated Repeal to Emancipation that the Protestants took alarm, and O'Connell lost his seat in Dublin.

The latter part of the book is taken up with criticism of the Home Rule Bill, and there is little, if anything, in it which adds to our knowledge. If the writer had lived in Ireland during his maturer years, and not viewed Irish affairs from a London office, he might have modified some of his opinions and developed a more constructive policy.

H. A. HINKSON.

* "The Two Irish Nations: An Essay on Home Rule." By W. F. Monypenny. 3s. 6d. net. (John Murray.)

RECENT HISTORY.*

The last half-year has produced a number of guides and handbooks helpful to the student-interpreter of modern history. One of the most important books from the original and documentary point of view is a biography which calls for separate treatment—I refer, of course, to Mr. Trevelyan's "Life of John Bright." But a position of the first rank must be accorded to Mr. Gooch's "History and Historians in the Nineteenth Century." This supplies a very complete survey of the whole field of modern history from Niebuhr to Maitland; it is the work of a specialist in the connoisseurship of written history, and is informed alike with enthusiasm and impartiality. The chief places are allotted, naturally, to German, French, and English historians, and the dictatorship of the republic to a German, Ranke—but space is allotted also to American, Italian, and Scandinavian writers; and the work is invaluable to historical teachers and students alike, while readable and suggestive in the highest degree to the general reader and the student of literature.

Mr. Hawkesworth, in his book on Europe from 1814 to 1910, slightly prejudices the reader by his omission in the Preface to say anything of the admirable set of French manuals that cover the period with the clearness, arrangement and impartiality which seem at times a monopoly of the best French scholastic work. He does not mention Monod or, among American books, Hazen's. There is no doubt, however, that for the student who wants a shorter book than Fyffe's and needs a *resumé* of events subsequent to 1878, the present volume is one of the most useful. It

* "The Last Century in Europe—1814–1910." By C. E. M. Hawkesworth. 6s. (Arnold.)—"A Modern History of the English People.—1880–1910." By R. H. Gretton. 2 Vols. 15s. (Richards.)—"La Revolution: L'Histoire de France Racontée à Tous." By Louis Madelin. (Hachette.)—"A History of Oratory in Parliament—1213–1913." By Robert Craig. 10s. 6d. net. (Heath.)—"The Genesis of Parliamentary Reform." By G. S. Veitch. 10s. 6d. net. (Constable.)—"A Short History of English Liberalism." By W. Lyon Blease. 10s. 6d. net. (Unwin.)—"The Making of Modern England." By Gilbert Slater. 7s. 6d. net. (Constable.)—"Lectures on the American Civil War." By James Ford Rhodes. 5s. (Macmillan.)—"History and Historians in the Nineteenth Century." By G. P. Gooch. 10s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)—"The Evolution of Modern Germany." By H. Lichtenberger. Translated by A. M. Ludovici. 10s. 6d. net. (Constable.)—"The History of English Patriotism." By Esmé Wingfield-Stratford. 2 Vols. 25s. net. (Lane.)

is written with great lucidity and keeps names and dates in proper subordination to the drift of the narrative. The writer is handicapped at the outset by the self-imposed task of keeping all narrative of the Hundred Days out of the picture; but his account of the Napoleonic and industrial transformation of Europe during the first fifteen years of the century is admirably done. The parts played by Mehemet Ali and the Czar Nicholas are very sharply drawn. The confused history of Spain between Ferdinand's restoration and that of Alfonso XII is focussed in a way that makes it possible to the beginner. Recent events in connection with the Far East and the Triple Entente exhibit well the skill of the compiler in subordinating detail to the main story or effect that he wishes to produce.

For the reader who wishes to work backwards to the Revolution a word must be said in favour of Louis Madelin's book in Funck-Brentano's well-established series, "L'Histoire de France racontée á tous." The results of modern specialism are embodied in this narrative of 700 pages to an extent hitherto rare in popular summaries. The honesty of the old government is shown to be an insufficient justification for *un horloge qui rétard*. The anarchy preceding the fall of the throne and the indispensability for the time of something in the nature of the régime of the *salut public* is very clearly made out.

Mr. R. H. Gretton, in his two full volumes on the history of England from 1887 to 1910 has given us an exhibition of the minute-hand in history applied, not to the day before yesterday, as in the case of McCarthy, Spencer Walpole and Herbert Paul, but to yesterday itself. It exhibits for the first time a history based largely upon newspapers, newspaper summaries and year books, with an infusion of the pictorial gossip of the illustrated weeklies. When one reads in our annals of Jumbo, the Druce case and the Wee Frees, and the passion for ping-pong, one cannot help being afflicted to some extent with the sensation of perusing the diary of a Nobody. The frivolity of the big town populations, the ineptitude of our handling of the one big transaction of the period—the Boer War—conveys the idea rather of a nation playing at History. Mr. Gretton has not time to philosophise or to generalise as Lecky does, for instance, in his "History of England in the Eighteenth Century," for he is not eclectic as Lecky is, but tries to give a fairly complete picture or cinema as it were of national activity during a short period. The absence of perspective makes the book very difficult to assimilate. On the other hand, the author is an acute and impartial commentator with a very keen eye for the signs of the times. His work is a stimulating rembrancer and will be invaluable as a key to all kinds of cross-currents for the historian of the future. The impartiality of its judgment and the skill of the author in presentation may be judged by the following. *A propos* of the assassination of the King and Crown Prince of Portugal, King Edward and Queen Alexandra attended not only a memorial service at St. Paul's, but also a Requiem Mass at the Roman Catholic Church of St. James's, Spanish Place.

> "There was still, as we have seen in the matter of the Accession Declaration, a body of opinion in this country which regarded Rome as the Scarlet Woman; but that King Edward should be able to attend a Requiem Mass showed a considerable advance in national common-sense and national respect for the sovereign. He was extraordinarily careful of public opinion, and not at all the man to affront it in such a connection, however strong his own wishes might be. There were some who managed to regard the incident as one more sign of the general loosening of ties of authority; the bulk of the people, they said, sat so loosely to religious observances that it had ceased to matter what kind of service the King attended. It was at least equally true that a great part of the nation had infused a new life into their religion. If going to church had ceased among people of education to be a sign of respectability, if men of all classes used Sunday openly as a day of physical recreations, and stayed away from church without any sense of being outcasts, the converse of this state of things was that the people who did go to church did not go for conventional reasons, but for spiritual reasons. Hence there had arisen a new respect for all religious observances—a respect which ceased to regard them as mutually exclusive. King Edward could attend a Requiem Mass without being misunderstood."

This seems on the whole a highly judicious diagnosis. The summary and discussion of the Tariff Reform controversy shows an equally judicious mind in dealing briefly with a most thorny subject, into the abbreviation of which a good deal of thought must have been concentrated. The whole is a very ably performed piece of work, though it would have gained considerably, in our opinion, by the addition of a full synopsis of contents and by the incorporation of a greater number of biographical vignettes of the kind that Creighton and Mr. Paul elaborated and by means of which they did so much to enliven their pages.

Passing rapidly by Dr. Craig's "History of Oratory in Parliament," a rather sketchy outline of the activities of notable orators such as Pym, Walpole, Chatham, Pitt, Burke, Peel, Palmerston, Gladstone, and Disraeli, without any critical apparatus or description either of the sources of Parliamentary oratory or of the different series of debates and their relative value, the right way to use them and to appraise their representative value, we go on to three very interesting historical studies published this spring by Messrs. Constable.

"The Genesis of Parliamentary Reform" embodies evidently a prolonged study of the reform movement up to and including the period of the impact made upon it by the revolutionary movement in France. Of the three great stimuli in the history of Parliamentary reform represented by the Wilkes campaigns, the Manchester school, and the activities of Gladstone, the book is mainly concerned with the first. Such compilations as those of Porritt, Erskine May and Oldfield are naturally drawn upon largely for the picture given of the representative system as it existed in Burke's time. But it may be doubted whether a more vivid picture has ever been drawn of the fantastic chaos of the franchise before 1832. The complete indifference of the nation to these anomalies before the reign of George III is instructive. The new spirit of criticism owes its origin primarily to three great changes or series of historical phenomena, represented respectively by the Industrial Revolution, the rebellious attitude of our American colonists and their cry for representation, and, thirdly, the reflections set in motion by the French Revolution of 1789. Mr. Veitch narrates with much lucidity and copious illustration the successive incidents of the campaign for a more equitable representation of the counties and the newly-formed big cities, the leaders of the movement, and the dead weight of inertia, aided by the reasoned opposition of such conservative parliamentarians as Burke, or such capricious reformers (who were irreclaimable Whigs at heart) as Charles Fox, which the new movement had to encounter. In spite of all opposition the movement seemed to be making good progress, owing to the enlightened support of Pitt and the influence which he exercised over city, country and court, when the French Revolution fell athwart its progress. Public opinion now, thanks to Burke and the war, became blindly hostile to the Associations and the Radicals, and the attempts to link the partisans of democracy in the two countries only led to the exasperation of conservatism in England. The subject, after 1795, becomes more and more difficult of exploration as the movement burrows underground.

A book which will appeal to a considerably wider public than Mr. Veitch's is Mr. Gilbert Slater's "Making of Modern England." As the author of "The English Peasantry and the Enclosure of the Common Fields," the author has already gained the ear of the public interested in modern social history. In the present work he presents us with a chart of the chief problems with which the nineteenth century has had to deal and shows us what progress the science has recorded. It is extraordinary, perhaps, when we reflect on the enormous advances made by the "wonderful century" in applied science to realise how crude are the results when we turn to what man has made of man. Man, it must seem, is far more intractable than steel or iron. Then again, at critical periods in his development the people responsible for the conduct and regulation of new powers, controls, trusts, monopolies or

what not, seem to be stricken with paralysis and stand by until it is too late. When invention began to be applied to manufacture old England was turned topsy-turvy in a mad scramble from the bewildering evil and injustice, of which it has by no means recovered in the course of three half-centuries. It was the same when railways began their monopolies and the motors their murders. No ruler has the nerve to interfere with insolent, triumphant power until it is too late. Much is done in a dilatory way under the name of Reform. Mr. Slater unfolds and describes with succinctness the remedial process in connection with poor laws, municipalities, factories, Protection, labour, public health, education, the workers, Ireland, and the like. The campaign for public health as narrated here is quite a romance, and we learned for the first time the name of Edwin Chadwick, who seems to have been the hero of it. The reports of the Board of Health, the narratives given in such works as "Alton Locke," "Sybil," and "Mary Barton," give us some idea of the horrible state of the poor districts in the new cities during the 'forties, and leave us an impression that England in the age of Pickwick was a good colourable imitation of hell. Enlightenment is a poor thing until we can turn out a better average class of citizen than we do at the present day. But Mr. Slater's book is at any rate a guarantee that the old dismal science is devoting a considerable amount of its energy to the amelioration of "merry England." It seems a little singular that Mr. Slater, who is Principal of Ruskin Hall at Oxford, says so little about Ruskin as a prophet of most of the ideas of social betterment now current. He says little, too, about the significant disappearance of the small trader class, a process depicted with such poignant force by Mr. Wells in his "New Ideas for Old." Nor does he touch the "Christianization of the Churches." Our author is not over sanguine about the present trend of education. Our public schools he finds cursed by the tradition of class monopoly and by the low idea of education for individual culture and private advancement. The idea of a *Communitas* sensitive to the desolation and misery of each individual unit which forms a part of it, is an idea that evidently has yet to make itself understood. Christianity began with it, but seems to have mislaid it. Mr. Slater gives us a picture of humanity groping, often deluded, chewing statistics in lieu of nutriment, but still groping.

A valuable book for the thoughtful reader has been made available in English in the excellent translation by Mr. Ludovici of Lichtenberg's "Evolution of Modern Germany." The book is concerned with the development of German ideals rather than with the record of material progress, and as a picture of that popular artist, Success, it is of course less popular than the abstracts of Price Collier, Sarolea, Sidgwick, or Ellis Barker. It deals largely with the conflict of conceptions—Germany's conceptions of itself. In Frederick's time Prussia was a fortress against all Europe on the open plain. Napoleon came, and Germany was slow to adopt this ideal and remained still a "kingdom in the air." But Stein and Scharnhorst and then Bismarck enabled Prussian ideas to grow. Population began to increase by leaps and bounds, and the birthrate supplied the fittest and finest soil imaginable for a capitalism on the English pattern. Capitalism generates power, and the slow, heavy, plodding, thorough, robust North German character supplied the raw product *par excellence*. Here was an ideal basis for capital and Krupp. The serious, strong, stubborn worker, grounded in the rigorous school of military training, was the finest imaginable unit for a nation devoting itself to the cult of power. The methodical will to power, according to our author, has been the creation of modern Germany, and the typical German loves power for its own sake. He deliberately sacrifices the old aspiration for culture and art. All these ideals cool off as appropriate rather to fine women and delicate children than to grown men. And the serious, patriotic German becomes more and more an almost idolatrous worshipper of force, not brutal, tyrannical, capricious force, but force exhibited progressively in the form of intelligent, deliberate power.

A discussion appropriate to the time of year has recently appeared in one of the French dailies as to which are the ten greatest works of fiction. A literary critic writes innocently to know whether so many as ten were known to exist. In a similar spirit one might ask of English Patriotism—if there were really enough of it to fill a book of twelve hundred pages. Amiel, I think, says that Religion is an "état de l'ame." The same might more truly be said of Patriotism. One asks oneself in vain—what is it? We thought we were patriots in 1899 when we shouted for our soldiers to go and fight the Boers, confident as we were that all would be over in three months. But the Boers were very obstinate, and it turned out that we had been duped by the money-power and had not been patriotic at all really. So throughout the history of a nation which pays fellows to fight for it, it is very difficult to distinguish the real thing from that professional kind of patriotism which Johnson denominated "scoundrelism." Of the crude patriotism of the Maoris, the Chilians, the Bulgarians, or the Japanese there is not, I should imagine, very much to be found loose among us. Were Henry V., Burleigh, Oliver Cromwell patriots? There can be no doubt about Chatham, Billy Pitt, Nelson. In literature patriotism abounds. Have we not our *Lyra Heroica*? But even here it is not the deliberate patriots that stir us to the depths. I can find nothing in Kipling or Newbolt to make the patriotic chord vibrate like the description in "The Trumpet Major" of how Maidy Anne saw the last of the *Victory* from the Chesil Beach. With such material as he has at disposal, however, Mr. Wingfield-Stratford has strung together a portentous ruminative essay on Patriotism. How many patriots will put their hands in their pockets for the twenty-five shillings necessary to purchase it remains to be seen. It is a high-class though incondite book, well-written. I predict that a good many copies of it will be available second-hand at no distant date, and that, as Disraeli might have said, and proved, it will be a "damned good book to steal from."

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

Novel Notes.

"THE EIGHTH YEAR": A VITAL PROBLEM OF MARRIED LIFE. By Philip Gibbs. 2s. net. (Williams & Norgate.)

Behold, Mr. Gibbs, our brilliant novelist and journalist, mounting the pulpit to discourse upon Marriage, its Dangerous Year, and the iniquitous selfishness of Men. The homily is divided into two parts: argument and illustration; and the text is derived from the words of the late Sir Francis Jeune, "The Eighth Year is the most dangerous year in the adventure of marriage." It is needless to say that Mr. Gibbs is eloquent, and makes the most of his particular theme. Unfortunately it is futile to generalise on marriages, because men and women are variable factors, and the same circumstances would not bring the same results with different pairs. That is a reality too little recognised by pastors or writers; and—venturing still further into the deeps—we think that Sir Francis Jeune would be surprised to see his fluent *dictum* made the text of such a treatise as this. Mr. Gibbs, taking it as *Vox Dei*, tries to prove too much. The Clare to whom he introduces us would have found out her fatuous, selfish husband long before the eighth year; and so would that ordinary couple, the Atkinson Browns. The eighth day is with some people the dangerous time; with others the forty-eighth anniversary may be passed and still find them lovers. Mr. Gibbs, of course, is striking the right note when he protests against the life in flats which causes moral indigestion, and what Mr. Roosevelt euphemistically calls race-suicide. Family life is as essential to healthy humanity as are leaves and blossom and fruit to trees. Restrict or prevent the birth of children, and moral decay must result. As the prophet

did not quite say, where no infants are the people perish. It is a pity that Mr. Gibbs has given us both a treatise and a short story. The essay would have been sufficient. The story is too slight, it is merely an outline. The At-Home of the Heywoods, with the wife absent, which in Shavian or Wellsian hands would have been a scream, is a fine occasion lost. Mr. Gibbs is too earnest a missionary, too stern a Jeremiah in his denunciation of Intellectual Mansions, to have realised the opportunities of his comedy. Nevertheless, he whets the reader's curiosity; and especially we wonder why he, a novelist, makes a novelist his villain, and also why, wherever fiction is referred to, it is in terms of contumely. "The Eighth Year" will certainly set the gossips talking and supply an absorbing topic for discussion at many a holiday table.

SANDY'S LOVE AFFAIR. By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Sandy is introduced first as a somewhat conceited but very self-confident young man who is about to leave his home in Galloway and seek fortune in London. As he never loses any of his self-confidence nor all of his conceit it is difficult to make him sound attractive. But somehow he is; his very *naiveté* makes one like him—as for instance when he thought of adding to his visiting-cards the words: "Late President of the Logomachic Society, for the Culture of the Individual Logos," or in some of his passages with V.V., the girl he loves. The story, indeed, eventful as it is, centres entirely around the gradual development of Sandy Pryde, and the manner in which his rugged character becomes slowly polished by contact with the world. Mr. Crockett is always spirited, but his vivacity has seldom been exploited to better purpose than in "Sandy's Love Affair," which in many ways is one of the best books he has given us.

THE SIN OF EVE. By May Edginton. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

To deserve popularity is not always to achieve it, but it will be a matter for surprise if "The Sin of Eve" does not find a very wide circle of readers, for the novel richly deserves to be known far and wide. It is a charming story of vivid human interest and emotional appeal. What is more, there is a grace of style and a happy vein of reflectiveness in the narrative, which lift it well out of the ordinary ruck of fiction. Ellen Flamartin is a fascinating heroine, and we defy the most blasé novel-reader to remain unmoved while he follows her in her brave, adventurous life, from Palmer Village in British Columbia to her beautifully contrived destiny in London. How she becomes involved in the lives of Henry L. Gibbons, a millionaire newspaper proprietor, and Max Bellamy, a "star" actor-manager-playwright, is vivaciously told, and the manner in which these rivals for the captivating Ellen are complicated in an unsuspected relationship to one another gives a well articulated backbone to the plot. "George"—her parson father—Mrs. Flamartin, Jane Wilkins, and Aunt Alice de Cordovic, and her daughters, are excellent examples of sensitive and well-realised characterisation. A good deal of hard individual thinking on questions of the day as they affect modern women has been done by the author, who makes Ellen ask her friend Jane: "Don't you wish the Lord made us women all very hard or very soft," But there are no chunks of irrelevant sententiousness to impede the flow of the narrative. Ellen's life as an ardent organiser for the W.S.P.U. is particularly well described. We fancy, however, that her ultimate development is a conclusion likely to be hotly contested by some members of that super-active organisation.

DISCOVERY. By Harold Williams. 6s. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

Oswald Bouverie was told by a doctor in Harley Street that if he continued to live and work in London he would die in a few months. Therefore he goes away to hide himself and die. But before he disappears from London he tells the heroine he loves her, and promises to write to her at the end of a year. He does write, and as the post mark on the letter is Barnstaple the heroine follows him there; only to find that he has disappeared again. Indeed, he forgets all about the heroine until he finds she has married a successful and child-like gold miner, some years later. Then Bouverie remembers that he loves her himself. He has, however, now acquired a habit of disappearing, and finds only a short struggle with his feelings necessary before setting out in a small boat to catch a steamer at Lynton and disappear further. The boat is swamped and Bouverie is saved from being drowned by the gold miner, but unfortunately the gold miner's head is dashed against the rocks. Thus the heroine becomes a widow, and at first she expresses some surprise that Bouverie should be still intent upon leaving her to continue his career of disappearance; but probably she reflects that his inveterate habit of vanishing might be incompatible with a well regulated domestic existence, for she relinquishes such lien as she has upon him and says: "Life plays for larger stakes than we guess." And that is the end.

ROSALIND IN ARDEN. By H. B. Marriott Watson. 6s. (Dent)

Hollis, the American millionaire whose aggressive personality is the dominating feature of Mr. Marriott Watson's new novel, belongs to a familiar class. His character is well typified by his attitude towards the game of golf. "He took to it at once. He had got to make a resisting recalcitrant ball do what he wanted. That was the game that appealed to him. He had a native instinct to get the best of something; it informed his life, and had carried him to fortune." When Hollis desires a thing he gets it—by fair means or foul. The desirable object in the present story is Westwood Park, a fine old English estate, and the plot deals largely with a series of skirmishes between the astute millionaire and the comparatively poor young man who is struggling to prove his claim to the earldom and estate of Westwood. Incidentally, the millionaire from America tries to mould an English village to his will, and learns that even the power of money has its limits. As might be expected, Hollis is incapable of understanding women in general, and his niece Rosalind in particular. It is a leisurely-moving novel, wending its way for the most part among harmless and agreeable people to a tune suggestive of the pleasant chatter and clatter of a summer picnic.

THE STRICTLY TRAINED MOTHER. By F. F. Montrésor. 3s. 6d. (Murray.)

Mrs. Betterton is an old lady of a type that is more often met with than read about. Yielding and submissive, all her life she has been under somebody's thumb. At first her husband tyrannised over her, and when he died her two elder daughters filled his place. Both of them are interested in "good works" and neither has the least idea that her mother is being unduly suppressed. Nevertheless, Mrs. Betterton longs to see the child of her heart, Ellen, who has run away from home and married a literary man of whom her father did not approve; and when Ellen dies, the old lady's affections are transferred to her granddaughter, Polly, a type of the modern girl. These are the principal characters in Miss Montrésor's little drama, and they are handled in a manner convincing and truthful. In humour, in fidelity to life, and in insight into character, so far as we are aware no book has been published this year that is the equal of "The Strictly Trained Mother."

POLLYANNA. By Eleanor H. Porter. 6s. (Pitman.)

"Pollyanna" is a happy, sympathetic little girl—the child of a poor minister, who, motherless and fatherless and homeless, is cast upon the none too tender mercies of a stern, unlovable, very wealthy aunt. Unwelcome, unwanted, Pollyanna determines to make the best of disagreeable circumstances, and through her own bright,

Constable's New Books.

GEORGE MEREDITH:
HIS LIFE, GENIUS & TEACHING.

From the French of **Constantin Photiades.** Rendered into English by Arthur Price. 6s. net.

"No better introduction to Meredith could be desired."—*The Athenæum.*

"The book is a worthy book . . . an admirable translation."—*The Glasgow Herald.*

THE DRIFT OF ROMANTICISM.

Being the Eighth Series of

"SHELBURNE ESSAYS."

By **Paul Elmer More.** Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

"Mr. More impresses the present reviewer deeply with the scope and penetration of his critical work . . . and the accuracy of his craftsmanship, the reassuring confidence with which he gives his judgments."—*The Athenæum.*

"We praise Mr. More's book without reserve."—*The Daily News.*

"The present volume, the eighth, is in some respects the most remarkable of all. It expresses, at least, more explicitly and emphatically than any of its predecessors the real gist of the critic's thought and the fundamental 'drift' of his mind."—*The Manchester Guardian.*

TEN MORE PLAYS of SHAKESPEARE

By **Rev. Stopford A. Brooke, M.A., LL.D.,** Author of "On Ten Plays of Shakespeare."

Demy 8vo. 8s. 6d. net.

"They are the work of a master craftsman."—*The Glasgow Herald.*

"Will stand high in favour in the literary world. It is even more interesting than his volume in 1905."—*The Athenæum.*

SIDELIGHTS. By Lady Blennerhasset

7s. 6d. net.

It is the combination of simplicity and distinction which gives the whole volume its very real charm, and makes it one that will appeal to all cultured readers."—*The Daily Telegraph.*

"Lady Blennerhasset is at her best in these well-considered and well-informed studies."—*The Athenæum.*

"They are throughout informing and suggestive."—*The Bookseller.*

NEW LETTERS OF AN IDLE MAN.

By **Hermann Jackson Warner.** Edited by G. E. Woodberry. Author of "European Years," etc.

7s. 6d. net.

"These delightful letters . . . the correspondence printed in this most entertaining volume is never lacking in vivacity, character and insight."—*The Daily Telegraph.*

"Mr. Warner is very entertaining. The great charm of his letters throughout is that they were written without any suspicion of their ever coming before the public."—*The Glasgow Herald.*

"A book that might have been expressly designed for holiday reading."—*The Evening News.*

WALTER DE LA MARE'S
PEACOCK PIE

Author of "A Child's Day," "Listeners," etc.

3s. 6d. net.

"In this book he has found the kind of subject most suited to his very real genius . . . we are eternally in Mr. de la Mare's debt for giving us something more than echoes."—*The Spectator.*

"It is a book in which the sheer nonsense of Edward Lear or Lewis Carroll is combined with something of the tenderness of Stevenson.—*The Daily Telegraph.*

"Mr. Walter de la Mare has written his songs from the child's point of view, and many a child will love them. Their simplicity and keeness are real and serious."—*The Observer.*

THE WORKS OF
BERNARD SHAW.

NEW VOLUMES JUST PUBLISHED.

THE QUINTESSENCE OF IBSENISM.

New Edition. Re-written and Enlarged. Cloth. **3s. 6d.** net.

Now completed to the Death of Ibsen.

A New Volume of Plays, entitled:

MISALLIANCE

Containing a Preface on Parents and Children, Misalliance, Preface on Shakespear, The Dark Lady of the Sonnets, and Fanny's First Play. Crown 8vo. Cloth. **6s.**

Now Ready. Published separately:

THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA.
GETTING MARRIED.
THE SHOWING UP OF BLANCO POSNET.

Paper, **1s. 6d.** net; Cloth, **2s.** net. per vol.

PLAYS.

THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA, GETTING MARRIED, and THE SHOWING UP OF BLANCO POSNET. With a Preface by the Author upon the subjects of the Medical Profession, Marriage, and the Dramatic Censorship. 1 vol. Crown 8vo. **6s.**

PLAYS (PLEASANT). With a Preface. **6s.**
Arms and the Man. Candida.
The Man of Destiny. You Never Can Tell.

PLAYS (UNPLEASANT). With a Portrait by Frederick H. Evans, and a Preface. **6s.**
Widowers' Houses. The Philanderer.
Mrs. Warren's Profession.

THREE PLAYS FOR PURITANS. With Preface and two Illustrations. **6s.**
The Devil's Disciple. Cæsar and Cleopatra.
Captain Brassbound's Conversion.

MAN AND SUPERMAN: A Comedy and a Philosophy. With Epistle Dedicatory to Arthur Bingham Walkley. **6s.**
Man and Superman. The Revolutionist's Handbook.
Maxims for Revolutionists.

JOHN BULL'S OTHER ISLAND & MAJOR BARBARA. **6s.**
John Bull's Other Island. How he Lied to her Husband. Major Barbara.

PRESS CUTTINGS. Paper, **1s.** net.

NOVELS.

THE IRRATIONAL KNOT. **6s.**
CASHEL BYRON'S PROFESSION. **6s.**

CRITICISM.

THE PERFECT WAGNERITE. **3s. 6d.** net.

DRAMATIC OPINIONS AND ESSAYS. Selected by James Huneker, with a Preface by him. 2 vols. **10s. 6d.** net.

PLAYS ***in separate Editions.*** Cloth, **2s.** net; Paper, **1s. 6d.** net.

Bernard Shaw's Famous Monograph

THE SANITY OF ART. F'scap 8vo. Paper cover, **1s.** net.; Cloth gilt, **1s. 6d.** net.

SELECTED PASSAGES FROM THE WORKS OF BERNARD SHAW. Arranged by Mrs. Bernard Shaw. With a Photographic Frontispiece after the bust by Rodin. Cloth, gilt extra. **5s.** net.

Write for Constable's New Autumn Announcement List—free on application.

LONDON

sunny disposition is able to bring happiness, not only to herself, but to all she comes in contact with. It is Pollyanna's Game which helps many to find a short cut to happiness, or to bear sorrow with new courage. It is called the "Just Being Glad" Game, and its only rule is to find something in everything to be glad about. She and her father began it, as Pollyanna explains, on some crutches that came in a missionary barrel. Pollyanna had wanted a doll, and when there was nothing but the crutches, her father said the only thing to do was to be glad you didn't want them! So Pollyanna spreads the Game wherever she goes, till a dreadful accident threatens to rob her of the use of her legs, and in the newness of her grief she feels she will never be able to play it any more. But even her misfortune is the means of bringing long deferred happiness to those around her, and though her aunt is the last person in the book who learns to play the Game, she will be by no means the last to seek the influence of Pollyanna's cheery philosophy. It is the kind of book that will create optimists—a veritable guide to gladness, and those who are downhearted will find in these sunshiny pages help and encouragement.

HUNT THE SLIPPER. By Oliver Madox Hueffer. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

Since the death of Wilkie Collins many people have tried, but very few have succeeded, in imitating that author's peculiar form of construction, by which some half-a-dozen characters carry on the thread of a story by narrating different episodes in the first person. Oliver Madox Hueffer, in "Hunt the Slipper," must be allowed to be an exception. He has adopted this most difficult form of construction with complete success, giving to each of the six characters who tell the tale a distinct and vivacious individuality. The story is a charming one, and has this peculiarity—that not one of the characters that play a part in it, except Dago Frank, who only appears for a sentence to vanish again, is entirely disagreeable. Most of them, indeed, are delightful, from Sir Edward Fanhope, who is as lovable as Colonel Newcome, to Ivo Talboys. The story opens in England, and is thence carried to New York, where the author presents us with a most amusing picture of almost every grade of American society. His low-life scenes, quite lightly sketched though they are, are admirable, and the narrative of Kitty Williamson has caught the note of pathos. Ivo Talboy's high spirits and humour are refreshing, and it would be hard to find a more amusingly written narrative than that of his strange doings in New York. "Hunt the Slipper" is distinctly one of those books from the perusal of which one rises with a feeling of regret that the last page has been read.

THE HARROVIANS. By Arnold Lunn. 6s. (Methuen.)

Mr. Lunn, in his lavish use of adolescent high spirits and a most engaging form of school slang, rather reminds us of Mr. A. A. Milne, of *Punch*, but in the task he has undertaken here, to have dispensed with either would have been to fail. He gives us what is better than the mere raciness of dialogue, as actual a record of Harrow life as we are ever likely to get, and need not have paraded the fact (or is it his publisher who does it?) that the material is drawn from an actual school diary of his youth. But there is a story, just the same, and a stirring story, too, of the resurrection of tradition in an old school House, and we are brought to the conclusion, in spite of ourselves, that there often survives in a man more affection for his House than the school. At least this is so with Peter O'Neill, and when he returns after ten years of Shanghai and seats him down in his old familiar places to take stock of change and the new material, we get the explanation of the subtle way in which the book keeps in easy touch with two generations. And Harrow will see to it, we think, that the book lasts more generations still, for it is of the sterling stuff compact that English lads are made of, and it bears testimony to the influence of school on the whole of their lives.

THE SECRET CARGO. By J. S. Fletcher. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

Mr. Chandler Wickersham is a young American millionaire of an obliging and unsuspicious nature. He has decided to take a long voyage on his yacht, with St. Petersburg as his ultimate objective, and to him comes a friend who he knows as Madame Bordelaine, with a long story. She tells him that she is really the Princess Sergius Paulovitch, an exile and revolutionary. Her husband had fled to the United States with her and had died there. But in his youth he had been a friend of the Czar, who had promised him that whatever happened his heart should be buried in the soil of Holy Russia. Madame Bordelaine presents Wickersham with a casket and informs him that it contains the heart of her husband. The unsuspecting young man consents to deliver it into the hands of the Czar in person, and starts on his trip. All goes well until the yacht reaches Great Yarmouth, where the casket disappears. In despair Wickersham engages the services of Campenhaye, the famous English detective, who, with his indefatigable assistant Killingley, is soon on the scene. The remainder of this story then follows lines which are not strikingly out of the common, but it is none the less intriguing and readable. Mr. J. S. Fletcher can do this sort of thing very well, and in some of its minor details "The Secret Cargo" betrays a hand considerably more skilled than that of the average writer of detective fiction.

Photo by Will Cadby, Bow Green, Kent. **Mr. Arnold Lunn.**

THE GOLDEN WOMAN. By Ridgwell Cullum. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

It is a matter for some doubt whether Mr. Ridgwell Cullum has chosen the best title for his new novel, in spite of the fact that here, in England, the open, free, irresponsible life of the prairie and mining districts of Western Canada is often alluded to as life in the Land of the Golden West. The truth is "The Golden Woman" to many persons will suggest a story or a musical comedy with a light and sparkling setting, whereas Mr. Cullum is nothing in this latest work of his if he is not virile and vocal and strenuous, painting his scenes in strong, convincing colours and making his characters live and move with all their instincts and emotions aflame with primitive power. Indeed, this is the weakness of his construction. He makes the pace for himself much too hot at the start,

CASSELL'S LATEST FICTION

Ready September 11th.

The White Gate

Warwick Deeping. **6s.**

The story of "the way of a man with a maid"—a strong-souled man; a crushed, hopeless maid cursed with a mother "with a past" and unwholesome reputation and ways. How Richard Skelton in his masterful manner wooed and won Constance Brent, forced her to learn how to live when she only wished to die, evolved a charming womanhood from a depressingly morbid girlhood, forms a delightful story.

Ready September 4th.

The Spirit of the West

Joseph Hocking. **3s. 6d.**

The story of a busy journalist from Fleet Street, who flies to Cornwall for the rest London denies him. He finds it there; finds, too, the loose threads of his own life being carefully drawn together by kindly Fate in the person of the beautiful Thirza, the product of the Romance of the Delectable Duchy.

Just Published.

Peter Piper

D. Egerton Jones. **6s.**

The heroine of this brilliant first novel is "Peter Piper," a girl brought up as a boy by her father in the back-blocks of Australia until the age of eighteen, when she for the first time dons feminine clothing, and is launched in society as a young lady of means and rare beauty.

Ready September 4th.

Magpie House

Andrew Soutar. **6s.**

This story concerns itself with the chivalry of a husband who accumulates a fortune in finance, only to devote it entirely to the cure of his wife's affliction; and with the still greater chivalry of his brother, the simple Downs giant, who "stalks stupidly, yet heroically, through life," singing, laughing, fighting other people's battles, and sacrificing himself again and again in the service of the woman whom he regards with such rare and lofty admiration.

Ready September 28th.

Prairie Fires

Annie S. Swan. **6s.**

One of the most stirring of all her stories. Although the opening scene is laid in England, this soon shifts to Canada, and the author tries to show just what life on the prairie means to the Englishwoman of the middle classes. She shows the hardships and the tragedy of the life, but she also depicts the success that will come to the woman with plenty of grit, perseverance, and faith.

Just Published.

The Grey Countess

Theo Douglas. **6s.**

In this new volume the author, turning to modern times, places the plot in a milieu of Russian political intrigue, woven round the adventures of a literary man and his masseuse lady-love.

CASSELL & CO., LTD., LA BELLE SAUVAGE, LONDON, E.C.

A new novel by S. Macnaughtan the famous author of "A Lame Dog's Diary" "The Expensive Miss Du Cane" etc.

Hodder & Stoughton. 6/-

Alaska again! Rex Beach the famous western novelist returns to the scene of his greatest successes in "The Iron Trail"

Hodder & Stoughton 6/-

and hence we can never forget those first memorable scenes in which old Mercy Lascelles plays the crystal in her lap till, stung by the bitterness of her recollections of her loveless youth, she turns suddenly and swiftly on her niece, and tells her what is written in the globe: "The storm of disaster that brought you into the world will dog your footsteps. You are cursed with the luck that leads to disaster. Wherever you go men will bless your name, and, almost in the same breath their blessings shall be turned to the direst curses. I tell you you are a leper, a pariah, whom all men, for their own safe guarding, must shun." And the girl says truly, "The burden Fate has imposed upon me is too great. I am going to change my name and cover up my tracks." And she does that, and that is the theme of the book—for she is "The Golden Woman," but never again does she touch equally tragic heights.

THE WOOINGS OF JEZEBEL PETTYFER. By Haldane Macfall. 6s. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

Mr. Haldane Macfall is known as an art critic; as the author of several brilliant books on art and letters, and of two novels, "The Wooings of Jezebel Pettyfer," and "The Masterfolk," and if these two last are not the most remarkable of his works, they are none the less among the most remarkable novels of recent years. This new and carefully revised reissue of his first book reminds one of the deservedly fine things that were said of it on its first appearance and of the instant success it achieved with the reading public of a decade or more ago. It is a wonderfully intimate and realistic tale of the West Indies, written from the personal acquaintance Mr. Macfall made with the place and its people when he held a commission in a West Indian regiment,and its vivid, minutely faithful pictures of negro character alone make it a book of more than common merit. But beyond this it unfolds an excellent story of the life of one negro in particular, in all his relations with the men and women of his own colour and of the dominant white race, and it works out a great ethical problem fearlessly, with humour and pathos and mordant irony. Mr. Macfall's creed is that though celibacy is nearly as harmful to the race as promiscuity, "the man who lives chastely and faithful to his mate, is of the elect, and the nation that holds his like holds the dominion over the world." He enforces this view ably, cunningly, with a ripe narrative skill and understanding of humanity. His psychological study of an average West Indian negro is clever and subtle, and the powerful story he weaves about him, revealing the superstitions, the good nature, the broad humour and non-moral character of his kind, touched with gayest lights and sombre shadows, is everywhere alive with interest. We welcome this new edition of an original and striking book and look to see a large access to the number of its readers.

The Bookman's Table.

THE NEW FORESTERS. By William Caine. 5s. net. (Nisbet.)

Mr. Caine has all the affinity of his namesake for the wild things of nature, and this book of his is filled with what in no offensive sense we know as paganism. It is full of sheer enjoyment of air and field, byway and woodland, especially woodland. It conducts us by divers and devious ways about the New Forest, and does it all in its own sweet way. It introduces us to Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, which gives it the character of an actual record; but it also introduces us to a woodland faun, which again promotes it to the ranks of fiction. But the author does not play as deftly with his faun as Mr. Charles Sims did in a certain academy picture, and not infrequently his method encumbers his material. He mentions a pair of riding-breeches, and then takes up a page of paragraphs in telling us needlessly how they would have affected him had he been a Buddhist, a Christian Scientist, or any other of half-a-dozen choice religions. This is whimsicality run riot, especially as the incident is slight and the sprinkling of humour wears thin.

CHAPTERS AT THE ENGLISH LAKES. By the Rev. H. D. Rawnsley. With 10 Illustrations. 5s. net. (Maclehose.)

ODD CORNERS IN ENGLISH LAKELAND. By William T. Palmer. With 15 Illustrations. 2s. 6d. net. (Skeffington.)

With the exception of London, the Lake District has probably given rise to more books than any other part of Great Britain, but that there are still fresh topics of which to treat is proved agreeably by Canon Rawnsley's latest book. Here the author has collected a number of random chapters on the picturesque and historical aspects of portions of the district, together with longer biographical sketches dealing with Dickens in Cumberland and at the Lake District, Coleridge at the Lakes, and the Life and Death of John Wordsworth, the poet's younger brother. It goes almost without saying that readers of Canon Rawnsley's "Chapters" will find themselves in the best of company.

Mr. Palmer is more of a guide, and one of the main purposes of his really excellent little book is to give hints for excursions to "those who are not physically fit for hard walking and climbing, yet who have a keen desire to see the country outside the little mesh of much-advertised routes." The book also contains rather sketchier and less useful, but none the less attractive, chapters on other aspects of the Lake District, and particularly on its sport. It is written in a concise and workmanlike manner, and though it may not appeal particularly to the general reader, every visitor to Lakeland will find it indispensable. Of its kind it is entirely admirable.

IN PRAISE OF WINCHESTER. By A. Audrey Locke. 5s. net. (Constable.)

And we have only praise for Miss Locke. It was to be supposed that in compiling such a book on Winchester there would be no lack of material; the difficulty would presumably lie in laying one's hand on it and in helping us to do the same. The few words which Miss Locke scatters about the book, as she marshals her multitudinous host, are worthy of Mr. E. V. Lucas. And, apart from the citizens and students of Winchester, these pages will appeal, one thinks, to all those who care to live for awhile in the intimacy of a grand old town. Thomas Hardy is only the latest of her inspired singers, and, by the way, we will not quarrel with Miss Locke for including a certain amount of rather moderate verse, since the object of this book would not be served if some beloved but bad poets were omitted. Apparently it is not within the scope of this series to include old maps and plans; but if an illustrated edition of this book is called for there would be old maps enough. Would it not be pleasant to have a book by this gifted and humorous lady on the country which surrounds Winchester, with its memories of Jane Austen? This is the way in which antiquaries should present their labours; this is the way in which life may be breathed into such of the ancient records as are dead and shrivelled. It seems to us that if Sir Walter Besant, whose best fiction was done in collaboration, had in his topographical works been able to collaborate with Miss Locke, it would have been a blessing for all of us. Now and then we are left gasping, as when Miss Locke invites us to "see various chroniclers" in order to share the belief that Edgar was not crowned in Winchester Castle. We will not judge between Miss Locke and Mr. John Wooll, who asserted the contrary in 1793. We came to praise, and that is our pleasure.

AN IRISH GENTLEMAN: GEORGE HENRY MOORE. By His Son, Colonel Maurice George Moore, C.B. ihm. Foreword by George Moore. 16s. net. (Werner Laurie.)

This is one of the raciest, most entertaining biographies we have read for a long time. George Henry Moore was an Irish gentleman who devoted his life to travel, racing and politics, and cut a considerable figure in each of them. He was a man of marked individuality: generous, reckless, passionate—his life was full of interest and excitement, and

Ready Immediately. 2/6 net.

THE PLAIN MAN AND HIS WIFE

By

ARNOLD BENNETT

Author of
"The Old Wives' Tale," "Mental Efficiency,"
"How to Live on 24 Hours a Day,"
"The Human Machine," "Literary Taste."

THE plain man is the average decent, sensible, well-meaning citizen, who lives honestly and works hard—who, indeed, is apt to work a little too hard, and thus misses much of the pleasure of life that he works in the hope of giving himself. For such men Mr. Arnold Bennett has written a book of the shrewdest, kindliest, happiest worldly wisdom, and if they do not buy it for themselves their wives should take care to buy it for them. . . . It is safe to say that "The Plain Man and His Wife" is the most brilliant book of this kind that Mr. Bennett has written, and likely to prove the most popular.

HODDER & STOUGHTON, Publishers, London.

SOME FINE NEW BOOKS

THE REAL SOUTH AFRICA
By AMBROSE PRATT
With an Introduction by the Rt. Hon. Andrew Fisher
30 columns of reviews of this book have appeared in the leading British Journals, and it has been called "one of the most remarkable" and "the most important book of the Season."
In demy 8vo. Cloth, with map and illustrations. 10/6 net

An eagerly awaited novel by the Author of "Barriers" is now ready

ANNE OF THE MARSHLAND
By the Hon. Mrs. JULIAN BYNG 6/-

Also a powerful new novel by GERTRUDE HOLLIS

READ **LOVE'S VICTORY**
Shows the triumph of a strong man's love and sacrifice over a materialistic woman and of her conversion to his ideal

LOVE AND MY LADY
SYBIL CAMPBELL LETHBRIDGE

THE WINNING OF GWENORA
EDITH C. KENYON ("The New Allen Raine")

DAFFODIL'S LOVE AFFAIRS
LOUISE STACPOOLE-KENNY

Ready September 10th

THE BOOMERANG
By E. KATHARINE BATES
Miss Bates' many followers should order this at once to prevent disappointment

A Work of Love
Colonel J. S. F. MACKENZIE'S wonderful little book
How to know

WILD FLOWERS AT A GLANCE
SIMPLE. INTERESTING. ACCURATE. *Complete*
The author's wish was to have the book produced at a low price, within the reach of all, so that everyone might be enabled to know the beautiful Wild Flowers at a glance. Thousands have responded, thus proving the usefulness of the author's work. 7d. paper. 1s. cloth

By the same author. 5/- net

HOW TO KNOW BRITISH ORCHIDS
With many large coloured plates

MAIDS IN A MARKET GARDEN
By CLO. GRAVES
("Richard Dehan" Author of the "Dop Doctor")
Cloth. Illustrated. 2/- net

1/- NOVELS
THE RED ROSETTE. H. W. C. Newte
LOVE AND A WOMAN. Charlotte Mansfield
THE BEAUTY SHOP. Daniel Woodroffe
LIKE STARS THAT FALL (life on the stage) W. Gallichan

7d. net. Cloth
JUNGLE TALES By B. M. Croker

6d. paper
TEARS OF DESIRE Coralie Stanton and Heath Hosken
THE MYSTERY OF BLACKSTONE MINE
Edith C. Kenyon ("The New Allen Raine")

POST FREE. WRITE FOR BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED LIST Now in the Press (30 illustrations). POST FREE.

Gives important Announcements for all LIBRARY SUBSCRIBERS, &c.

HOLDEN & HARDINGHAM. ADELPHI. LONDON

his story accordingly makes very varied and lively reading. He began well by falling in love with a lady of whom his parents disapproved; but he deferred to them sufficiently to consent to go abroad and get away from the lady and forget her. His wanderings took him through Russia, Egypt, Persia, Syria, and in the Syrian desert the lady, who had gone in pursuit, overtook him. He fought his share of duels; was the keenest of sportsmen, and withal developed into one of the best of Irish landlords. Later he went into Parliament, and so gives Colonel Moore occasion for an admirable account of Irish politics between 1846 and 1870. It is mainly for its vivid and attractive picture of an uncommon and delightful personality, for its piquant anecdotes, and its sketches of life in Ireland during the middle years of last century, that "An Irish Gentleman" will be read, but it is also a book that students of nineteenth-century Irish social and political history cannot afford to overlook. Colonel Moore is to be congratulated on a valuable and distinctly clever biography. His brother, the famous novelist, contributes a whimsical, very characteristic preface, and the volume is illustrated with several excellent portraits and sketches.

Colonel Maurice George Moore, C.B.

Frontispiece portrait from "An Irish Gentleman" (Werner Laurie).

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. CONSTABLE & CO.

There is something fascinating in the mere name of "The Border." The borders of every country have been the nurseries of chivalry, but none more so than the "Debatable Land," the chosen home of ballad and romance. There is a continuous record of raid and foray for something like three centuries and it is this attractive by-way of history that Mr. Howard Pease opens up for us in his scholarly account of **The Lord Wardens of the Marches of England and Scotland** (10s. 6d. net). The author naturally had to eschew the more popular aspects of his subject, but the actual records which he cites are full of matter as attractive as it is valuable. Striking personalities emerge, including some of the best-known names in Scottish history. The work is finely produced, and is one that will be eagerly welcomed both by the scholar and the antiquary.

Mr. Shaw, of course, lends himself admirably to quotation, and in this book of **Selected Passages from the Works of Bernard Shaw** (5s. net), Mrs. Charlotte F. Shaw gives us a delightful olla-podrida of wit, philosophy, humour and satire from his novels, plays, pamphlets, essays and letters. The extracts are well chosen and well arranged, and a full table of contents makes them all easy of reference. Here you have duly classified Mr. Shaw's opinions on actors, art, anarchy, the Bible, Bunyan, Heaven, Hell, Home Rule, Ibsen, Marriage, Money, Poverty, Prayer, Romance, Shakespeare, Snobs, Style, Woman, Work, and over a hundred other subjects. It is the very quintessence of Shaw; the best of him in all his moods—but it is needless to say more of such a volume than that it is an excellent compendium of the wisest and wittiest things that have been written by one of the wisest and wittiest of living authors.

MESSRS. WILLIAM DAWSON & SONS, LTD.

Smith, of **One Smith,** by G. Murray Johnstone (3s. 6d.), is a soldier with a modest manner and a happy gift of spinning a yarn in homely but vivid style. It is good to sit with him in the store or by the camp fire and, over pipes and glasses, hear him recall with picturesque firsthand touches his experiences of love and war in turbulent South Africa. A born rover, Smith will tell you how he found the call of the purple blue kopjes irresistible, and how when the fighting, or "the fun" as he calls it, began he just had to be there. The story entitled "Little Jacob" gives a realistic and moving picture of the bitterness of war "in a country where in the peace days you had an open door to all the farms and knew every pretty gal in the district. It comes home to you when you ride up to a place and find the door shut in your face, and a rifle barrel pointing at you through the window." In "The Lone Valley" the feelings of a soldier face to face with death are described with forceful simplicity, while another story depicts with equal intensity the agony of witnessing a fellow soldier publicly disgraced and dismissed the regiment. The gentler sex play an important part in some of Smith's entertaining yarns, and altogether Mr. Johnstone's book is a most agreeable contribution from South Africa.

MESSRS. HODDER & STOUGHTON.

It is a most pleasant recipe for making a book. Ingredients: A girl, a journey, a few friends, a great number of acquaintances. Mingle these together, adding descriptions, experiences, perhaps a slight adventure or two, a *soupçon* of love, and serve with a flippant style. Miss O. Douglas's skill has, with these materials, produced a most readable chronicle, **Olivia in India** (6s.). The result—to drop the "recipe" metaphor—is a book which not only amuses, but teaches us more about real everyday social life in India than half a hundred lectures could do. On board ship, at Calcutta, in the jungle, in the train, Olivia is an observant and cheerful companion, and we were genuinely sorry when her journey was ended.

MR. FRANK PALMER.

Numberless readers will approve of **Maida's Little Shop,** by Inez Haynes Gillmore (3s. 6d. net). Children and simple-hearted grown persons will be equally delighted with it, for it offers a kind of Christmas-card sentiment, presented with a crisp American combination of reality and idealism. In the first chapter Maida is a weary uninterested little girl, languid and ill, with a multi-millionaire for a father, and two clever men for friends. To rouse the child and save her from fading out of existence they make her a little shopkeeper in Primrose Court, where she gains friends and health at the same time. In the last chapter all is well, and a magnificent Christmas party leaves every one happy. It is a simple, cheery little tale.

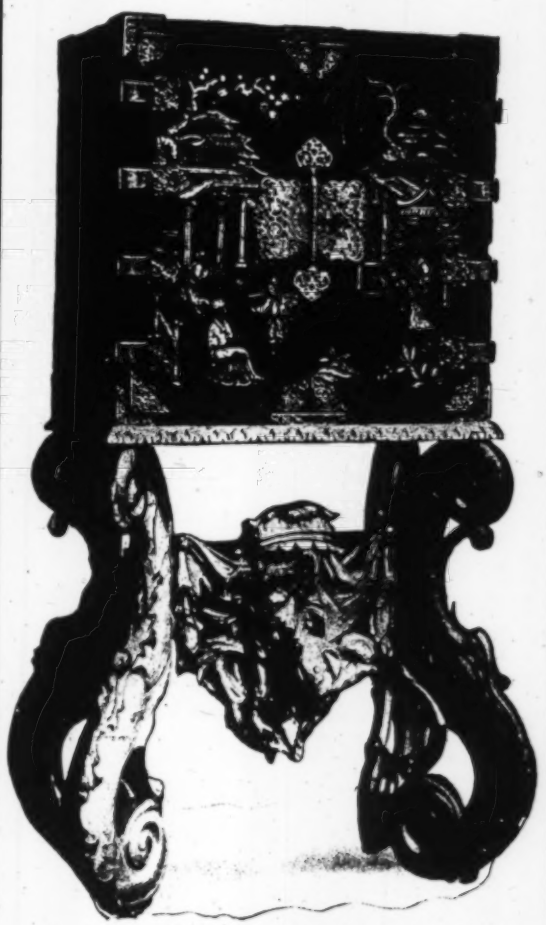
MESSRS. WARD, LOCK & CO.

Hidden Lives (6s.), the title which Mr. E. R. Punshon has given to his recent book, is not at all untruthful. From the very first chapter, which tells how an escaping convict was rescued and sheltered by an apparently respectable member of society, to a point near the end, you cannot possibly tell what is going to happen next—nor, we must confess, when it does happen, can you always understand the motives underlying it. Nevertheless, it is quite a good yarn as sensational stories go, and it has an attractive heroine, while the ruthless hero is of a type which is novel but not altogether sympathetic. There are some really blood-curdling situations.

XUM

GILL & REIGATE LTD.
THE SOHO GALLERIES.

ANTIQUES & REPRODUCTIONS.



A genuine old Green Lacquer Cabinet, on gilt stand, of exceptional quality.

Old Lacquer Furniture

We invite inspection of several exceptionally fine pieces of Old Lacquer Furniture, including a Pair of Louis XVI Cabinets with Genuine Chinese Incised Lacquer Panels of the Ming Period; a 12-fold Chinese Incised Lacquer Screen; Wardrobe with Chinese Incised Lacquer Panel Doors, etc., etc.

We shall be pleased to forward post free, photographs and full particulars of any of the pieces in this Collection, upon receipt of details of requirements.

Booklet "E27" Post free upon application.

73–85, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

Globe-Wernicke
Elastic Bookcases

being built of 'Units' it is a very easy matter to arrange them in various ways to suit the style of room and space available.

The Illustration shows just one method of building up a Globe-Wernicke "Elastic" Bookcase. The Desk Unit (which is entirely optional) is greatly appreciated by all who like to have writing materials and books at hand.

PACKING FREE. Orders of £2 CARRIAGE PAID to any Goods Station in the BRITISH ISLES.

The Globe-Wernicke Co.

Office and Library Furnishers,

44, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

82, Victoria Street, S.W. 98, Bishopsgate, E.C.

Balkan Peace Treaty signed Aug. 10th with

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

Another Historic Triumph for this world-famous Fountain Pen

The Treaty was signed with Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pens belonging to Dr. Dillon, the distinguished Special Correspondent of a London Newspaper, who supplied, as he explains, the media for the signature of the Treaty of Portsmouth in 1905 between Japan and Russia and the Treaty of London of May 30th last between Turkey and the Allies.

Four Styles—Regular, Safety, Pump-Filling and Self-Filling, with numerous designs in each.

In Silver and Gold for Presentation. Of Stationers, Jewellers, &c. Booklet free from L. & C. HARDTMUTH, LTD., Koh i-noor House, Kingsway, London. (New York: 173, Broadway. Paris: 6 Rue de Hanovre. Brussels: 14 Rue Pont-Neuf. Vienna, Milan, Dresden, Zurich, Barcelona.

WARD, LOCK & CO.'S

POPULAR 6/- FICTION

At all Libraries and Booksellers.

THE OPENING DOOR Justus Miles Forman

LEILA AND HER LOVER Max Pemberton

EXPIATION E. Phillips Oppenheim

THE RIVER OF STARS Edgar Wallace

AVERNO Bertram Mitford

UNDER THE BLACK EAGLE A. W. Marchmont

SOULS IN PAWN (4th Edition.) Lindsay Russell

UNTIL SEVENTY TIMES SEVEN L. G. Moberly

LORD STRANLEIGH ABROAD Robert Barr

THE SECOND CHANCE Paul Trent

FINE HOLIDAY FICTION.

SEE THE SEPTEMBER

WINDSOR

GERTRUDE PAGE - - - "The Pathway"

HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE - "The Home-Coming"

C. G. D. ROBERTS - "The Runners of the High Peaks"

G. B. LANCASTER - - "Between Four Dances"

ALBERT KINROSS - "The Fortunes of Virginia Bright"

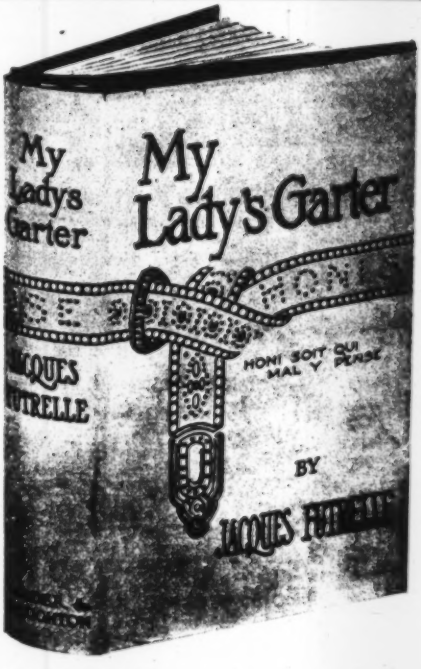
WALTER CROTCH (Founder of the Dickens Fellowship)
"The Lawyers of Dickens."

MANY FINELY ILLUSTRATED FEATURES.

WARD, LOCK & CO., Ltd., Salisbury Square, London, E.C.

It is several years since Booth Tarkington, the famous author of "Monsieur Beaucaire" published a new novel and there can be no doubt that "The Flirt" will be in great demand.

Hodder & Stoughton 6/-



The most ingenious and best written story Jacques Futrelle ever wrote. It concerns the disappearance of a jewelled garter from the British Museum.

Hodder & Stoughton 6/-

Messrs. METHUEN'S AUTUMN ANNOUNCEMENTS.

GENERAL LITERATURE

OUR ETERNITY. By MAURICE MAETERLINCK. Translated by A. TEIXEIRA DE MATTOS. With a Photogravure Frontispiece after G. F. WATTS "Hope." Fcap. 8vo. Gilt top. 5s. net.
A much enlarged version of "Death," with an exhaustive enquiry into the communication between the living and the dead, re-incarnation, etc. A book which will appeal to an immense circle of readers.

LONDON LAVENDER. By E. V. LUCAS, Author of "Mr. Ingleside." New and Cheaper Edition. Fcap. 8vo. Gilt top. 5s.

LOITERER'S HARVEST. A New Volume of Essays. By E. V. LUCAS. Fcap. 8vo. Gilt top. 5s.

THE CHILDREN'S BLUE BIRD. By GEORGETTE LEBLANC (Madame Maurice Maeterlinck). Translated by A. TEIXEIRA DE MATTOS, and illustrated by A. ROTHENSTEIN. Fcap. 4to. Gilt top. 5s. net.
A simple story and interpretation.

THE WIND IN THE WILLOWS. By KENNETH GRAHAME, Author of "The Golden Age." A New Edition. With 8 Illustrations in Colour by PAUL BRANSOM. Wide Crown 8vo. Gilt top. 7s. 6d. net.

RUBÁIYÁT OF OMAR KHAYYÁM. Translated by EDWARD FITZGERALD. With a Frontispiece in Colour and 75 Illustrations in Monotone by E. J. SULLIVAN, A.R.W.S. Crown 4to. Gilt top. 15s. net.

THE OPEN ROAD. By E. V. LUCAS. With 16 Illustrations in Colour by CLAUDE A. SHEPPERSON. Crown 4to. Gilt top. 15s. net.

WILLIAM OF GERMANY. By STANLEY SHAW, LL.D. With a Frontispiece in Photogravure. Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.
A record of the Emperor's life in which special chapters are devoted to his Court and his relations to Art and Religion. A brilliant story of a great personality.

A FAIR CONSPIRATOR: Marie de Rohan, Duchesse de Chevreuse. By H. NOEL WILLIAMS, Author of "The Love Affairs of the Condés." With a Frontispiece in Photogravure and 16 other Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 15s. net.

THE EMPRESSES OF CONSTANTINOPLE. By JOSEPH MCCABE, Author of "The Empresses of Rome." With 8 Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.

MY PEOPLE. By Her Highness THE RANÉE OF SARÁWAK. With a Frontispiece Portrait and other Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 12s. 6d. net.

FANCIES, FASHIONS, AND FADS. By RALPH NEVILL. With a Frontispiece. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.

THE SAILORS WHOM NELSON LED. By EDWARD FRASER, Author of "The Soldiers whom Wellington Led." With 12 Illustrations and 4 Maps. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

ENGLAND IN THE LATER MIDDLE AGES (1272-1485). By KENNETH H. VICKERS, M.A., Professor of Modern History in the University of Durham. With 4 Maps. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.
[*Oman's History of England.*

ENGLAND SINCE WATERLOO (1815-1900). By J. A. R. MARRIOTT, Lecturer and Tutor in Modern History and Economics at Worcester College, Oxford. With 10 Maps. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.
[*Oman's History of England.*

THE SIX PANICS AND OTHER ESSAYS. By F. W. HIRST, Editor of *The Economist*. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

AVIATION. By ALGERNON E. BERRIMAN, M.I.A.E., A.F.Aë.S., Technical Editor of *Flight*. With 20 Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.
The best authority of the day explains the principles of flight and the functions performed by the various parts of the aeroplane. The only scientific and complete book on the subject.

THE COMPLETE ATHLETIC TRAINER. By S. A. MUSSABINI. With many diagrams and 20 Plates. Demy 8vo. 5s. net.
[*Complete Series.*
This book explains all the details which go to make the finished article in athletic sports. Everything is described and it is indispensable to all who are interested in English Athleticism.

THE COMPLETE BOXER. By G. J. BOHUN LYNCH (Captain of Oxford University Boxing Club, 1905). With a Preface by the EARL OF LONSDALE. With 16 Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 5s. net.
[*Complete Series.*

THE BOOK OF THE BALL: An Account of What it Does and Why. (Cricket, football, golf, baseball, tennis, lawn tennis, pelota, polo, fives, pallone, racquets, hockey, lacrosse, croquet, bowls, squash, badminton, billiards). By A. E. CRAWLEY. With 80 Diagrams and Plates. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

THE CITIES OF ROMAGNA AND THE MARCHES. By EDWARD HUTTON. With 12 Illustrations in Colour by FRANK CRISP, 12 other Illustrations and a Map. Crown 8vo. 6s.
Another of Mr. Hutton's famous books on travel, dealing with Ravenna, Bologna, and other famous and romantic towns and districts.

THE BOOKLOVER'S LONDON. By A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK. With 20 Black and White Drawings by FREDERICK ADCOCK. Crown 8vo. 6s. net.
The author recalls the memory of the great writers who have lived in London and have peopled it with their men and women. It is descriptive and anecdotal.

A NATURALIST IN WESTERN CHINA. By ERNEST H. WILSON, V.M.H. With an Introduction by Prof. C. S. SARGENT. With a Map and 100 Illustrations. Two Volumes. Demy 8vo. 30s. net.
A splendid book by a great botanist famous all over the world. Mr. Wilson has introduced more shrubs and flowers to Europe than any other traveller living or dead.

THE DIVERSIONS OF A NATURALIST. By SIR E. RAY LANKESTER, F.R.S., Author of "Science from an Easy Chair." With a Frontispiece in Colour and other Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 6s.
Another book by this famous author, uniform with that most successful work, "Science from an Easy Chair."

FICTION

THE JUDGMENT HOUSE. By SIR GILBERT PARKER, Author of "The Seats of the Mighty." Crown 8vo. 6s.
A magnificently dramatic story of England and South Africa.

THE WAY OF AMBITION. By ROBERT HICHENS, Author of "The Garden of Allah." Crown 8vo. 6s.
A brilliant story of London and North Africa.

THE REGENT. By ARNOLD BENNETT, Author of "Clayhanger." Crown 8vo. 6s.
The famous "Card" is re-introduced and his adventures described in Mr. Bennett's most buoyant spirit.

CHANCE. By JOSEPH CONRAD, Author of "The Nigger of the 'Narcissus.'" Crown 8vo. 6s.
A strange and fascinating story of human passion and disaster. The Sea is in the book.

THE GOVERNOR OF ENGLAND. By MARJORIE BOWEN, Author of "I Will Maintain." Crown 8vo. 6s.
A dramatic story of Oliver Cromwell from the beginning of the Civil War to the Great Protector's death.

THE LODGER. By MRS. BELLOC LOWNDES. Crown 8vo. 6s.
A thrilling story of an unsolved mystery of crime.

THE WAY HOME. By the Author of "The Wild Olive." Crown 8vo. 6s.
An engrossing story of a sinner—his life and his death. One of the deepest problems of religion is here introduced.

THE GOLDEN BARRIER. By AGNES AND EGERTON CASTLE, Authors of "If Youth but Knew." Crown 8vo. 6s.
Here the authors solve the problem of a marriage which beginning in unhappiness passes through a conflict of will to happy peace.

THE FLYING INN. By G. K. CHESTERTON. Crown 8vo. 6s.
A romance and comedy of the time when all Western Europe has been conquered by the abstaining Moslems. It tells the story of the last Innkeeper.

THE MORNING'S WAR. By C. E. MONTAGUE, Author of "A Hind Let Loose." Crown 8vo. 6s.
The love story of a young Anglo-Irish man and woman—brilliantly written.

BELOW STAIRS. By MRS. A. SIDGWICK, Author of "Lamorna." Crown 8vo. 6s.
An unusual book, being the story of a domestic servant—her work, her love affairs and her outlook.

THE SEA CAPTAIN. By H. C. BAILEY, Author of "The Lonely Queen." Crown 8vo. 6s.
A fine and bracing tale of the great days of Elizabeth.

SANDY MARRIED. By DOROTHEA CONYERS, Author of "Sally." Crown 8vo. 6s.
A rollicking story of Irish sport.

THE SECOND-CLASS PASSENGER. By PERCEVAL GIBBON, Author of "Margaret Harding." Crown 8vo. 6s.
Impressive stories by an author whom "Punch" has called "One of the best living short story writers."

THE REMINGTON SENTENCE. By W. PETT RIDGE, Author of "Devoted Sparkes." Crown 8vo. 6s.
The adventures of a country family in town, told in Mr. Pett Ridge's happy and vivacious manner.

THE SUMMER LADY. By Mrs. GEORGE NORMAN, Author of "Lady Fanny." Crown 8vo. 6s.
A graceful romance somewhat after the style of the "Cardinal's Snuff Box."

THE LITTLE NUGGET. By P. G. WODEHOUSE. Crown 8vo. 6s.
The adventures of a millionaire's son, whom all the world attempts to kidnap.

THE TWO KISSES. By OLIVER ONIONS, Author of "Good Boy Seldom." Crown 8vo. 6s.
The story of a woman artist in which the life of the studios is shown as it is lived by women.

THE HARROVIANS. By ARNOLD LUNN. Crown 8vo. 6s.
The most truthful story of school life ever published. This is the real thing, and not a sentimental make believe.

THE WHITE THREAD. By ROBERT HALIFAX, Author of "A Whistling Woman." Crown 8vo. 6s.
A story of working class life, with a heroine who will endear herself to all.

THE ROMANCE OF A FEW DAYS. By PUTNAM WEALE, Author of "The Revolt." Crown 8vo. 6s.
The romantic adventures of a young Englishman in Moscow are here described.

TIDE MARKS. By MARAGRET WESTRUP (Mrs. W. Sydney Stacey), Author of "Elizabeth in Retreat." Crown 8vo. 6s.
A story of love and Cornwall.

WHAT IS LOVE? By DAVID LISLE, Author of "A Painter of Souls," "A Kingdom Divided." Crown 8vo. 6s.
An intimate story of theatre life in Paris.

MAN AND WOMAN. By L. G. MOBERLY. Crown 8vo. 6s.
A story of a woman who once believed that man is the enemy. She was converted.

ONCE OF THE ANGELS. By EVELYN BEACON. Crown 8vo. 6s.
A story on a delicate subject told with devotion and conviction.

THE GATE OF HORN. By BEULAH MARIE DIX. Crown 8vo. 6s.

THE MYSTERY OF DR. FU-MANCHU. By SAX ROHMER. Crown 8vo. 6s.

SWIRLING WATERS. By MAX RITTENBERG, Author of "The Mind Reader." Crown 8vo. 6s.
An exciting story of international finance.

SHALLOWS. By FREDERICK WATSON. Crown 8vo. 6s.
A romance of Jacobite times by a son of Ian Maclaren.

THAT WHICH WAS WRITTEN. By SYBIL CORMACK SMITH. Crown 8vo. 6s.

MISS NOBODY. By ETHEL CARNIE, Author of "Songs of a Factory Girl." Crown 8vo. 6s.
A story of modern working-class life told by one who has an intimate knowledge of it.

STEMPENYU. By "SHALOM ALEICHEM." Translated from the Yiddish by HANNAH BERMAN. Crown 8vo. 6s.

A GODDESS OF STONE. By R. W. WRIGHT HENDERSON, Author of "John Goodchild." Crown 8vo. 6s.

LOVE'S APPRENTICESHIP. By MABEL SPRENT. Crown 8vo. 6s.
A story of a little wild bush girl concerned with the action and re-action between simple and sophisticated life.

KNOCKINSGREEN DAYS. By JACKSON C. CLARK. With 4 Illustrations by A. E. HORNE. Crown 8vo. 6s.
An uproarious story of Irish adventure.

METHUEN & CO., LTD., 36 Essex Street, Strand, London, W.C.

XUM

Interesting Books on Varied Subjects.

¶ THE BEAUTY, HISTORY, ROMANCE AND MYSTERY OF THE CANADIAN LAKE REGION.

By WILFRED CAMPBELL, Author of "Lake Lyrics," "The Dread Voyage," "A Beautiful Rebel," etc. With numerous plates in colour and half-tone. Price 6/-

There is no more beautiful, enchanting and sublime portion of the American continent than the lake region of Canada. Commencing at the Thousand Islands and extending to the extreme western shores of Lake Superior, is a continuous chain of superb lakes and noble waterways, unequalled anywhere in the world for their beauty of fresh-water coast scenery and as a vast highway for inland navigation. "It has long been one of my most cherished dreams," says the author, "to give to the world in some form an account of this region and these lovely and magnificent lakes, so as to celebrate, and perchance to perpetuate in literature not only their unique beauties, but also to chronicle somewhat of the prehistoric and historic tragedy and comedy, and the human vicissitudes which have been associated with this vicinity from the remotest human antiquity to the present day."

¶ WHERE THE SUGAR MAPLE GROWS.

IDYLLS OF A CANADIAN VILLAGE.

By ADELINE M. TESKEY.

Illustrations by J. S. GORDON. Price 6/-

A charming volume of sketches. The author, Adeline M. Teskey, is a resident of Canada and her work will prove a revelation to those persons who claim that Canada has no literature. Miss Teskey has produced in these idylls of a Canadian village something unique in the way of character studies, equal in all respects to the quaint types of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush."

¶ THE BATTLE OF THE PLAINS.

THE GREATEST EVENT IN CANADIAN HISTORY. By J. M. HARPER, Author of "The Montgomery Siege," etc. Price 6/-

The Battle of the Plains of Abraham stands out as a memorable event in the history of the world, being not only the most important event in the history of Canada, but an achievement of the highest moment in the military annals of the British Empire as well. And the celebration of its occurrence on the immediate outskirts of the city of Quebec, by the issue of such a volume as this, cannot but be of interest to the King's subjects in every part of the British possessions.

¶ THE MASTER OF LIFE.

A ROMANCE OF THE FIVE NATIONS AND OF PREHISTORIC MONTREAL.

By W. D. LIGHTHALL, F.R.S.C., Author of "The False Chevalier," etc. Price 6/-

This is a story of woods and waters and prehistoric scenes . . . . . The present book is an attempt to picture the strange ideas of the Red Man's mind, life, and melancholy. It is an aboriginal romance, without a white man in it. The Indian is here represented in the chivalrous and reverent side of his nature. To understand his philosophy it is necessary to remember that he was a mystic; yet he believed one thing firmly, that the whole world of objects was living: nothing to him was inanimate: he himself was but part of a living world, and so were his dreams. And that world had one exquisite and incomparable quality to him in its state of perfect nature—its beauty.

¶ TALES OF THE PORCUPINE TRAILS.

Poems by W. MILTON YORKE. Price 4/-

Mr. Yorke writes with ease, swing, and vigour. There stands out from it all the hardy and hearty ring of the man who knows, the expressiveness of the man who appreciates, the force of the man who is earnest, the fire and freedom of originality, and the enthusiasm of the patriot. . . . . The poems are replete with merit, with character and with genuine interest.

PUBLISHED BY THE MUSSON BOOK COMPANY LIMITED OF TORONTO AND MANSION HOUSE CHAMBERS, QUEEN VICTORIA ST., LONDON, E.C.

A SELECTION FROM

HUTCHINSON & CO.'S

AUTUMN BOOKS.

TWO IMPORTANT TRAVEL BOOKS

The Voice of Africa

Being an account of the travels of the German Inner-African Exploration Expedition during the years 1910-12

By LEO FROBENIUS

Leader of the Expedition

Author of "The Childhood of Man," etc.

With 68 full-page plates, over 200 illustrations in the text and a coloured frontispiece

In 2 large handsome volumes, 28s. *net*

Unknown Mongolia

A Record of Travel and Exploration on Russo-Chinese Borderlands

By DOUGLAS CARRUTHERS

Gold Medallist of the Royal Geographical Society

With three Chapters on Sport by J. H. MILLER, F.Z.S., and an Introduction by

THE RIGHT HON. EARL CURZON OF KEDLESTON, K.G.

With Illustrations on art paper, reproduced from photographs, Panoramas, Diagrams and Maps from original surveys

In 2 vols., square demy 8vo, cloth gilt and gilt top, 24s. *net*

A FINE ART BOOK

The Book of Psalms

With 24 illustrations in colour

By FRANK PAPÉ

In crown 4to, cloth, richly gilt and gilt top, 10s. 6d. *net*

A SUPERB GIFT BOOK FOR CHILDREN

By H. FIELDING HALL

Margaret's Book

By the Author of "The Soul of a People"

In crown 4to (9 × 6¼) cloth richly gilt with burnished edges, boxed, 7s. 6d. *net.*

Beautifully illustrated with 12 Coloured Plates, over 30 Line Drawings, designed title page, end papers and other decorations by CHARLES ROBINSON

America as I Saw It

By Mrs. ALEC TWEEDIE

Author of

In demy 8vo, cloth gilt and gilt top, 16s. *net*

With a photogravure frontispiece and numerous other illustrations, including 13 humorous cartoons, by W. K. Haselden

Italian Yesterdays

By Mrs. HUGH FRASER

Author of "A Diplomatist's Wife in Japan," etc

In demy 8vo, cloth gilt and gilt top, 16s. *net, with numerous illustrations*

TWO IMPORTANT BIOGRAPHIES

Mrs. Jordan: Child of Nature

By PHILIP W. SERGEANT

Author of "Little Jennings and Fighting Dick Talbot," "My Lady Castlemaine," "The Empress Josephine: Napoleon's Enchantress," etc

In demy 8vo, cloth gilt and gilt top, 16s. *net*

With photogravure frontispiece and other illustrations

The Life of James IV

By I. A. TAYLOR

Author of "Mme. Roland," "Queen Hortense and Her Times," etc

With an Introduction by Sir GEORGE DOUGLAS, Bart.

In demy 8vo, cloth gilt and gilt top, 10s. 6d. *net.*

With photogravure frontispiece and other illustrations

A Day in the Moon

By the ABBÉ MOREUX

In crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d. *net*

With 40 illustrations from photographs and drawings by the author

The Errand of Mercy

A History of Ambulance Work upon the Battlefield

By M. MOSTYN BIRD

In crown 8vo, cloth, with illustrations, 3s. 6d. *net*

The Poems of François Villon

Translated by

H. DE VERE STACPOOLE

In f'cap. 4to boards with canvas back, 7s. 6d. *net*

Handsomely printed on fine paper

TWO BOOKS FOR LOVERS OF NATURE

A NEW VOLUME OF

HUTCHINSON'S NATURE LIBRARY

The Courtship of Animals

By W. P. PYCRAFT, A.L.S., F.Z.S.,

Zoological Department, British Museum

Author of "A History of Birds," "Story of Reptile Life," etc

With numerous illustrations on art paper

A NEW VOLUME OF

POCKET NATURE BOOKS

Toadstools and Mushrooms of the Countryside

By EDWARD STEP, F.L.S.

Author of "Wayside and Woodland Blossoms," "Wayside and Woodland Trees," etc

With 8 coloured plates, and 128 other illustrations from photographs on art paper.

London: HUTCHINSON & CO., Paternoster Row, E.C.

MESSRS.

HURST & BLACKETT'S

BOOKS FOR THE AUTUMN

A NEW AND IMPORTANT WORK

By the author of "Hearts of Men," "The Soul of a People," "The World Soul," etc.

THE PASSING of an EMPIRE

By H. FIELDING-HALL

In demy 8vo, cloth gilt, 10s. 6d. *net*

THE APOSTLE OF FREE LABOUR

THE LIFE STORY OF

WILLIAM COLLISON

Founder and General Secretary of the Free Labour Association

Told by HIMSELF

In demy 8vo, cloth gilt, 16s. *net, with portrait and illustrations*

RECOLLECTIONS of an IRISH JUDGE

Press, Bar and Parliament

By M. M'DONNELL BODKIN, K.C.

With Portraits

In demy 8vo, cloth gilt and gilt top, 16s. *net*

AN EMPIRE IN THE MAKING

THROUGH SIBERIA

By R. L. WRIGHT and BASSETT DIGBY

In demy 8vo, cloth gilt, with 70 illustrations, 10s. 6d. *net*

NEW REVISED EDITIONS OF TWO IMPORTANT WORKS

AYLWIN

By THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON

With new matter by the Author

Illustrated with 4 coloured plates, including a portrait of the author, and 16 full-page pictures

In large crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 6s. *net*

By DOUGLAS SLADEN

A NEW EDITION OF

ORIENTAL CAIRO

The City of the Arabian Nights

In demy 8vo, cloth gilt, 7s. 6d.

Illustrated with 63 intimate pictures of life in Oriental Cairo from photographs by the Author, and with the newest map of Cairo

London:

HURST & BLACKETT, Ltd.,

Paternoster House, E.C.

CHATTO & WINDUS'S
NEW 6s. NOVELS FOR THE AUTUMN.

THE SPANISH MARRIAGE
(Aug. 25) By Helen Mary Keynes.

DUST OF THE ROAD
(Aug. 28) By Marjorie Patterson.

LOVE IN THE HILLS
(Sept. 1) By F. E. Penny.

BARBARA OF THE THORN
(Sept. 4) By Netta Syrett.

JUSTICE—SUSPENDED
(Sept. 8) By Richard Marsh.

THE HOUSE OF SEVEN DEVILS
(Sept. 11) By Horace W. C. Newte.

THE PRICE PAID
(Sept. 18) By Effie Adelaide Rowlands.

FAIRFAX AND HIS PRIDE
(Sept. 25) By Marie Van Vorst.

THE DOOR THAT HAS NO KEY
(Oct. 2) By Cosmo Hamilton.

THE YOUNG LOVELL
(Oct. 6) By Ford Madox Hueffer.

PRODIGALS & SONS By John Ayscough.
(Oct. 9)

London: CHATTO & WINDUS, 111 St. Martin's-Lane, W.C.

FROM BELL'S LIST.

VOLUME V. NOW READY.

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF JONATHAN SWIFT

Edited by F. ELRINGTON BALL, Litt.D. With an Introduction by the Right Rev. the BISHOP OF OSSORY. To be completed in 6 Vols. Vols. I.—V. now ready. Vol. VI. in the press. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net. each.

"This is the most important venture in the literary history of our country upon which any publisher is at present engaged."—*Morning Post.*

Just published. Demy 8vo. With a Photogravure Frontispiece from an unpublished Portrait of Horace Walpole, and other Illustrations. 12s. 6d. *net.*

HORACE WALPOLE'S WORLD

A Study of Whig Society under George III.

By ALICE DRAYTON GREENWOOD, Author of "The Hanoverian Queens of England."

"'Horace Walpole's World' is a charming book. Miss Greenwood, who has already placed us in her debt by her volume on the 'Hanoverian Queens,' has written a record of eighteenth century society in England which is quite fascinating, and which, so far as its principal hero is concerned, goes far to redeem a character much maligned by the strictures of Macaulay."—Mr. W. L. COURTNEY in the *Daily Telegraph.*

Just published. Crown 8vo, 6s. net.

THE JEWS OF TO-DAY

By DR. ARTHUR RUPPIN.
Translated from the German by Marjory Bentwich.
With an Introduction by JOSEPH JACOBS, Litt.D.

"Dr. Ruppin's work on the present position of the Jews throughout the world, and the possibilities of their future, has already attracted so much attention that we heartily welcome this admirable translation. . . . The book is of immense value as a patient, exhaustive, and candid examination into a question the importance of which can hardly be exaggerated."—*Outlook.*

LONDON: G. BELL AND SONS, LTD.,
Portugal Street, Kingsway, W.C.

WYMAN & SONS LIMITED

Largest Installation of Monotype and Linotype Machines in the Kingdom
Fine Art Miehle and other Presses for best Bookwork

High-class Rotary Machinery for half-tone printing and quadruple Presses producing 16, 20, 24, 28 and 32 pp. papers at 30,000 per hour, folded

Newspaper, Book
and
General Printers
and Lithographers

Binding Plant complete, including the latest machines for Case-making and Casing-in

Books set up by Monotype, submitted entire in proof, printed and bound complete

BOOKSTALL CONTRACTORS ON LONDON & NORTH WESTERN, GREAT WESTERN AND OTHER RAILWAYS

Wholesale Booksellers and Newsagents :: Railway, Press and General Advertising Contractors

LONDON AND READING

MR. FIFIELD'S NEW LIST.

The Little Wicket Gate. **By Algernon Petworth.** Cloth gilt. **6s.**

"His description of an ideal state is extraordinarily fascinating; it introduces us to a group of characters quite outside our experience, and yet beautifully human."—*Morning Post.*

The Little Wicket Gate. **By Algernon Petworth.** Cloth gilt. **6s.**

"Most interesting allegorical vision. . . . The author has gone to the root of things, and if his imagination has carried him a little beyond practical politics, he has the excuse of obvious sincerity, intellectual courage, and purity of aim."—*Morning Post.*

The Little Wicket Gate. **By Algernon Petworth.** Cloth gilt. **6s.**

"In 'The Little Wicket Gate,' a fresh effort is made to describe the happy land of nowhere. . . . Most of the author's ideas are extremely pleasant."—*The Standard.*

The Little Wicket Gate. **By Algernon Petworth.** Cloth gilt. **6s.**

"The book is one highly to be recommended, both to those who desire a charming story and to those who are interested in an acute analysis of the causes of discontent."—*Yorkshire Observer.*

The Little Wicket Gate. **By Algernon Petworth.** Cloth gilt. **6s.**

"Both for its literary setting and for the high social and moral ideals it aspires to, this modest volume may be most cordially recommended."—*Literary World.*

The Little Wicket Gate. 6s.

The Future Evolution of Man. **By W. Hall Calvert, M.D.**
Cloth gilt. 320 pp. **5s. net, postage 4d.**

"For the biological part of this book we have nothing but praise."—*New Statesman.*

"Many will be struck by the varied and bold lines of reasoning which this gifted medical man brings to bear on his purpose."—*Presbyterian.*

Alps and Sanctuaries of Piedmont and Canton Ticino. **By Samuel Butler.**
New enlarged edition, with extra chapter and index, and 80 illustrations by the author.
Large Cr. 8vo. Cloth gilt. **5s. net, postage 4d.**

"Brims over with the author's swift, mocking laughter. Anyone who wishes to make Butler's acquaintance should begin with this book. In no other did he write with a freer, fuller, more felicitous self-abandonment."—*The Times.*

The Note Books of Samuel Butler.
Large cr. 8vo. 456 pp. Cloth gilt. **6s. net, postage 4d.**
Second Edition.

"They defy summary or analysis, crammed as they are with speculation and wisdom, irony, satire, pranks, quips, and stories."—Walter de la Mare in *Edinburgh Review.*

The Nature of Woman. **By Dr. Lionel Tayler.**
Cr. 8vo. **3s. 6d. net, postage 3d.**

"A profound and valuable study, which no student of modern life should miss."—*English Review.*

Henrik Ibsen: Poet, Mystic and Moralist. **By Henry Rose.**
Cloth gilt. **2s. 6d. net, postage 3d.**

"An interesting study of the spiritual development of Ibsen."—*Athenæum.*

The Plays of Brieux. A Study. **By P. V. Thomas, M.A.** **2s. net.**

On the Truth of Decorative Art. **By Lionel de Fonseka.**
Cloth gilt. **2s. 6d. net, postage 3d.**

Gloom and Gleam. **Poems by Teresa Hooley.** **1s. net.**

(In Preparation.)

The Humour of Homer and other Essays. **By Samuel Butler, with a sketch of the life of Butler by H. F. Jones, and a portrait.**
Cr. 8vo. Cloth gilt. **5s. net.** (Oct. 1).

The Fair Haven. **By Samuel Butler. With preface by R. A. Streatfeild.**
Cr. 8vo. Cloth gilt. **5s. net.** (Oct. 1).

The Tour of a Socialist Round the World. **By W. W. Moodie.**
Cr. 8vo. Cloth gilt. **5s. net.** (Oct. 1).

The Malady of the Ideal. **Essays on Mystics and Mysticism. By Van Wyck Brooks. 2s. net.**
(Oct. 1st).

The Discovery of the Future. **By H. G. Wells. 1s. net.**

London: A. C. FIFIELD, 13, Clifford's Inn, E.C.

STANLEY PAUL'S HOLIDAY NOVELS

REFEREE:—"*An appetising dish.*"

BLACK HONEY
By C. Ranger Gull

DAILY CHRONICLE: "The plot is devised with the ease and concision of a master. An excellently devised surprise. If anybody wishes to enjoy a quiet nap in the same room as a chatterbox, let him lend the latter 'Black Honey'; it may be warranted to absorb the most frivolous."

YORKSHIRE POST: "'Black Honey' must claim a distinctive place."

"A WOMAN'S NOVEL."

BOUND TO BE
By Will Hugo

DAILY NEWS and LEADER: "We imagine that Will Hugo is of the same sex as George Eliot and John Oliver Hobbes. He shows so keen an insight into an ordinary woman's minor morals, the things she 'can't' do and the things she can, the nothings that sting her sharply and the trifles that soothe. 'Bound to Be' stands well out of the crowd of library novels by its whimsicality and its brilliant common sense."

THIRD LARGE EDITION READY

THE HONOUR OF THE CLINTONS
By Archibald Marshall, Author of "Exton Manor," etc.

The THRONE: "A brilliant novel told with the strength and restraint of a master, the interest gripping you at once."

DAILY EXPRESS: "The author is at his highest level; a wholly delightful story."

OBSERVER: "A delightful story."

SPECTATOR says: "Mr. Marshall may be congratulated. His characters are drawn in a most convincing and lifelike manner."

DAILY MAIL: "An admirably contrived story. . . . A happy ending crowns a book that is sure to find a large and delighted public."

A WIFE OUT OF EGYPT
By Norma Lorimer
SECOND EDITION

DAILY TELEGRAPH: "A sound, strong, and really absorbing story. Miss Lorimer knows the secret of construction, an art seldom revealed to a woman."

BOOKSELLER: "Full of interest, and no doubt will attain an immediate and a permanent success among the notable novels of the season."

SCOTSMAN: "A well-constructed, brightly written and interesting novel."

Mr. DOUGLAS SLADEN: "A fine novel."

HUNT THE SLIPPER
By OLIVER MADOX-HUEFFER
(JANE WARDLE),
Author of "The Artistic Temperament."

PALL MALL GAZETTE: "It bubbles with humour. . . . A book one has found impossible to skip."

The CHRISTIAN WORLD: "If ever a novel brimmed over with sheer exuberance of high spirits it is surely 'Hunt the Slipper.' Long may Mr. Hueffer continue to reel off novels with such apparent ease and infectious light-heartedness."

YORKSHIRE POST: "A novel of genuine power."

"Collypots!" as he himself would say—what a life to lead!

THE ADVENTURES OF MORTIMER DIXON
By Alicia Ramsey
According to The TIMES: "Are amazing"

DAILY TELEGRAPH says: "A more entertaining companion one might go far to seek. A thoroughly good story, full of spirit, energy, and good humour. Mortimer Dixon himself should make many friends, for his vigour is infectious and his readiness overpowering. Moreover, he is the best of good fellows, without a touch of 'side' or pretension. 'Gollypots!' as he himself would say—*What a life to lead!*"

CASSERLEY'S WIFE
By Esther Miller

PALL MALL GAZETTE: "Evelyn makes a most human heroine. An admirable novel, and one that cannot fail to be read with intense interest."

GLASGOW HERALD: "This story should certainly serve a useful purpose as a warning to young men."

THE BRAVE BRIGANDS
By May Wynne
Author of "Henry of Navarre,"
74th thousand.

The WORLD: "A most excellent plot, which holds the reader enthralled from first to last. Miss Wynne rises here to heights which she has hardly reached hitherto."

Other Successful Novels Now Ready, 6/- each

THE HORRIBLE MAN	(Mrs. Harrod)	**Frances Forbes-Robertson**
THE UNWORTHY PACT	(Author of "Exotic Martha")	**Dorothea Gerard**
BRINETA AT BRIGHTON	(Author of "Maggie of Margate")	**Gabriel Wodni**
DEFIANT DIANA	(Author of "The Price of Friendship")	**E. Everett-Green**

STANLEY PAUL & CO., 31, Essex St., London

READERS OUT OF REACH

of a good local bookseller, or who live abroad, are asked to write direct to London for their books, which will be sent by *return of post*, at lowest cash prices, on receipt of remittance with order.

German or French Books (if not obtainable in London) are posted to customers direct from Leipsic or Paris by my agents there, thus saving postage.

LONDON AGENT FOR LIBRARIES ABROAD.

ESTABLISHED 1851

Subscription Newspaper and Periodical Agency for British and Foreign Publications.

List of 1600 Subscription Rates free on application.

CATALOGUES SENT POST FREE

1. **Reference Book Catalogue** of 146 pp. of Standard Literature.
2. **Remainder Catalogue** of over 1000 Titles of Publishers' Remainders, in good condition as issued, at from 30% to 80% off published prices. (Out of print till September.)
3. **List of Pocket Editions and 7d. Novels.**
4. **Price List of Subscription Rates** for British Periodicals abroad, with a selection of the most popular American, French, German, and Spanish periodicals.

ALFRED WILSON

Export and Retail Bookseller

18-19 GRACECHURCH STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Telephone: 7463 Central.

Bankers: London County & Westminster (Lombard Street).

A NEW SERIES OF BEAUTIFUL BOOKS FOR ALL LOVERS OF FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE

COLLECTION GALLIA

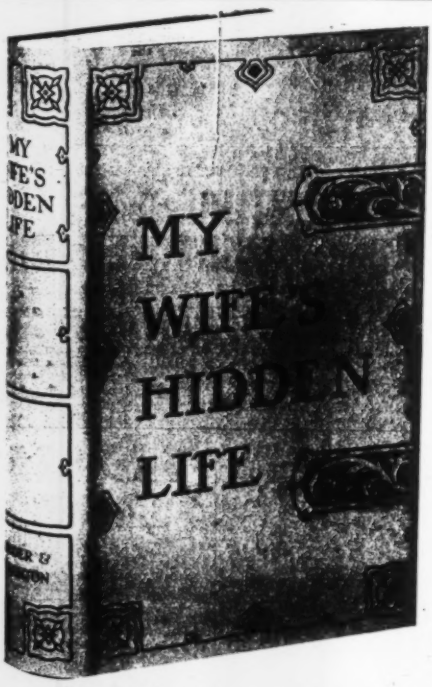
Edited by Dr. CHARLES SAROLEA. 1s. net per vol.

I. BALZAC. CONTES PHILOSOPHIQUES. Introduction de Paul Bourget.
II. L'IMITATION DE JÉSUS CHRIST. Introduction de Monseigneur R. H. Benson.
III. ALFRED DE MUSSET. POÉSIES NOUVELLES.
IV. PENSÉES DE PASCAL. Texte de BRUNSCHVIGG. Préface de Emile Boutroux. Introduction de Victor Giraud.
V. LA PRINCESSE DE CLEVES. Par Madame de la FAYETTE. Introduction par Madame Lucie Félix Faure-Goyau.
VI. GUSTAVE FLAUBERT. LA TENTATION DE SAINT ANTOINE. Introduction par Emile Faguet.
VII. MAURICE BARRÈS. L'ENNEMI DES LOIS.
VIII. BALZAC. PÈRE GORIOT. Introduction de Emile Faguet.
IX. ÉTIENNE LAMY. LA FEMME DE DEMAIN.
X. LA FONTAINE. FABLES.

Bound in Cloth with Frontispiece in Photogravure. F'cap 8vo.

SEND FOR SPECIAL 8pp. PROSPECTUS.

J. M. DENT & SONS, Ltd., 28, Aldine House, BEDFORD STREET, W.C.



An extraordinary anonymous chronicle One of the sensations of the autumn publishing season.

Hodder & Stoughton. 6/-

AUTHORS' AGENCY. The SURREY LITERARY AGENCY place MSS. promptly and obtain the best possible terms, because it is conducted on literary lines and business principles. SPECIAL FACILITIES FOR PLACING NOVELS, Etc. Prospectus free on application to "Strathmore," Westbury Road, New Malden, Surrey. (Kindly note new address.)

BOOKS (Secondhand). Catalogues post free. Thousands of books in stock, moderately priced. R. ATKINSON, 97, Sunderland Road, Forest Hill, London.

TYPEWRITING.—MSS. of every description Copied Accurately and Promptly, 9d. 1,000 words (postage inclusive). Testimonials from Authors, &c.—MISS JACOBS, 18, Statham Grove, Clissold Park, N. (*Kindly note change of Address.*)

THE SPIRITUAL DRAMA IN THE LIFE OF THACKERAY

By PROF. NATHANIEL WRIGHT STEPHENSON.

Price 6/-

"Universally acknowledged as lovable and generous in his private life, the continual accusation launched against Thackeray as a novelist is that he is cynical, holding bitter views of humanity. Professor Stephenson defends him against this charge, which he alleges to be based on one book, "Vanity Fair," with an entire disregard of the spiritual progress which is revealed in his work as a whole."

HODDER & STOUGHTON, PUBLISHERS, LONDON.

NISBET'S AUTUMN BOOKS

SELLING RAPIDLY.

The New Foresters

By WILLIAM CAINE.

5/- net.

A pleasant chronicle of wanderings in the heart of the New Forest by the Author of "Hoffman's Chance," etc.

Daily Telegraph: "An altogether delightful human and humorous book."

Punch: "Buy it at once."

SEPTEMBER.

Essays in Rebellion.
By HENRY W. NEVINSON, Author of "Essays in Freedom." With portrait. Post 8vo. 6/- net.

Greek Art and National Life.
By S. C. KAINES SMITH. Demy 8vo. 7/6 net. Illustrated.

The Prowlers.
By F. St. MARS, Author of "On Nature's Trail." Illustrated by Warwick Reynolds. Square Demy. 6/- net.

Did the Phœnicians Discover America?
By T. CRAWFORD JOHNSTONE. Demy. 7/6 net.

Common-sense Aids in Illness.
By SISTER JENNINGS GOODLEY. Crown 8vo. 2/- net.

OCTOBER.

The Empress Frederick: A Memoir.
With Photographs. Demy 8vo. 15/- net.

Phiz and Dickens.
By EDGAR BROWNE. With many unpublished originals. Royal 8vo. 15/- net.
EDITION DE LUXE of 175 Copies 32/- net.

Pillars of Society.
By A. G. GARDINER, Author of "Prophets, Priests and Kings." With many photographs. Demy 8vo. 7/6 net.

Africa in Transformation.
By REV. NORMAN MACLEAN. With photographs. Crown 8vo. 5/- net.

In My Study.
By REV. CANON ANTHONY DEANE. Post 8vo. 5/- net.

Attic Salt.
By REV. SELBY HENREY. Crown 8vo. 2/6 net.

Studies in Character.
By late REV. WILLIAM WATSON, D.D. Crown 8vo. With Portrait frontispiece. 3/6 net.

GIFT BOOKS AND JUVENILES.
SEPTEMBER.

The Coral Island.
By R. M. BALLANTYNE. With Preface by Sir JAMES BARRIE. Fully Illustrated in colour by Septimus Scott. 10/6 net.

The Sword of Deliverance.
By CAPTAIN CHARLES GILSON. Illustrated in colour. 6/-.

A Brave Little Royalist.
By DOROTHEA MOORE. Illustrated in colour. 5/-.
Also others at 3/6

Write for NISBET'S Autumn List.
22, BERNERS STREET, LONDON.

The Times critic said (January 16th, 1911):

"Mr. Barker has this advantage over Mr. Shaw

that he is a more accurate observer. Mr. Shaw is always in so great a hurry to give us his own peculiar explanation of facts that he will never stop to take a good look at the facts first . . . Mr. Barker, on the other hand, has an extraordinarily vivid sense of reality."

GRANVILLE BARKER'S PLAYS.
THREE PLAYS. Cloth. 5s. net.

THE MARRYING OF ANN LEETE 4th ED.
THE VOYSEY INHERITANCE - 8th ,,
WASTE - - - - - - 8th ,,
THE MADRAS HOUSE - - 3rd ,,
All the above, singly, cloth, 2s. net; paper, 1s. 6d. net.

SCHNITZLER-BARKER
ANATOL, a Series of Dialogues - - - 4th ED.
Cloth, 2s. net; paper, 1s. 6d. net.

HOUSMAN-BARKER
PRUNELLA: or Love in a Dutch Garden - - 6th ,,
Pott 4to, Cloth, with Music of Serenade, 5s. net; Music separately, 1s. 6d. net; Cr. 8vo Paper Edition of Play, 1s. net.

NEW PLAYS.
FOUR PLAYS. By GILBERT CANNAN. 2s. 6d. net.
THE EMANCIPATION. By LEONARD INKSTER. Cloth, 2s. net; paper, 1s. 6d. net.
THE EDUCATION OF MR. SURRAGE. By ALLAN MONKHOUSE. Cloth, 2s. net; paper, 1s. 6d. net.
THE POLITICIANS. By FRANK G. LAYTON. Cloth, 2s. net; paper, 1s. 6d. net.
THE PRICE OF THOMAS SCOTT. By ELIZABETH BAKER. Cloth, 2s. net; paper, 1s. 6d. net.
NEW SIXPENNY SERIES.
MISS TASSEY. By ELIZABETH BAKER.
THE LITTLE STONE HOUSE. By GEORGE CALDERON.

JOHN MASEFIELD
THE TRAGEDY OF POMPEY THE GREAT 3rd ED.
Cloth, 3s. 6d. net; paper, 1s. 6d. net.

GITHA SOWERBY
RUTHERFORD & SON 2nd ,,
Cloth, 2s. 6d. net; paper, 1s. 6d. net.

STANLEY HOUGHTON
HINDLE WAKES - - 6th ,,
Cloth, 2s. net; paper, 1s. 6d. net.

ELIZABETH BAKER
CHAINS - - - - - 4th ,,
Cloth, 1s. 6d. net; paper, 1s. net.

ALLAN MONKHOUSE
MARY BROOME - - 2nd ,,
Cloth, 2s. net; paper, 1s. 6d. net.

EDWARD GARNETT
THE TRIAL OF JEANNE D' ARC
Cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

MACDONALD HASTINGS
THE NEW SIN Cloth, 2s. net; paper, 1s. net.

Write for complete Descriptive List of Modern Drama published by

Adelphi. **SIDGWICK & JACKSON.** London

Macmillan's New Books

MR. BRYCE'S NEW BOOK.

University and Historical Addresses.

Delivered during a Residence in the United States as Ambassador of Great Britain. By the Right Hon. JAMES BRYCE, O.M. Extra Crown 8vo. 8s. 6d. net.

DAILY NEWS.—"The selection of these addresses explains in some measure the remarkable influence of Mr. Bryce. They reveal that breadth of sympathy and vitality of mind which are his conspicuous merits. . . . No matter what the subject may be, it immediately became living and suggestive."

The Shorter Poems of Frederick Tennyson. Edited, with an Introduction, by CHARLES TENNYSON. With Portrait. Crown 8vo. 5s. net. [*Sept. 16*

STEPHEN GRAHAM'S NEW BOOK.

With the Russian Pilgrims to Jerusalem.

By STEPHEN GRAHAM. With 40 Illustrations from Photographs by the Author and a Route Map. 8vo. 7s. 6d. net. [*Sept. 9*

*** The first account ever written, in any language, of this wonderful pilgrimage.

The Seine from Havre to Paris. By SIR EDWARD THORPE, C.B., F.R.S. Illustrated. 8vo. 12s. 6d. net.

THE STANDARD.—"Sir Edward Thorpe places all his knowledge and experience at the disposal of the public in a very well written and admirably illustrated book, which we have pleasure in recommending."

H. G. WELLS'S NEW NOVEL.

The Passionate Friends. By H. G. WELLS.

Extra crown 8vo. 6s. [*Sept. 12*

*** Giving the love-story of Stephen Stratton, a man capable of a great passion.

MAURICE HEWLETT'S NEW NOVEL.

Bendish: A Study in Prodigality.

By MAURICE HEWLETT. Extra Crown 8vo. 6s. [*Sept. 19*

*** A novel of love and politics which opens in the year when William IV. became King of England.

JAMES STEPHENS'S NEW NOVEL.

Here are Ladies. By JAMES STEPHENS, Author of "The Crock of Gold." Crown 8vo. 5s. net. [*Shortly*

*** Mainly a collection of character sketches, abounding with rich Irish humour.

Vol. IV. Just Ready.

Lollardy and the Reformation in England. The Historical Survey.

By the late JAMES GAIRDNER, C.B., LL.D., D.Litt. Vol. IV. Edited by WILLIAM HUNT, M.A., D.Litt. 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.

*** Previously published. Vols. I. and II. 21s. net. Vol. III. 10s. 6d. net.

Second Edition ready Sept. 12.

Psyche's Task. A Discourse concerning The Influence of Superstition on the Growth of Institutions. Second Edition, revised and enlarged, to which is added "The Scope of Social Anthropology." By J. G. FRAZER, D.C.L., LL.D., etc. 8vo. 5s. net.

Volume I. ready Sept. 9.

Encyclopædia of the Philosophical Sciences. Edited by WILHELM WINDELBAND and ARNOLD RUGE. English Edition under the Editorship of Sir HENRY JONES. 8vo.

VOL. I. LOGIC: By Arnold Ruge, Wilhelm Windelband, Josiah Royce, Louis Couturat, Benedetto Croce, and Nicolaj Losskij. 7s. 6d. net.

*** Macmillan's Autumn Announcement List post free on application.

MACMILLAN & CO., Ltd., LONDON.

MR. HEINEMANN'S FIRST LIST OF AUTUMN PUBLICATIONS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

Figures in French History.

Each volume Large Demy 8vo, with Illustrations. **10s.** net.

MIRABEAU. By M. LOUIS BARTHON, Priemer of France.

THE DUCHESSE DE CHEVREUSE. By M. LOUIS BATTIFOL. [*Shortly.*

PEDAGOGIC ANTHROPOLOGY. By Dr. MARIA MONTESSORI, author of "The Montessori Method." Demy 8vo. **14s.** net.

THE RENAISSANCE: Savonarola—Cesar Borgia Julius II.—Leo X.—Michael Angelo. By ARTHUR, COUNT GOBINEAN. English Edition edited by Dr. OSCAR LEVY. Demy 8vo, with sixteen Illustrations. **10s.** net.

THE ROMANCE OF NEWFOUNDLAND CARIBOU

By A. RADCLYFFE DUGMORE, author of "Camera Adventures in the African Wilds," etc. With numerous plates from the author's photographs. Imp. 8vo. **12s. 6d.** net.

FIRES AND FIRE FIGHTING. By CHIEF KENLON, Head of the New York Fire Brigade, and ALAN LETHBRIDGE. Crown 8vo. Illustrated. **6s.** net.

SOCIAL WELFARE IN NEW ZEALAND. By HUGH H. LUSK. Crown 8vo. Illustrated. **6s.** net.

POETRY.

THE DAFFODIL FIELDS. A New Poem by JOHN MASEFIELD, author of "The Everlasting Mercy." Crown 8vo. **3s. 6d.** net.

THE POEMS OF JOHN HELSTON

In One Volume. Demy 8vo. **5s.** net.

RHYMES OF A ROUSEABOUT. By W. MONRO ANDERSON. Crown 8vo. **3s. 6d.** net.

FORTHCOMING 6/- FICTION.

THE DARK FLOWER. John Galsworthy

THE TRUTH ABOUT CAMILLA. Gertrude Hall

SET TO PARTNERS. Mrs. Henry Dudeney

THE GARDEN WITHOUT WALLS. Coningsby Dawson

THE MILKY WAY. F. Tennyson Jesse

DIANA AND TWO SYMPHONIES. Francis Toye

FIRST AND SCARCE EDITIONS

BOOKS BOUGHT. **On sale at** EDWARD BAKER'S GREAT BOOKSHOP, BOOKS EXCHANGED.

14-16, JOHN BRIGHT STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

Behmen (Jacob), The Epistles of, 1649, 25s.; Signatura Rerurm or the Signature of all Things, 1651, 25s.; Second Booke concerning the three principles of the Divine Essence, 1648; The Third Booke being the high and deepe Searching out of the Threefold Life of Man, 1650, 2 vols. in 1, £2 2s.; Memoirs of the Life, Death, Burial and Wonderful Writings of Jacob Behmen, 1780, 15s.; The Way to Christ, 1775, 15s.

Inman's Ancient Pagan and Modern Christian Symbolism with an essay on Baal Worship by Newton, 1875, 21s.

The Lusiads of Camoens, trans. into English Verse by J. J. Aubertin, 2 vols., 1878, 21s.

Havelock Ellis, Affirmations, 1st edition, 8vo cloth, scarce, 21s., 1898.

Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, 12 coloured plates by Abanindro Nath Tagore in portfolio, Studio Office, 1910, 15s.

Dawe's Life of George Morland, with 56 plates, quarto, fine copy, 25s.

Memoirs of the Dukes of Urbino, 3 vols., fine copy, 21s.

Essex House Press Publication, Ashbee's American Sheaves and English Seed Corn, only few issued, 3s. 6d. This was issued at 30s. net.

George Eliot's Works and Life, 9 vols., cloth, long out of print, £1 12s. 6d.

Black's Colour Books, 20s. net; price 7s. 6d. each, Bonnie Scotland, Happy England, Holland, Italian Lakes, Rome, The English Lakes, Menpes War Impressions, Yorkshire.

Satyricon of Petronius with 100 full page pen and ink sketches by N. Lindsay, quarto, rare, £5 5s.

Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield, 2 vols., 1766, rare, £4 4s.

Old Court Life in Spain by F. M. Elliott, 2 vols., 1893, 30s.

Kipling: Plain Tales from the Hills, 1st ed., cloth, rare, £6 6s.

——Soldiers Three, wrappers, rare, 1st ed., 1888, £8 8s.

George Cruikshank, Hans of Iceland, boards uncut, 1837, £2 2s., illus. by G. C.

——Tim Bobbins, Lancashire Dialect, illus. by G. C., cloth uncut, 1833, 21s.

Douglas (Lord Alfred), City of the Soul, 1st ed., 1899, 15s.

——Poems in French and English with portrait, Paris, 1896, 15s.

Sullivan's British Tradesman and British Working Man, profusely illustrated, 2 vols., rare, £2 2s.

Oscar Wilde's The Sphinx, 1910, 2s. 6d.: Salome, 1908, 2s. 6d.

Oscar Wilde, A Study from the French of Andre Gide by Stuart Mason, 1905, 3s. 6d.

A Picture Story Book, Dame Mitchell and her Cat, etc., with 400 illus., very rare, 25s.

Arthur Machen, The Chronicle of Clemendy (only 250 issued), 1888, £4 10s.

Wilson's Tales of the Borders, 3 vols., quarto, half calf gilt, fine copy, 21s.

Southey's Common Place Book, 4 vols., 1849, 21s.

Secret Societies of all Ages and Countries by Heckethorn, 2 vols., 1875, 30s.

——The Secret Fraternities of the Middle Ages, 8vo, wrappers, rare, £2 2s., 1865.

Goya, by W. Rothenstein, rare, 21s.

Goya, by Calvert, rare, 21s.

Lewis (Monk), Tales of Wonder, 2 vols., boards uncut, rare, 1801, £2 2s.

Cecilia, or Memoirs of an Heiress, 5 vols., calf, 1796, 21s.

Camilla, or a Picture of Youth, 5 vols., calf, 1802, 21s.

Robin Hood, A Tale of the Olden Time, 2 vols., calf, 1819, 25s.

Life of Baron Frederic Trenck, containing his adventures, trans. by Holcroft, 3 vols., calf, 1st ed., 35s. 1788

Southey and Coleridge, Joan of Arc, 1798, boards uncut, very rare, presentation copy, "Robert Southey to Priscilla Lloyd, 29th of Oct., 1798," 2 vols., £21.

Thomas Ravencroft, The Whole Booke of Psalms with Hymns Evangelical, and Songs Spiritual, etc., calf, 1633, £2 10s.

John Grand-Carteret XIX^e Siecle (en France), Classes, Mœurs, Usages, Costumes, Inventions, num. illus., some coloured, full morocco, Paris, 25s. 1893

Boccaccio's Decameron, Best Edition, 2 vols., illus. and portfolio of extra plates, rare, £2 5s.

Rickman's Life of Thomas Paine, author of "Age of Reason," etc., portrait, 1819, 10s. 6d.

Rules and Regulations for the Sword Exercise of the Cavalry, boards uncut, War Office, 1796, £2 2s.

Jacob Behmen's Works by Law, 4 vols., 4to calf, 1764, rare, £10 10s.

Burton's Il Pentamerone, in English, 2 vols., L.P., £5 5s., ordinary copy, £3 3s.

Voltaire's La Pucelle, trans. by Dowson, 2 vols., Lutetian Society, 1899, £2 2s.

Weininger, Sex and Character, 25s.

Watson (William), The Purple East, L.P., only 75 done, 10s. 6d.

Bourke's Scatalogic Rites, 1891, rare, £4 4s.

Prevost's Manon Lescaut, specially illus., Paris, 1875, exquisitely bound in crushed morocco, extra, very rare, £3 3s.

Don Quixote, with 16 original etchings, 4 vols., 30s., Nimmo, 1880.

The Reign of Terror, A Collection of Authentic Narratives and Curious Anecdotes, 2 vols., 1898, 35s.

Life of Mozart, by Otto Jahn, trans. by Townsend, with preface by Groves, 3 vols., 1882, 25s.

Sterne's Works, 4 vols., 8vo., calf, 1808, illus. by Stothard, 35s.

Buller's Birds of New Zealand, 2nd and best ed., 2 vols., £9 9s.

Jesse's Historical Memoirs, 30 vols., Nimmo, 1901, £7 17s. 6d.

Symonds' Problem in Modern Ethics, 35s.

London and Brighton Railway Guide, 1841, very rare, 25s.

Jones, Old Plate of the Cambridge Colleges, £4 4s. net for £2 10s.

Hartshorne's Old English Glasses, £2 2s.

Kipling's Complete Works: Poems, 4 vols., Novels and Tales, 21 vols., together 25 vols., half-polished calf, gilt, very handsome set, £12 12s.

Dampier's Voyages, 3 vols., calf, 1699–1703, £3 10s.

Punch Library of Humour, 25 vols., £2 2s.

Balzac's The Girl with the Golden Eyes, 1896, 30s.

Bacon's Sylva Sylvarum, 1st ed. folio, 1627, £6 6s.

Lang's Ballads and Lyrics of Old France, 1st ed., 1872, £3 10s.

Wickham's Horace, beautifully printed in Kelmscott style, roy. 8vo boards. Lee Warner, in a case, 21s., 1910.

Thackeray's Works, Centenary Biographical ed., 26 vols., 8vo cloth, £6 6s.

Balzac's Droll Stories, with 425 illus. by Doré, now scarce, 21s.

Stevenson's Edinburgh, L.P., 25s.

Symonds' Problem in Greek Ethics, 35s.

Hewitson's Eggs, British Birds, 2 vols. Best Edition, £4 4s., 1856.

De Stendhal's Red and Black, 2 vols., 1898, 21s.

The Scourge, with 18 coloured plates by Geo. Cruikshank, vols. 1 to 4 in 2 vols., 1811-12, £3 3s.

Ingoldsby Legends, 3 vols., 1852, rare, £2 2s.

Solon's Art Stoneware of the Low Countries and Germany, 2 vols., folio, 1892. £2 5s.

Burton's Arabian Nights, 17 vols., best edition, illustrated, £17 17s.

Casanova's Memoirs in German, 17 vols., £2 10s.

Leslie Stephen, Playground of Europe, 1871, 1st edit., 21s.

Tyndall's Glaciers of the Alps, 1st edit., 1860, 21s.

Sloane's Life of Napoleon, 4 vols., half red morocco, fine copy, £4 15s.

Sr Giovanni, The Pecorone of, now first translated by Waters, 1897, £2 2s.

Beardsley, Book of 50 Drawings, both series, 2 vols., £6 10s.

Uzanne (O.) The Frenchwoman of the Century, 1886, 21s.

Hamilton's Parodies, 6 vols., £2 10s.

Synge's Works, 4 vols., 1910, £2 15s.

Burke's Peerage, 1910, new, 15s.

Tom Brown at Oxford, 3 vols., rare 1st edition, £6 6s.

Society of Chemical Industry, Vols. 1 to 24, £16 16s.

Meyrick's Antient Arms and Armour, 2 vols., folio, 1830, £4 10s.

George Wythers, The Shepheard's Hunting, 1615, rare, £5 5s.

Punch, Vols 1 to 100, bound in 25 vols., thick 4to., half morocco, £8 8s.

Morley's English Writers, 11 vols, complete set, presentation copy from the Author with inscription, £7 10s., 1887-95.

Randolph Caldecott, a personal memoir of his early art career, 1st edit., 172 illus., 1886, 12s. 6d.

Rackham's Peter Pan Portfolio, magnificent plates, £4 10s.

Alpine Journal, Vols. 1 to 16 and Index. 17 vols., calf, rare, £20.

Smedley's Frank Fairlegh and Lewis Arundel, presentation copies from the author with inscription, and five most interesting Autograph Letters, a unique lot, £20.

Trial of Oscar Wilde, Paris, 1906, very rare, £3 3s.

Dickens' Christmas Books, Xmas Carol, Battle of Life, etc., complete set, 5 vols., 1st edition, £10 10s.

R. L. Stevenson, Kidnapped, 1st edit., 21s.

——The Plays of Henley and Stevenson (only 250 issued) 1896, rare, £2 2s.

——Ballads, 1st edit., 25s.

Athenian Society, Aristophanes, The Eleven Comedies now for the first time literally and completely translated from the Greek in English, 2 vols., £4 4s.

Leslie Stephens' Hours in a Library, 3 vols., 1877, 25s.

Dombey and Son, rare, in parts, £3 10s.

Little Dorrit, rare, in parts, £2 2s.

Dickens, Bleak House, first edition, original parts, £2 2s.

Bryce, American Commonwealth, 3 vols., 8vo, cloth, first edition, £3 10s.

A FEW SPECIAL BARGAINS, ALL NEW.

Fraser Hic et Ubique, large paper, 21s. for 3s. 6d.

Huyshe, The Royal Manor of Hitchin, Herts, 10s. 6d. for 2s. 6d.

Debretts' Peerage, etc., 2 vols., 1911, 33s. net for 7s. 6d.

Houllevigne's Evolution of the Sciences, 6s. 6d. net for 1s. 6d.

Budge Gods of the Egyptians, 2 vols., 63s. net for 8s. 6d.

Some Dorset Manor Houses, 30s. net for 8s. 6d.

Gautier (Theophile) Complete Works in English, 12 vols., £5 5s. net, £2 15s.

Ainsworth's Novels, 20 vols., half crimson morocco, £2 10s.

Anne Pratt, Wild Flowers, 2 vols., 6s. 6d.

Spenser's Faerie Queene, 2 vols., folio: Cambridge, £3 13s. 6d. for 32s.

XUM

The busy writer's "write" hand!

"SWAN"

FOUNTPEN

All Stationers sell "Swans." We maintain in perfect order. Every "Swan" is guaranteed. We allow for other and old pens. We can match any steel pen.

Prices from 10/6.

CATALOGUE FREE ON REQUEST.

MABIE, TODD & Co., 79 & 80, High Holborn, London, W.C.

Disordered Digestion

The natural cure is special attention to diet, thereby allowing the organs to recuperate. The "ALLENBURYS" diet is the ideal food for dyspeptics, invalids, and those with impaired digestion, nourishing and invigorating the whole system.

Made in a minute. Add boiling water only.

Of Chemists 1/6 and 3/- per Tin.

'Allenburys' The A DIET

Send 3d. Stamps for large sample.

ALLEN & HANBURYS Ltd.

37, LOMBARD STREET, E.C.

"A REMARKABLE SERIES OF SHILLING BOOKS—FULL OF GOOD AND BRAVE THINGS."—*Claudius Clear.*

ARNOLD BENNETT'S

FAMOUS POCKET PHILOSOPHIES.

(1) HOW TO LIVE ON 24 HOURS A DAY.
(2) MENTAL EFFICIENCY.
(3) LITERARY TASTE.
(4) THE HUMAN MACHINE.
(5) THE FEAT OF ST. FRIEND.

THIRD LARGE EDITIONS, 1/- NET EACH.

HODDER & STOUGHTON, PUBLISHERS, LONDON, E.C.

DELICIOUS COFFEE

RED WHITE & BLUE

In making use less quantity, it being so much stronger than ordinary Coffee.

TRAVELLING BAGS.

An Exceptional Line in Bags is offered to readers of this magazine, *with a guarantee to refund full cash paid at the purchaser's option.*

SPECIFICATION—

24 in. or 26 in. bag, in strong and durable green canvas. Very smart appearance and well finished. Brass fittings, lock, and two safety catches. Strong leather corners. Particularly light, and very commodious. Ideally suited for ladies' or gentlemen's requirements.

24 in. 10/6 post free.
26 in. 12/6 post free.

Readers are especially reminded of the guarantee to refund money without any deduction. This plan entirely eliminates any possible dissatisfaction. The bag represents real sound and honest value, and the terms make it possible for readers to obtain, at a most opportune moment, a superior, serviceable, and attractive travelling bag at a particularly low figure.

A. M. AUSTIN, Bag Dept., High Road, LOUGHTON, Essex.

PRINTED BY WYMAN & SONS LTD., LONDON AND READING—SEPTEMBER, 1913.

XUM